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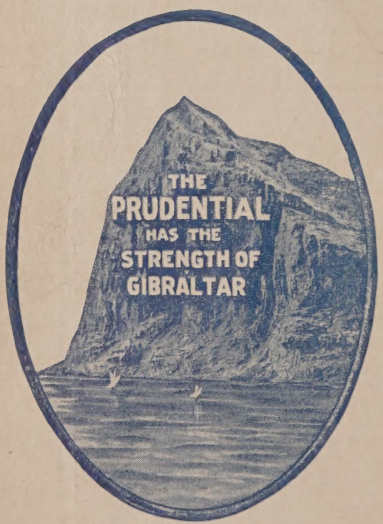

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HIS HOUR OF NEED.

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SUNSET ON THE SEA.

Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LIV. JULY, 1905. NO. 1.

PACIFIC SQUADRON GETTING UP STEAM FOR A START OUT TO SEA.

DECADENCE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

An American squadron, with a popular admiral's flag-ship at the head, in one of our Pacific coast harbors during the tourist season, is the centre of attraction to nearly every person living or sojourning within a radius of a day's ride of that harbor. To say nothing of "the glory and the glamor of the sea" there is always a peculiar sort of magnetic influence in the gold lace and brass buttons of the naval uniform, especially upon the feminine eye.

Nor is this true of American harbors alone. At any port of the world the American squadron is more cordially welcomed than that of any other nation. The American naval officer himself may not as a rule be cognizant of this fact. He is so accustomed to this notice, from the day he leaves the naval academy to board his first ship, on through his active life, that he probably never notices or thinks about it. It comes unlooked-for and he accepts it graciously as a matter of course, as the pleasantest adjunct of his perilous life. Spending his money lavishly and having more to spend in foreign ports than the naval officers of other countries account in a measure for his popularity abroad.

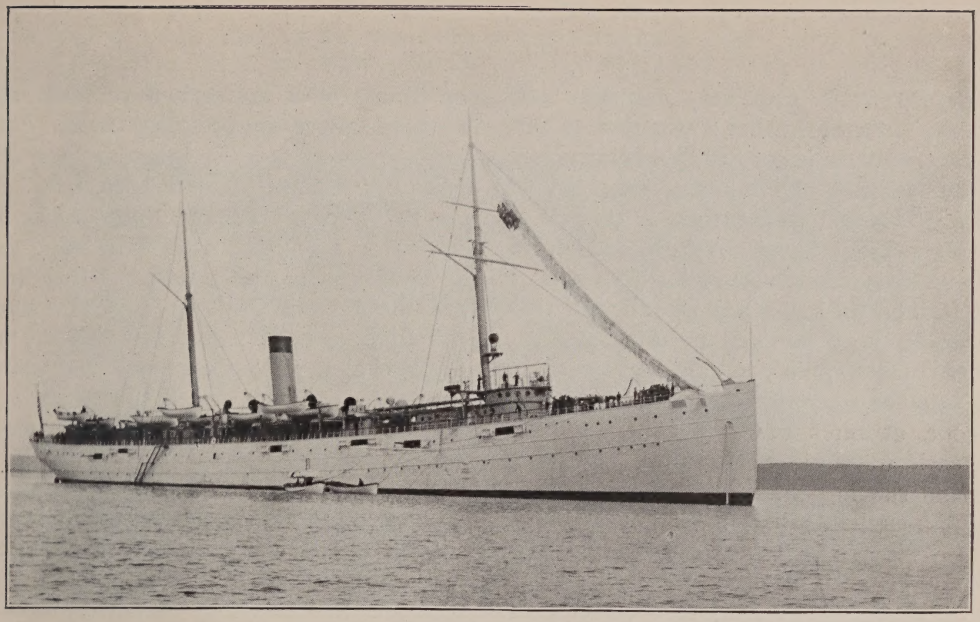
The same is true of the warrant officers, petty officers, and "Jackies" of any American fleet. You may crowd in together on the berth-deck of an American armored cruiser or battle-ship three or four hundred men of almost every nationality, each bringing with him his own peculiar national notions and ways, and by the time they have been a year together they have become pretty much

all Americans. To almost the last man Mike, Hans, Sandy, Oleg or Petro, is ready to swear that he is an American to the core. If you should doubt or dispute his word you would find him ready to convince you of the fact in a strenuous bout of fisticuffs. In this rather aggressive fashion of asserting his Americanism there is usually but little, if any, of that vulgar coarseness which most

ARMY AND NAVY UNION.

shore-faring people are prone to think is inseparable from nearly everything men-of-war sailors say or do. If there be nothing of the parlor boy affectation about Jack's ways, there is on the other hand something of the wholesome, robust, and stimulating frankness and vivacity of the sea and gale in nearly everything he says or does. The spirit which actuates him is as old as the navy itself. It came into existence in Machias Bay on June 12th, 1775, when Jerry O'Brien, hailing Captain Moore of the armed British schooner, "Margaretta," shouted, "In America's name I demand your surrender!" Moore, having the great advantage of a naval regulation-equipped and marine ship under him could not of course surrender to a little freighting sloop, without guns and manned by a few undrilled landsmen. But O'Brien forced the fighting, captured the enemy, and with his own hands hauled down her British colors.

This new-born naval spirit was nurtured into larger life by Jack Barry's capture of the British sloop, "Edward," in the Delaware, ten months later. Paul Jones, by his marvelous naval exploits stimulated and strengthened it till his victory



U. S. TRAINING SHIP BUFFALO, RECENTLY ORDERED OUT OF COMMISSION, 600 BOYS ON BOARD.

over the British frigate, "Serapis," off Flamborough Head, raised it to full-grown strength and confidence in its own power.

The Navy, though vastly over-matched during its subsequent struggles for existence and battles for freedom, never once failed in spirit till Barry won the last sea-fight of the Revolution. The world looked on such valor and achievement in amazed admiration. Then, after peace had been proclaimed, the old riddled and battered hulks were suffered to lay up and rot at the "boneyards." But the spirit survived the total annihilation of the hulks and on the outbreak of war with the same enemy, more than a quarter of a century later, it took on renewed energy and redoubled strength. This was again enhanced by Perry's and MacDonough's victories on the great lakes in 1813-14. A new and more significant distinction came to it by means of its achievements during the Civil War, its crowning glory being Admiral Farragut's passing in under the guns of the fortifications of Mobile Bay, lashed in the mizzen rigging of his flag-ship. Dewey at Manilla, and Schley and Sampson at Santiago make the record of its existence a long and illustrious one.

Must it in time share the seemingly inevitable fate of all merely human institutions — as shown in the histories of navies, of nations,— decline and pass away? On the surface at least there are no signs of such decay. And yet when you come to view it closer you find that the very source from which it sprang — the merchant marine, has scarcely the breath of life left in it. For the past half century it has been steadily dwindling away till there is scarcely a vestige of our deep sea merchant marine left. It has been mainly by means of this dwindling that the ocean-carrying trade of other nations has been built up. Their statesmen had looked on the former growth of American shipping with envious and apprehensive eyes. Then when they saw that this nursery of seamen for the navy of this young, gigantic nation had grown till it was doing more than sixty per cent of the world's ocean-

carrying trade, they very naturally and wisely determined that it was time to call a halt. By some sort of diplomatic freemasonry they simultaneously agreed to strike together at the root of this chief source of our naval strength, and strike they did so effectively as to drive almost all of it off the sea. Their most destructive weapons were national subsidies paid to their own shipping so as to enable them to do the carrying and make a living profit, at rates of freight upon which American ships, economically sailed, would run in debt. These foreign shipping merchants had the additional advantages of ships built more cheaply, and an average of at least twenty-five per cent lower wages paid to their officers and crews.

The costly economy of withholding some such subsidy from our merchant marine as would enable it to save even a modicum of itself in competition with these other subsidized fleets is the very thing that now leaves our Government confronted with the serious problem as to where sailors can be found to man her navy.

Quite frequently has it been said of late that "When danger threatens and when war alarms" a powerful navy is the best possible peace-maker. Just before the breaking out of our late war with Spain a naval officer of distinction is quoted as saying of our navy that with ten battle-ships war with Spain would be improbable, with fifteen it would be impossible.

It was probably in view of this peace-making power of a most powerful navy that about the beginning of this year it was determined by the administration to "increase the navy by 3,000 sailors." This would be equal to about six first-class battle-ships or armored cruisers. The President, and Secretary of the Navy Morton, were a unit in favor of a still larger increase of our naval strength. But they had sounded pretty accurately the disposition of the House

GOING ASHORE.

CREW OF A MAN-OF-WAR

beforehand, and the Navy Department demanded an appropriation for but four battle-ships. This was reduced to two by the House Committee on Naval Affairs. Secretary Morton's total estimate for the year was cut down proportionately.

Respecting this increase of sailors for the navy it was suggested by responsible authority that "Something ought to be done to enable the navy to keep its sailors after it gets them." There was certainly some ground for such stricture when one battleship of the North Atlantic fleet had recently lost one hundred men by desertion. Five hundred deserters in one brief season from the same fleet was undoubtedly good reason for an official inquiry into the cause and remedy for such loss of men. "Good ships are all very well," commented one of the big New York dailies upon this, "but if our sailors are to run away from them in droves, what then? Ought not that battle-ship commander who lost one fifth of his crew to have been called on for an explanation?"

It would be right enough to call upon the commander for an explanation. But it by no means follows that commanders and their officers are in all cases to blame for desertions among their crews. One of the oldest and truest adages among sea-faring men is that "good crews make good officers and good officers make good ships." The navy has been more and more, for the past fifteen years at least, feeling the evil and enervating effects of the decline of our merchant marine. The training, discipline, and seamanship

APPRENTICE BOYS ON A FLAGSHIP.

of the greater part of the men shipping in the navy have grown proportionately worse with that decline. The merchant ship being the training ship in which most of such sailors were schooled, this was of course inevitable. Nor is it all the men's fault that they are not better sailors than many of them are now proving to be. You can no more make a sailor of the type required by the service on board of one of our modern fighting machines than you can make an expert acrobat at hod-carrying.

If not quite to the manner born as in the days of our supremacy on the sea, you still can make sailors as they were made then. Summer cruises around the West Indies or up the Mediterranean, or South Sea Islands, in fine steam training ships with a brass band, a printing press, and a piano on board, may help make fine weather sailors. But if you demand the weathered, seasoned, and salted brand with the iron will, the dogged resolution, the instinctive sense of obedience and respect for his officers, born of the necessity of such action to the saving of his own life, you must adopt a very different sort of training to that recently in vogue.

After a boy, say of fifteen, with the average American boy's love of the sea and the adventures thereon, of which he reads and hears, has acquired the rudiments of an education, the sooner he is put in training on board a "windjammer" on a winter's passage to the westward, round Cape Horn, the better. The "sou-west" gales, hail and snow squalls, and tremendous seas there to be encountered, are the best possible educators for him. After he has been called out twice every watch below to "shorten sail" or "ware ship," for a couple of months or more, till his hardened hands begin to crack open to the bone from pulling and hauling frozen ropes and handling canvas hard as sheet iron, he begins to get an insight into some of the more strenuous duties of a sailor's life. All his voyage will not be filled with hardships. He will have the fine weather sailing over summer seas of the two trade wind belts of both hemispheres in which to heal his wounds and otherwise brace himself up.

To the average youth of to-day this will no doubt seem like a pretty toilsome sort of training. But after he has lived through say five or six years of it, the youth with anything of the real sailor spirit in him will look back upon it as something to be very grateful for. Without the spirit the training matters but little one way or the other, for train him as you will you can never make little better than a good "rouse-about" of the youth devoid of it.

However, there is now in sight encouraging signs of a return to the more effectual way of training sailors for the navy. Already has the naval department pronounced the big steam or auxiliary training ships—on board of some of which there were as many as six hundred boys,—a failure, and they have been ordered "out of commission." A still more significant departure of the department from late methods has been the ordering of three full-sailed "wind-jammers" built for training ships. With a fleet of, say fifteen thousand tons or more sailing ships, officered by half naval and half merchant officers, and employed as freighters, making their round voyages a year, manned by a hundred youngsters and a dozen experienced sailors, I believe you might thus have the best possible training ships. The appliances for the various naval drills could be readily carried on board such ships, as they were in the early days of our merchant marine, for defence against pirates. By this means, too, our Government would be getting back something of the ocean-carrying trade which it allowed the other

nations to take, I might almost say usurp, from us. The naval officers serving on such training ships would perhaps be little less benefited than the youths by such experience. Such long absence from wives and sweethearts would of course come hard upon men accustomed, as they have been, to short separations. But when once convinced that it was for the great good of the service they would no doubt cheerfully forego such privileges for a few years.

Writers and orators "galore," during the past decade, have been telling us in season and out of season that the nation having the most powerful navy is the greatest world power. The relative war strength of the navies of the five greatest maritime nations, omitting Russia and Japan, is shown by the latest tabulated statement of the Chief Intelligence Bureau of the United States Navy.

	Tonnage.
Great Britain	1,867,250
France	755,757
United States	616,275
Germany	505,619
Italy	329,257

To reach a more accurate estimate of the real offensive strength of the British navy some 80,000 tons of old antiquated battle-ships and armored cruisers must be deducted from the above tonnage. Nor is tonnage in every case an unerring standard as to the actual strength of a navy. For instance, two or three torpedo boats of three or four hundred tons each may sink or blow up as many battleships or armored cruisers of twenty times their tonnage. Then there are the submarine boats which have not yet been tried in actual warfare, and hence there is no practical criterion of determining their destructive or defensive power. An ancient and honorable command among sea-faring folk has been "Look Aloft." The recent tests of Professor Montgomery's air-ship evinces the fact that the navies of the world will shortly have to "look aloft" as well as on the sea, for the more formidable powers with which they must reckon in the event of war.

Recurring to the more essential constituent in the creation and maintenance of a navy; men, there seems to be a lack of authoritative expert information on this feature of the subject. Captain Mahan in his "Influence of Sea Power Upon History," where he discusses the "Elements of Sea Power" seems inclined to be rather evasive and somewhat vague. After stating that during war between two or more nations "the commerce of a belligerent can be safely carried on in neutral ships," he asks, "what need has the United States of sea-power?" He answers the question quite conclusively, manifesting that our Government should build up a navy which "if not capable of reaching distant countries shall at least be able to keep clear the chief approaches to its own." Farther on, he again asks, "Can this navy be had without restoring the merchant shipping?" and answers, "I doubt it." You have to wade through many pages of clever writing to finally get at his implication that it is mainly as a nursery for sailors for the navy that our Government should undertake to restore, and then foster, our merchant marine.

The chief cause of the many recent desertions from the navy seems to me to have sprung from the very same source as did the dearth and mediocre seamanship of the rank and file of the crews to be had, — namely, inadequate early training. In discussing the matter, as I have frequently done with both officers and men during the time that such desertions have been on the increase, I have found that the growing democratic spirit pervading industrial life on shore has made equal

headway on the sea. A month ago as clean-cut a young American sailor (from one of the ships of the Pacific Squadron in the harbor) as any man could wish to see gave me his view of it. We met at the landing on a Sunday morning, he, with his leathern satchel over his shoulder, bound for the post-office for the ship's mail, and I to church. Our ways led in the same direction. "How do you account for so many recent desertions from the navy, shipmate?" I questioned, cheerily. "Well, you see it's this way, sir, we ain't had no liberty now since leaving Panama two months ago. Men don't want to be cooped up aboard ship like prisoners all the time, specially in a home-port, they ain't agoin' to stand it no longer than they can help it either."

"But they know the rules of the service when they ship?" I hinted.

"They're s'posed to know, but they don't. The admirals makes their own rules for their fleets 's they go along. Our admiral don't allow any of his captains to give any of his men liberty without first getting special permission from the flag-ship. That ain't no way to do, sir. Every man ought to be captain over his own ship and —" "Every admiral commander of his own fleet on the same line of reasoning," I interjected. "That's right enough from a landlubber's way of looking at it," he continued, "but you must consider, sir, that there's men aboard them ships' berth decks that's, in every way you mind to take them, as good men as any of their officers. If it wasn't for my old mother that begs me to serve my time out, like a man, as she says, you wouldn't catch me in the navy another day."

From his additional talk I gathered that as far as he had heard others of his shipmates express their convictions on the subject the chief causes of desertion were first a lack of liberty, secondly ill-treatment by officers, long hours and "poor grub," thirdly, no future for Jack who spends the best of his days in the navy. This substantially tallies with what I have heard from a number of other men-of-war men.

This from a recent issue of the *Army and Navy Journal* is direct to the point.

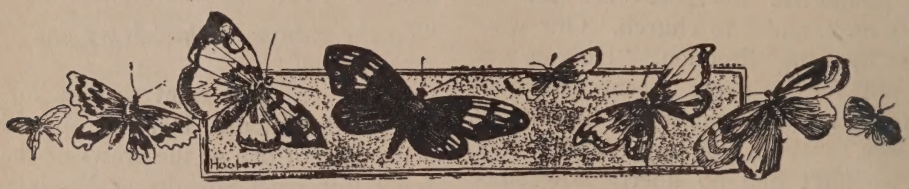
"To the Editor of the 'Army and Navy Journal':

. . . . You want reasons for numerous desertions. Here are some from a member of one of the crews of the defunct European Squadron. We left Europe November 30th, 1904, to spend the Christmas holidays in the West Indies, and then to rendezvous January 15th, at Culebra, Barbadoes, and St. Kitts, fine places to turn adrift 1,100 men in. Prices were doubled in St. Kitts after three days, no beer, no fruit, and precious little to eat. Was there any reason why we could not have stayed at Lisbon, Villefranche, Gibraltar, and left there January 1st for the other place? Here it is all night coaling by all the ships. Do circumstances require this? No liberty, poor food and plenty of drill — out of all reason —" and so on.

The chief interest of the above lies in the light which it throws upon the trend of the thought and feeling of the man-of-war sailor of the present day, especially toward his admiral and commanding officers. He would have them locate their ships in those ports most conducive to his enjoyments of one sort and another, and lose sight of great international complications as well as their duty to their country and their own honor and that of the time-honored service, in the more exalted pursuit of promoting the frequency of his shore-going carouse.

But the cause of such dissatisfaction and inefficiency in the navy as we hear complained of is by no means all on Jack's side. There are some martinets

amongst naval officers whose rigid exactions become almost intolerable hardships to the men under them. But the very few of such emphasize the fact that the great majority of our naval officers are just, sympathetic, upright, honorable men. Their education, association, environment, and atmosphere all tend in the one direction of making them so. With an early restoration of something of that prolific nursery of the best possible seamen for the service there need be no fear of a dearth of men, or of the future fighting strength of our navy.



SUMMER-TIME.

BY LIZZIE TWIGG.

Summer-time, Summer-time,
Merry bells are all a-chime,
Sunlight glowing, waters flowing,
Breezes blowing, roses growing;
Happy birds are singing, singing,
Setting all the woods a-ringing.
Who can blame us if we rhyme
In the merry Summer-time?

Summer-time, Summer-time,
Fragrant blossoms on the lime,
Moon of silver, stars of gold
Lighting scenes of joy untold.
Bright and fair the future's gleaming,
Happy as our rosy dreaming,
Life and Love are in their prime,
In the merry Summer-time.

Summer-time! Summer-time!
Land o' youth's a wondrous clime!
Hearts that know no sin or sadness
Set the eyes a-light with gladness!
Youth and Hope and Love together,
Never dream of winter weather,
Never dream of rain or rime,
In the merry Summer-time!

From *"Songs and Poems."*

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER XII.

"My Queen!"

"That is what I call a dreadful fizzle!" said Edith Selleck. "Miss Partridge and Mrs. Martyn ready to laugh at me, I suppose, and Mollie Farrell, father's pet particular hobby, altogether disgusted. What shall I say to *him*? You're in a nice fix, Mistress Edith!"

Still attired in her pretty tea-gown she stood before the long French mirror in her own room. The polished glass did not often reflect such a frown of annoyance as showed now on the fair and usually placid face. She felt more than mere annoyance. She was angry.

"I suppose she *must* be vexed or she wouldn't have left like that," she said. "One never knows how to treat with a person of that class—never. I am sure I was nice enough. Father is right—it is an act of foolishness to attempt anything of the sort. I could never understand people like Mollie Farrell, or they me. As for the woman she spoke about, well—" she smiled sarcastically—"oh, *no*. Once is quite a sufficiency, thank you!"

She stopped abruptly. Then she put her hands up to her breast, and the whole expression of her face changed. For one moment she looked into that mirror seeing a creature who was herself, yet not herself; into a face that was her own, yet not her own.

"Speak the truth," she said. "You are jealous of Mollie Farrell! She is drawing you to her while repelling you! How beautiful, in their earnestness, those eyes were—you cannot think of anything but the soul underneath when she fastens them upon you! How I envy you—oh, Mollie Farrell! how I envy you your capabilities of feeling, even of suffering. Your strength, your tenacity, your character—I envy you all three!"

She threw herself upon the couch near her. The clock struck the half-hour—it was time for her to dress, but she did not hear it. She had forgotten everything—forgotten that John Rollinson was coming, forgotten that she had planned her every action for this night—that she had known in what directions she would lead the conversation; that she had known what pretty things she would say, and how she would say them, what effect they would have.

But now, lying there, she felt small and contemptible, and the feeling was so humiliating to one of her pride that she drooped beneath it. Self-complacency had deserted its throne, self-satisfaction had abdicated, self-love was wounded sorely. And she sat amid the ruins.

She roused herself at last, a faint smile trembling at the corners of her mouth; she held out the hands of which she was so vain, and looked at them.

"Are you a fool?" she asked herself. "Are you? This is only temporary—it will pass. To-morrow—"

She paused.

"To-morrow? What is the matter with me? To-morrow? And the days after . . . the days after . . . . Good God, what *is* the matter with me? I am afraid."

Of what? Of whom? She had no time to answer that, for her father's step came up the stairs, stopping when it reached her door. He thrust in his head, entering when he saw that, starting to a

sitting posture, she looked at him inquiringly.

"Dreaming still, little girl? I was detained to-night. Dinner will be ready in a few minutes and John Rollinson is downstairs with Mac——"

"Oh, is he? I did not know." She sprang to her feet, flushed, animated, sparkling—all the ingenuousness of manner that characterized her coming back. "Is it really that late?"

"Yes, but I can't go until I find out how you and Miss Farrell got along."

"Miss Farrell? Oh, yes . . . Got along, you said? I am the unluckiest would-be-philanthropist alive. I was very, very, *very* nice to your Miss Farrell, father, but I'm afraid she went away rather—well, you know, rather—"

"Edith!"

Her father's brows came together suddenly; the sternest expression she had ever seen upon his countenance crossed it.

"You mean you angered her? Are you sure? Tell me; tell me at once."

She resented, with all the bitterness of her heart, that note in her father's voice. It was the first time in his life he had ever used so harsh a tone to her. And that it should be on account of that girl! She turned away her head to hide the tears.

"I said nothing to hurt her, believe me. And I do not think she is angry. But she left rather abruptly, that's all."

Her voice trembled.

"Never mind, darling," he said then, surprised at her emotion. Coming nearer, he drew her toward him. "Forgive me if I seemed unkind—I did not mean to be." He patted her cheek tenderly. "You are not quite able to grapple with life's problems yet, sweetheart."

Yielding to the impulse, she put her arms about his neck. The unlikeness to her usual self that had stared at her from the mirror a few moments before looked now into her father's eyes and puzzled him.

"Dear," she said, and her voice was not his Edith's, "dear, life's problems find us out, no matter where we may be. I have part of your soul in me, father—I hope that I can develop it—I—that I may be worthy of it— Oh, go, go, father—I shall never get dressed."

"But, Edith, Edith, what——"

"Nothing, father. Do go now, dear. I hear Marie in the other room—I will have to fairly rush."

"Something is disturbing you," he said, with a man's persistence. "It is a notion of yours. Get it out of your head. Do not worry. You will never see Miss Farrell again, so why be vexed over anything that has passed between you?"

"Never see her again!"

Edith stood where her father left her, a shadow on her face. "Never see her again! Why, how true that sounds, how real! If it were only so. Why should I think of a person who will never cross my path again? Why have I thought of her all the time since that day her eyes first looked into mine? Why is she always with me? I am afraid—yes—but of her? Of her? Why? Because of John Rollinson?" She laughed aloud, and brought her hands together. "Because of John Rollinson, I, Edith Selleck —one of the most beautiful girls—I can say it truly, I *will* say it—one of the most beautiful girls he knows—am afraid of an ugly, insignificant charity patient! Oh, no, no, no! That cannot be, that shall not be! Come, Marie, come, come! No, not that white gown to-night; it is too colorless, too die-away. Get out my new blue one. Hurry, hurry, we have just ten minutes!"

. . . . . .

John Rollinson, Mr. Selleck, and Mac were lingering over the dinner-table. The

sound of melody reached them, and John Rollinson stirred in his seat. He was fond of music and he knew that Edith Selleck's voice was exquisite. Listening now, he could almost distinguish the words she sang and he looked at Mac impatiently, waiting for him to stop talking.

"Didn't our Edith look swell to-night!" he was saying. "I tell you, Greg, I'm not going to marry until I find a girl like my little niece."

"And when do you think that will be?" asked Mr. Selleck, with pardonable pride. Mac rolled the cigarette he was about to smoke and shook his head.

"There isn't another like her on earth," he declared. "And the niftiest thing about her is that she's never——"

"She'd be delighted to hear herself described as 'nifty,' I am sure," said Mr. Selleck. "I wish you were my son instead of my brother, Mac, and I'd cut you off without a penny unless you stopped using slang. Come on—you don't want that cigarette—let's get out of here."

For, in spite of himself, he felt uneasy. He could not bear to remember the sadness of his daughter's face that night. All during dinner he had watched her, but no gay-hearted child could have been happier, no whole-hearted girl more brilliant. Always attractive, her own self-disapprobation had put her on her mettle, and the admiration in her father's eyes, in Mac's, in John Rollinson's, gave fresh impetus to droll raillery and gentle wit.

Miss Cairns, Mrs. Martyn's niece, and Edith's own particular chum, was with her in the drawing-room. Mrs. Devoe, also, a young society woman, who had acquired a reputation for unconventionality.

"Aunt was telling me of a somewhat odd experience you had a few hours ago," Miss Cairns was saying, languidly. "Didn't you have a curious person here, Edith?"

"A person?" Edith lifted her eyebrows. "That is scarcely correct. She is not of our set, but a brighter young woman—"

"Edith, you tantalizing girl, you want to make us ask you questions," said Mrs. Devoe, with a smile. "What are you doing with bright young women not in our set?"

Edith rested her head comfortably among the cushions.

"If you draw your chairs close to mine and listen, I'll recount the whole affair. Come, the gentlemen haven't finished their first cigars yet. Do you know," her eyes were sparkling, "that I have invented an entirely new amusement?"

"Is that strange?" asked Mrs. Devoe.

"Oh, but this is *unique*!" said Edith. "I call it a charity séance, and intend to have more of them. You see, you want to capture some inhabitant of the slums, turn him loose in your reception-room—after first locking up anything very valuable, you know—" She laughed, and they laughed with her. "Give him something good to eat and listen as he narrates his experiences, real or imaginary. And," she concluded, "you'll find vast entertainment picking out the thread of truth from the tissue of fabrication. Don't you think that a good way of discovering how the other half live—at first hand, as it were?"

Miss Cairns broke into a low ripple of laughter.

"Edith! And it was only this afternoon that I heard that aunt of mine declaring how much in earnest you were, and what an acquisition you would be, etc., etc., etc., with variations. I quite despaired. You know I cannot stand anything distressing—and to follow you

into such scenes, or to lose you— The possibility of having to choose quite upset me!"

"Did you do all this to-day?" asked Mrs. Devoe.

"Well, not exactly. Miss Farrell is very nice for one in her circumstances—" she glanced up with a smile for the gentlemen just entering—"in fact, she is a decidedly attractive character. Only I did not discover it until she was going away."

"It is so mystifying," said Miss Cairns. "Why not begin at the beginning?"

Edith looked across the room. Mac and her father had stopped in the doorway to argue out a question—but John Rollinson's eyes were fixed on her. Some emotion brought the color to her cheeks. He was listening. Listening to what she would say of—*that girl.* Well, he should hear.

"Miss Farrell called at my request—father got her to come. She holds some sort of a position in his office, you know, and he seems to think she is a veritable paragon. I was curious." She laughed. "Men take queer notions at times, don't they?"

"Very," said Mrs. Devoe, with an odd smile.

"She was quiet at first; diffident and all that. It is hard for a person of her sort to step over the boundary line with any kind of self-possession, and she was decidedly embarrassed. And then Miss Partridge and Mrs. Martyn began arguing— O dear!"

"It must have been interesting."

"It was, I assure you. Toward the end when she warmed up and gave me a few of her ideas—well!"

"And they were?"

"Something about washing babies and mending their clothes and sitting up with dying people and visiting the sick—" Edith held up her two small hands—"think of that, and look at these!"

"Imagine!" echoed Miss Cairns.

There was a daring gleam in Edith's eyes.

"You are listening to the strange experience I had this afternoon, Dr. Rollinson? Do come over if you would like to hear?"

She was angry at him for the half-pitying, wholly-wondering expression on his earnest face; angry at herself for the shame she felt at knowing the reason of his disapproval; writhing under the self-scorn she was enduring. And in this mood the spoiled, imperious girl was likely to say anything, to do anything, careless of consequences. He did come nearer when she called to him, but the penetrating glance he gave her did not quell the turmoil of her spirit.

"Dare I ask you to repeat it?" he said, taking a vacant chair beside her. "I really thought I heard Miss Farrell's name mentioned. But of course that was impossible. Such a nature as hers is hardly worth discussion in a lady's drawing-room."

The quiet irony in his voice was unmistakable.

"Save as it serves to pass away an hour or two. I had her here this afternoon. She is most amusing."

His face paled, his nostrils quivered, but the well-bred smile never left his lips.

"Amusing? Indeed! I am glad you found her so—it must be a new side to her character. I know her well, and have always thought her very serious."

"You don't say!" murmured Miss Cairns.

"I am beginning to think that there is more to this girl than we imagine," trilled Mrs. Devoe.

"Perhaps, then," laughed Edith, "she did not mean to be amusing. Do you

actually know her—well? She isn't anything but what appears on the surface? Loss of money affects some—"

"She is only just what she appears to be," said John Rollinson, quietly, "the sort of a girl that makes a man glad his mother was a woman."

Edith thrilled through every vein in her body. She would have given, then, all she owned in the world to have unsaid the cruel, heartless things this man had just listened to from her lips. The manliness in his voice appealed to all that was best in her. She quivered under that casually-uttered remark, veiling the feeling underneath, nor dared she trust herself to raise her eyes again.

No one could tell what was passing in his mind. Miss Cairns laughed lightly and looked at Mrs. Devoe.

"I would *love* to see her," she said.

John Rollinson bit his lip. He had surely forgotten himself. What did these women care for him or for Mollie Farrell? Yet a wave of indignation went over him, and he resolved to see to it in the future that no idle scheme or foolish curiosity would subject her to their cold scrutiny.

A constrained silence had fallen over the little group. One woman among the three cared more than he was aware of. Edith Selleck's desire to improve the condition of the poor had brought her the first real heartache she had ever known. John Rollinson had no idea why his face paled and his eyes flashed when he thought of slight being put upon the girl who seemed born for trouble. But Edith Selleck could have told him why. She sank back in her chair. Just then Mac spoke.

"What's that you were singing before we came in, Edith?" he asked.

"One of the old, old things, I guess—I'll sing it for you some other time." The question came as a great relief.

"Try it now," put in her father. "I made Mac give up his cigarette so that we might hear a few songs."

"You surely owe Mac something for that," said Miss Cairns, with a coquettish glance in the young man's direction.

Edith smiled lazily. She was recovering her self-possession.

"If you will allow me to add my voice?" said John Rollinson. "Please, Miss Edith?"

"How can I resist?" she asked, lightly. "The same song? Yes? Very well. It is beautiful, though it is *so* old. No, Miss Cairns, thank you—I'll accompany myself this time. Mac, come over here and sit down. This is your favorite chair."

She touched the keys gently, her sweet tones filled the room with melody. But the song, for all its beauty, did not ease the discomfort in John Rollinson's heart nor the discontent in her own. And indeed the words seemed to have a special significance.

"I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light;
I will not say she should walk sedately,
Whatever she does, it will sure be right.
And she may be humble or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm that is just between—
But whenever she comes, she will find me ready
To do her homage, my Queen, my Queen.

"But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, this maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the Spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean;
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping.
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DRAWING OF THE VEIL.

John Rollinson went home in a most unsatisfactory state of mind.

He had done his duty as a guest; he

had been invited that he might be entertained, and he had borne his part in making conversation; and listened with attention to the discussions, earnest or otherwise, in which his host and hostess indulged. He had been mildly humorous, as humorous as it was possible for him to be, since he was not that by nature. Miss Edith felt, however, the absent-mindedness he fought against, and she resented it. Mac felt it, also, for he was keen of observation where John Rollinson was concerned, and he wondered at it. Miss Cairns, who greatly liked the sometimes witty, always nonsensical Mac, was disappointed at his silence. Mac rarely condescended to be sensible when talking to Edith's friends. He treated women as creatures to amuse, and once in a great while to be amused by him—therefore Miss Cairns was at a loss to account for his subdued manner, and puzzled over it too much to enjoy her evening. So the cosy little dinner-party was not quite the success its giver had planned.

When he reached his place of abode, John Rollinson found that he had twice been urgently called to Mrs. Baker, and that the second messenger had left not ten minutes before. He went out immediately, rather glad to go; in fact, although even the thought might be counted rank heresy, he felt that he was summoned to a more congenial scene. He was disturbed—and work being his only panacea for mental annoyance, he was glad that work presented itself.

He was thinking, needless to say, of Mollie Farrell, as he swung off in the direction of the East Side. She had haunted him persistently of late, and this last few hours seemed to have called up all the chivalry of his nature, so that like a knight of olden times he would guard her, not alone against the world, but against herself. He was doing his best to identify the little fragile child, the "Joan of Arc" of five years before, with the girl who looked at him now, so proudly and so fearlessly. Forgotten her? He wondered that she had ever slipped from his memory. She *had* found a place for herself, the child! Nothing very high or very wonderful—until one thought of her as she had been, and realized what stupendous perseverance had made that crude, undeveloped brain the equal of a man's. Was not that what Mr. Selleck called it — "the equal of a man's"?

"It but proves to me my firm belief," he mused, half-aloud. "There is more pure and unadulterated talent going to waste for lack of cultivation than the schools do dream of."

He contrasted the two girls—the one he had just left and the other whom he had met twice within the last few weeks.

"Yes," he said, with a little sigh, "things do seem to be unevenly divided. Yet there is nothing but sorrow to form a character; the greatest deeds are wrought in suffering and in pain. What a strange place this world would be if there were no sacrifices, no silent martyrdoms, nothing but joy and happiness."

He knew every step of the way, every turn of the road that led to Mrs. Baker's humble dwelling. He had traversed it before at night and on a summons as urgent—but he had never found the way so short. It was because of the thoughts that kept him company; the shadow that kept pace with him; the eyes that were looking into his. He was thinking of her and for her. The great event of his life had come; the unveiling of that soul of his, that real part of him, to which he was a stranger, as he had told his best friend, was near at hand. And he would fight against himself. He did not know it.

"She will marry, I suppose," he continued. "Marry, and settle down here,

where she was born, among her own people . . . her own people! . . . . Those great black eyes will be dimmed with weeping for some careless husband. She will rear children—she will love them. How she will love her children, she is so intense, so strong . . . . That little droop to her mouth will grow more pronounced as the years go on. That little figure will shrink as her mother's has done, and the proud light in her eyes be quenched with the flow of tears. And she is so unfitted to take up the tasks that fall to the lot of poor women . . . . Unfitted? Mollie Farrell? She is fitted for anything, that girl. Why shouldn't she be?" with a note of bitterness. "What is there to keep away from her the burdens that make the destiny of every woman?"

It seemed as if those thoughts had been powerful enough to bring the girl into his presence—for it was Mollie herself who opened Mrs. Baker's door to him in answer to his knock. He started—a cold shiver ran through him. It seemed uncanny—as if he had been able to conjure her to him by the force of thought. And then, looking into her face, he saw that this was a new Mollie Farrell. This was the little girl he had fought to find under the mask of haughtiness. No antagonism now, for there was no thought of self; no pride, no coldness; all that Mollie Farrell was by nature, forgotten. Following on that first great shock of surprise came gladness—yes, joy. To-night he would know her. But the white soul of her was in her eyes, and its glory transfigured her.

"It is really you—at last," she said with a sigh of relief, that sounded sweetly in his ears. "I am so glad, so glad. I was afraid you weren't coming at all—and it seemed so long to wait until morning—"

He shut the door behind him, and stood now, holding his hat a moment before he gave it into her outstretched hands. Then, removing his light overcoat, he threw it across a convenient chair.

"How long has she been ill?"

"All evening. She is in such great suffering that I—"

"Who is with you?" In his effort to speak indifferently his voice sounded almost hard. "Are you aware of the hour? Who is here besides yourself?"

"No one."

She said nothing more—only looked at him a little wistfully. "Not a judgment am I going to be, but a blessing!" He turned his eyes away, feeling that he could not meet the gaze which some strong emotion was depriving of all its guarded pride, leaving only pathos. She hesitated, undecided whither or not to say the next words; then she plunged into them abruptly.

"Is it not my duty to be here? She is alone. She has no one—no one in the world."

"Pardon me. In this case the duty is a very much mistaken one—rather a desire for self-torture," he said. "You forget that I know the circumstances."

Mollie pressed her lips together and led him to where Mrs. Baker was reclining upon a sofa that had been drawn up to the open window. The old woman lay with her head thrown back upon the pillow, her features convulsed, an expression of great pain upon them. Her hands were clenched, her lips parted. John Rollinson knew the gray shadow on her face.

"I can only ease her suffering," he said. "Has Father Laurence been called?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"About eight o'clock, I think."

"*You* think! How long have you been here?"

"All evening."

"Since you left — Miss Selleck's?"

She started. He did not see the expression of the swiftly-averted face. The woman on the sofa began to mutter, and to twist her head from side to side. Delirious sentences fell from her parched lips.

"Why should she not, I'd like to know?" she cried, querulously. "Ain't it her right to do it, ain't it? Wasn't it her brother—"

"Hush now," said Mollie Farrell, softly, bending over her, and John Rollinson felt himself effaced. "Come, you must be thirsty — you have not had a drink in such a long while." She lifted the gray head on her arm, and with infinite tenderness brought a cup of cool water to the quivering mouth. "I'm sure water cannot hurt her?" she asked, in an aside. But the woman pushed the cup and the hand that held it away.

"Wasn't it her brother took my Tom from me—the on'y one I had in the world? Wasn't it? What is it you do be tormentin' me for? Isn't it her right to give me what I want an' what I need an' all? For I have ne'er a soul—"

"Oh, hush, hush, hush!" breathed Mollie. "Hush, Mrs. Baker—don't you see Dr. Rollinson?"

"I do see him—that's him right there an' it's him I'm askin'. He thinks it ain't right by the way he's lookin' at me. I ain't doin' no wrong, am I, docther?"

"No," said John Rollinson, soothingly. He was taking a small vial from the little case of drugs he carried in his pocket. He did not glance in Mollie's direction—if he had, he would have noticed that her face was crimson—a painful red that burned deep. "Here is something that will ease your pain, Mrs. Baker. You will go to sleep—you want to go to sleep, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," she answered. "I'm so tired—an' I can never sleep. Maybe, too, I'll dream of Tom—my poor little boy. He was such a winsome boy —such a fine, good little chap. D'ye remember the long nights he sat up with me, givin' me the medicine and puttin' the hot cloths on my chest— Oh, deary me, deary me, my bonny boy! Sometimes I see him laughin' an' happy — but 'most always he comes to me sufferin'— and I stretch out my poor, miserable old fingers to him, an' I can't touch him nor get nigh him, docther, docther! 'Tis then my poor heart is like to crack in two—nor can I do e'er a thing for him but pray — on'y pray, pray, pray!"

Mollie's hands were clutching at her heaving bosom. Not even now did John Rollinson look at her—he dared not.

"That is everything, Mrs. Baker," he said, very tenderly. "Pray for him—a mother's prayers would make a ladder to heaven for any soul."

"Thrue, docther! Pray to God it may be thrue for my poor Tom! Mollie here is the good girl—I don't be blamin' her —but sure she isn't like one's own. An' sometimes the terrible fear comes over me that I ain't a-doin' what's right, takin' her few hard-earned dollars —"

"Dr. Rollinson!" interrupted Mollie Farrell, in a quivering voice, "will you not give her the medicine now? She is raving—she is delirious."

"Raise her head," he answered.

Mollie did so. He placed the powder on her tongue, held the cup of water to her lips—and then the girl softly laid her down upon the pillow.

There was silence. John Rollinson stood beside his patient, watching the gradual relaxation of the strained features, the smoothing of the furrowed brow, the general yielding to repose. Those few moments were what Mollie needed. The face of the poor woman grew peaceful and quiet—but the shadow was still upon it. Man and girl alike knew that shadow.

"It might be better for her if she would lie in bed," said Mollie in low tones. "But she cannot bear to leave the sofa — she seems to stifle in the inner room."

John Rollinson made no comment. Behind his glasses his eyes were shining and as he turned his head she caught the brightness of them. She stirred restlessly. That silence was eloquent, yet neither of those two could have found words for what it meant. The time was not yet. At last Mollie, as if that steady gaze compelled an answering glance, looked at him. The flame of red that had died down crimsoned cheek and brow again.

"Well?" she asked, and there was a hint of defiance in the intense interrogation.

"It is *not* well," he answered, slowly. "I have been very ignorant of many things."

"Your patient is asleep," she said, in an evasive, low voice. His eyebrows went up, almost imperceptibly.

"I know it. She will not awake for two or three hours—and when she does there will be comparatively no pain—until the end. She will die to-morrow."

He spoke gravely, almost coldly—professionally, in fact, as if he were stating some trifling occurrence. Mollie Farrell was not used to that tone, and it made her nervous. John Rollinson did not know he had used that tone, for his steady glance held hers, and she could not—she would not—take her eyes away.

"It is late," he said, then. "Who is coming to relieve you?"

"Mrs. McCabe stayed here until eleven," she answered. "She has to be up at daybreak—and it would not have been right to keep her any longer—"

"Does that mean—" a gleam of anger shot across his face—"they allow you—a young girl like you to watch alone at the bedside of a woman who may die at any moment? I cannot believe it!" He turned toward the door. "If there is no one who will stay here for charity's sake, I shall find one who will do it for money —one who—"

"Dr. Rollinson! Wait!" Her words arrested his footsteps—she followed him, holding out her hand, beseechingly. "Stay one instant," and then as he looked at her she went on rapidly, "you are wronging them, you know you are. They volunteered—three of them; perhaps some one will come in before you leave. But I would not—I will not—are you listening to me, Dr. Rollinson?—I will not have them—not any one of them. This is *my* place—mine only, right here, watching alone at the bedside of a woman who is dying alone, helpless, childless."

"I know what you mean," he said, "but it is not true. I have learned from her words what you have been doing for her. A child like you with the burden of home duties upon your shoulders and the illness of a mother—"

"Hush, Dr. Rollinson." She was near enough to him now, and laid one nervous hand lightly on his black coat-sleeve, looking up into his face with something of the old wistful childishness he remembered. "You are angry? And why? You will not be if you think a moment. Dan helps, poor fellow—every penny he gets he sends. It pays her rent and over, and the little that is left for me to do is not much after all. She is old and her wants are few. No one knows about it but Dan and me—unless, perhaps, like to-night, she has told some one when off guard. Ah, Dr. Rollinson, go back to that poor little creature I was five years ago. You were not angry at her then when she tried to do what was right—do not be angry at me now for what is but an act of simple justice." She held out both her hands and he took them in his, fascinated. The light that had

dazzled him—when the child to whom she alluded had told him of the place she would find for herself in the great world—shone on face and in eyes, and he yielded to the woman's spell as he had yielded to the child's. "I have tried to be what I said I would be—not a judgment, but a blessing—not a curse, but a joy. Can't you understand, can't you, can't you? It is for Dan—to atone for Dan. I am trying to do right—we are both trying, poor Dan and I. Do not be angry—"

"Mollie!" said John Rollinson. "Mollie, Mollie!"

He dropped the hands she had given him—he could say no other word, but stood, struggling with an emotion that threatened to overpower him. He put up his hand to his forehead and brushed the hair away; he straightened his glasses; he pulled his watch out of his pocket and looked at it — every action mechanically performed.

"I—I understand you," he said, then. "Still, I dislike very much to leave you here alone. It is not good for a girl like you — women's nerves are not of the best. If she dies —"

"I am only young in years," said Mollie, bravely, "but old in wisdom. And believe or not, as you choose, but I would not at this instant change places with any living soul—no matter how rich or how favored of fortune. No, not with a queen upon her throne. This is *my* night, Dr. Rollinson—my night, and Dan's."

He left her. When he reached the threshold he paused, turned, looked—looked at the drooping figure, the downcast head, the tightly-locked hands. He dared not trust himself to speak. He had seen the real Mollie Farrell.

* * * *

He went away.

Ah, yes—but what did he take with him? No consciousness of love as yet—those who treasure highest the great gift of love are slow to realize its coming, dazzled at the knowledge, jealous of its possession. But on that walk homeward there rose before him such a vision of goodness as enraptured his soul. And its sublimity raised him to the height of that which he contemplated. And he thought in his own heart how weak he was, who had always considered himself so strong. The one feeling that possessed him in his hour of knowledge —which as yet was not realization—was that he might look unashamed into that girl's pure eyes. Well has it been said that the ancients spent their lives digging and delving for the philosopher's stone—that stone which changes baser metals to pure gold—overlooking it in their eager search; overlooking the fact that within his heart every man must carry it, within his soul every man must treasure it, and his body must be its casket.

For its name is purity.

John Rollinson knew—and the knowledge was actual pain—that all advantages on which he had prided himself were worldly ones, and that here they dwindled into nothingness. His thoughts ran on disconnectedly, coherent only to himself, and yet all bearing upon the one subject. If God had made a soul with human love and human charity in its crystal depths, with such purity as he had seen in those uplifted eyes . . . . The wonder of it clung to him, followed him. Self-sacrifice? God had asked nothing of His chosen but self-sacrifice. And here it was—in this girl's daily life. Here was self-sacrifice: in the work of this girl's hands. Humble work? True. Was not Christ's work humble? Painful? Surely. Had not Christ endured agony? And to His elect He left His portion.

As one stands amazed at the sudden answer to a prayer; as one pauses, mute,

at a wonderful display of nature's power; as one listens thrilling in every nerve, to a burst of song that seems to swell from angelic spheres—so, too, did John Rollinson stand before the vision of Mollie Farrell.

"A girl who makes a man glad his mother was a woman!" Those were his own words coming back to him. He stopped, in the very middle of the street, and took off his hat, repeating them and other words of his that night, raising his eyes to the star-gemmed sky.

"A mother's prayers make a ladder to heaven for any soul!" he whispered. "Beautiful, misunderstood, unhappy mother—were you such a girl as Mollie Farrell is? Oh, make a ladder to heaven for me, my mother; let down the chain of your prayers, dear heart, that I may grasp it and mount thereby to you, to you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A DAUGHTER OF DUTY.

"This is my night—my night and Dan's."

John Rollinson could not sleep. He had a small volume in his desk—a collection of spiritual thoughts by a great Irish Jesuit—whom he resorted to always when distressed or annoyed. To-night they gave him no comfort; the sentences were meaningless.

"Exercise your will-power!" was his oft-given advice. "Exercise your will-power! That is half the battle for a man's well-being."

He was putting his own theory into practice to-night, and was to prove how much easier things are said than done. Generally, as soon as his head touched the pillow, sleep found him,— unbroken, save when the little electric bell in the wall above him roused him to night duty. He put away his book, turned out the light, and composed himself, devoutly hoping that in a few moments slumber might visit him and help him to forget.

But visions come in the darkness that are never present in the light—and before his wakeful eyes he saw that humble room, that worn face, with the gray shadow upon it, the inspired countenance of the girl. He watched with fascinated, unblinking orbs, the passing of Mrs. Baker; saw the fear of death grow upon Mollie's features—and then again would come the words that gave the lie to that which he was imagining: "This is my night—my night and Dan's." Persistently, repeatedly, they rang in his ears. He tossed wearily from side to side for an hour; then, at last, he arose, dressed and sat down to reason the thing out philosophically, if he could.

With all those who suffered John Rollinson was gentle and sympathetic—especially the weaker and the helpless ones. So now thinking of that long and weary vigil — so long and so weary a vigil for one so young, he felt that if God needed this atonement He would surely accept it, and in accepting bless those who made it.

"Dan is worthy of his sister, after all," he said aloud. "I did not think he would be— But could any man help living up to such a girl's belief in him?"

John Rollinson was not given to introspection. He led too active and too even a life ever to want to cross-examine himself. His days were all too short for the work he set himself to do, and his nights the dreamless peaceful ones of a tired, healthy man. He did not seek practice, yet practice in plenty came to him, and at twenty-eight he stood where many a man who has striven harder finds himself at forty. He failed, therefore, because of the very routine and sameness of his life, to recognize the new element which was entering into it—he did not try to analyze the impatience, the discontent so foreign to his nature. He had, he told himself, often been dis-

turbed by a tale of suffering or of privation—he was willing to attribute this emotion now to his sympathy for a girl of heroic endurance, and let it go at that.

So he paced his room restlessly, his heart—because of this sympathy!—yearning over that dark-faced, dark-eyed maiden, so utterly alone, and yet so brave! Again he blamed himself for not adopting stronger methods. There were many who would have shared that vigil with her at his request; if not for sweet charity's sake, at least for the money which—

"Money? You wrong them," Mollie had said. They would do a good deal for money, but more for the love of God. Why had he not asked them in that Name—nay, compelled some one to go to her, to stay with her.

He lay down at last, fully dressed, and fell asleep, but even his rest was troubled and the first gray light of dawn woke him. A cold plunge and breakfast made him feel better physically, but his mind was not a whit less perturbed as he betook himself to Mrs. Baker's once more. She was conscious when he entered, and Mrs. Reilly had just made her a cup of tea. She expressed no surprise at seeing the young man so early— he was like Father Laurence, apt to come at any hour he thought his services were needed. Mrs. Baker greeted him with a faint smile—she was almost beyond words. And then he took the cup from Mrs. Reilly's hands, and held her gray head on his arm, thinking how Mollie had rendered her a similar service. He brought the cup to her lips gently, as gently as Mollie herself had done, nor did he try to understand the quiet sense of satisfaction it gave him to do even this much. The dying eyes of the woman spoke for her. He laid her back upon the pillow with a few comforting words, and then made a sign to Mrs. Reilly. She followed him to the head of the stairs, scarcely prepared, after the gentleness of his manner inside, for the abrupt way in which he flung a question at her.

"Where is Miss Farrell?" he asked.

"She was here, sir, till just this minute, when I kem in an' let her run home. She was afraid her mother'd be awake an' miss her, an' besides she wants to leave word with her friend, Mrs. Warden, that she ain't goin' downtown to-day, seein' Mrs. Baker's so near the end. A betther-hearted girl never lived than Mollie Farrell."

"Yes," said John Rollinson. "Did you know that she stayed here all night with Mrs. Baker? That she stayed here alone, and that the woman was likely to die at any moment? No matter how independent she is, she's only a young girl. Some of you should have made provision to sit with her. I cannot tell you how astonished I was to find her here last night when I came over. Especially—under the circumstances. My people have disappointed me."

He spoke quite calmly, but Mrs. Reilly flushed. What! Not come up to Dr. Rollinson's expectations? His words carried weight, for she was one of "his people," and she felt it a serious thing to be under the ban of his displeasure.

(To be continued.)

A HARVEST DAY IN IRELAND.

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS.

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friels," "Donegal Fairy Stories," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," etc.

The harvest time is the beauteous time. Only a happy few know when the sun rises in the lovely harvest days; for he has been spilling his splendor over the world a long time before the mass of mankind come abroad to blot the silver-ed landscape. It is only very ardent workers who are afoot blithe and early to give him greeting when he takes his first look over the purple hills, in the recesses of which the routed, scattered, fleeing, shades of night may be seen fast disappearing into their cavernous retreats. The sun is feeling at home in the sky when the crowd gets abroad, calling the morning still early. And, of course, it is early, for, in our bright, beautiful days, when, setting foot to foot on the borderland, summer and autumn shake hands, the big white sun surpasses himself. He begins his day, I do believe, hours before the time called for by the almanac; and, from the time of rising on his elbow on the hilltop in the morning till his going behind the rose curtains on the ocean's verge at night, he does the work of two suns, as if determined to square with us now for the long, long hours he will deny us in the coming winter.

Photographs by Hogg, Belfast, Ireland.

THE "STRONG" FARMER AT HIS HARVEST.

On a harvest morn in Ireland — the sort of harvest morn I like to recall — the white sun looks down upon a land variegated with a thousand shades; the

sky is blue and spotless, and choiring larks deep in the peaceful blue are trilling their melody over moor and meadow, and gray hill. The burns are sounding joyously from under their blackthorn and hazel arching as they dally seaward; the cheery "click-click" is heard from the meadows where the mowers sharpen their scythes, the sound of blithe voices comes up the hillside, and a merry laugh rings out upon the clear air, now from over, the girls, with rake on shoulder, sally forth as well as the boys and men, to do their share of the day's work; and the mingled music of cheery converse and ringing laughter that henceforth fills the fields lends pleasant wings to the day. Under the friendly shade of hat or kerchief, the girls' bright eyes down-cast upon their work dance merry accompaniment to the quick repartees they, with professional ease, cast back in re-

CUTTING, BINDING AND STOOKING CORN.

this field, and anon from that. Gladness hums in one's veins on this bright harvest morning. The call to breakfast from the white-slipped *cailin,* standing on the fence by the gable of the far house, comes welcome over the waving fields. The mowster drops his scythe, and the shearer his sickle, and others cast from them rake and fork, and, whistling up a lively air, or chanting a merry song, trip houseward. Breakfast

sponse to mischievous chaffing of the boys bent above their work. The grass that the girls turn in wind-rows fills the fields with fragrance. The tall meadow falls to the swith of the mower whose long drawn song sings *caoine* to the fallen flowers; the busy hum of bee is frequent, and the silly corn-crake (who loves to hear himself) lifts his irritating voice, now here, now there, as if the rascal was ubiquitous.

I think of An Chraobhinn's "Day in Eirinn" translated by poor William Roony (God rest him!):

Four gleaming scythes in the sunshine swaying
Thro' the deep hush of a summer's day,
Before their edges four stout men sweeping,
In tuneful measure, the fragrant hay,—
Myself the fourth of them, strong and happy,—
My keen blue steel moving fast and free.
Ah! little then was the broadest meadow,
And light the heaviest scythe, to me!

Oh, King of Glory! what a change is o'er me
Since the young blood thrilled me long, long ago,
When each day found me with the sunshine round me—
And the tall grass falling to my every blow.
O'er the dewy meadows came the *cailins'* voices
Ringing glad and merry as they raked the hay.
Oh! the hours pass quickly as a beam of sunshine
When the years are rosy and the heart is gay.

THE GLEANER.

Like fairy minstrels, the bees a-humming
Went honey-seeking from flow'r to flow'r,
Like golden berries in the distance gleaming,
I've watched and listened to them hour by hour.
And the butterflies on the sunbeams riding
With wings surpassing e'en the blush of dawn,
Or like fairy jewels, full of light and splendor
On the golden crown of the *bouchalawn.*

The blackbird's lay in the woods rang clearly,
The thrush's notes echoed far and high,
While the lark's full song, like a bell's vibration
Came floating down from the midmost sky,
From his leafy station the linnet lifted
His little voice in the hazel glen,
And, O, God of Grace! was not life a pleasure
In our green and beautiful Eirinn then!

If golden corn be falling to-day instead of green grass, the swift swoop of the scythe is ruthlessly parting it at the root, or, sharp sickles in the boys' brown hands are bringing it down with incessant rustle. While the girls are busily binding the sheaves the boys camp eagerly, trying in friendly contention who shall first find the end of the hintin'; and the girls, encouraged by their swains, also engage in friendly rivalry, deftly, as they poise the yellow sheaf on one extended knee their hands fasten the reedy corn band, and then flinging from them the finished sheaf, they move forward quickly and snatch up the next. Their fresh faces are glowing with life, radiant with the beauty of health, and their careless hearts bubble o'er the brim with fun. All this time a

MOORLOCH MARY.

hundred larks are choiring in the azure, far o'er-head, and the sun is raining down on earth his light and genial heat, as if this day were to be his last chance of brightening the world, and leaving a grateful memory with it. The distant lough is like a sheet of silver; a golden haze crowns the far hills, and short quick waves are vibrating in the air, as you look abroad. Big beads of sweat are upon the brows of the thousand merry workers in the hundred fields, and rolling down their cheeks, tickling them — in vain, for the glory of the day, and the beauty of the labor fill their souls with bliss, making them all-oblivious to small annoyances. They almost forget the keen appetite for dinner that has been growing — until they see Mary coming down the corn-field — winsome Mary, blithesome Mary, laden with cans and knotted bundles, and singing as she comes. Pretty she is, and welcome too as Moorloch Mary, whose praises Ethna Carbery sang:

MOORLOCH MARY.

Like swords of battle the scythes were plying,
The corn lay low in a yellow rout,
When down the stubble, dew-wet, and glinting,
A golden shaft of the sun came out:
It was Moorloch Mary, the slender blossom,
Who smiled on me in the misty morn.
And since that hour I am lost with grieving,
Through sleepless nights, and through days forlorn.

Oh, Moorloch lies in a world of heather
Where Mary's little brown feet go bare,
And many a shadowy peak divides us,
Yet I will journey to find her there;
I will climb the mountains, and swim the rivers,
I will travel the crests of the heath, windblown,
Her face in my heart like a star I carry,
And it shall guide me unto my own.

When I come at last to my Moorloch Mary,
I will take her little brown hands in mine,
And kiss her lips where the rowans tarry,
And kiss her hair where the sun-rays shine,
And whisper — "*A stoirin*, my heart was haunted
By wistful eyes of the sweetest gray,
That drew it over the hills of Derry —
O Moorloch Mary, bid the wanderer stay."

A joyous meal is that field dinner when,— the boys and girls seated on the grass in a circle, in shadowy hollow,— the cans are opened, and the cloths spread, and the enticing good things laid to view — creamed tea, and farls of Mary's own baking, thick-capped with yellow butter,— a meal for a king and a king's court. If digestion needed an aid, merry converse lends it, and witty, make-believe, contention. Yellow Yorlins chatter in the tree overhead, and an impatient robin hops around, raiding crumbs, while the gentle burn croons onward, past the feet of the eager diners. There is little time to be lost when the harvest calls so quickly. They are soon at their posts again with refreshed energies, their hands going fast, and their tongues glib; and they never relax till the sun rolls low, and is looking his last long farewell look upon a blissful scene with which he is loth to part. When the

thirst overtook them in the afternoon, Una took the tin-can to the shady spring, and bore to them the cool spring-water, which was sweet to their parched throats. Other somethings-sweet they had too, for the mowsters at intervals struck the wild bee's nest, and with great fighting, amid wonderful hullabaloos, raided it, flying far, however, before dividing the booty, and not venturing again to the scene of the despoiling until the great fierce hum of anger that ringed it had subsided.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

When, in the grateful cool of the evening, the harvesters leisurely wend their way home, their limbs are heavy with a pleasant langour, and their hearts are blissful as at their journeying forth, but with a softer, soothing, bliss now. Maybe the moon beams on them as they fare over the fields to their home — sometimes in pairs, whereby may hang a subsequent pleasant tale. Some naturally enough whisper as they go; others free-hearted lilt or whistle, or a jolly one may sing — perhaps of his own Inver Bay:

Och! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many's a laugh the boats put off,
And many's the merry cry!
To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
He will not find, *Mo chroidhe*,
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee.

FOR THE THIRSTY ONES.

For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
I wouldn't swap, not I,
My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun going down the sky.

A purtier boat there's not afloat,
Than Pathrick Rose's Nan,
A boulder crew, nor boys more true
Is not in wide Irelan' —
A long, long pull, a sthrong, sthrong pull,
And one right hearty cheer,
Our "Nan" so brave she tops the wave,
And our comrad-boats we clear;
We lead the throng, we sthrike a song,
We rise it loud and high,
On Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

Till we reach away where the herrin's play,
There's neither slack nor slow;
As quick as thought our nets are shot,
On the tafts then we lie low,
And many's the stave rolls o'er the wave,
And many's the yarn is told —
The sea all white with silver bright,
The air all filled with gold —
A scene more grand, God's good right hand
It ne'er reached from on high,
Than Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er far Norway it's give me sway,
With a palace wide and broad,
With silks and wine, and jewels fine,
And hundreds at my nod;
In robes all gay with golden spray
It's dhress me ye might do
But I'd loathe your wine, your jewels fine,
Your gold, and your kingdom, too;
For a ragged coat, in Patrick's boat,
It's I'd lament, and sigh,
And for Inver Bay of a harvest day,
With the sun goin' down the sky.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE "STRONG" FARMER'S CHILDREN.

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones,
Have rushed across the say,
And, God He knows, each wind that blows
Is waftin' more away!
It's sore disthress does them hard press,
They dhrop their heads and go —
Och, Sorrow's Queen, it's you has seen
Their hearts big swelled with woe!
Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
And they oft sit down and cry
For Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

Och! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many's the laugh the boats put off,
And many's the merry cry.
To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee!
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad
I wouldn't swap, not I,
My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

ILL IN EXILE.

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS.

It's oh, for a day on Dooran hill,
With the west wind blowing free!
Like a leash-slipped hound my blood in bound,
And a spade in the hands of me!

A spade in the tawny hands of me,
Keen joy at the finger-tips,
And the song that sleeps in my heart's far deeps
To be trolling off at my lips!

Upturning with vim the brave brown earth
That is fragrant to the soul;
And whose balmy breath drives far vexed Death,
Making the sick one whole.

Were it mine, all the gain of the Spanish Main
In the lap of the world I'd spill,
Wet lips of the wind on my brow to find,
And my feet upon Dooran hill!

RURAL ROUTE NO. 4.

BY ELEANOR R. PARKER.

On a beautiful afternoon in October, the Hon. Walter D. Williams of Covington, stood on the stone steps of the little court house at Melford and mopped his brow. He was evidently perplexed. Young, eager, and ambitious, he was accounted a politician and orator of no mean ability. Yet after a two hours' address to the citizens of Trenton, one of the most isolated counties of Kentucky, he clearly saw that he had failed to make an impression, or if he had made one it was anything but favorable.

"They are a queer set," he murmured as he turned aside to shake hands with Jenkins, his local manager.

"Good Heavens, man!" exclaimed the latter. "If you had only given me an idea of what you were going to say, I would have saved your making a fatal mistake. Don't you know you went at these people in the wrong way? You should never have spoken of our lack of progress, even though you promised to try to better things. They are the most sensitive people the Lord ever made. If you had put on an old suit of clothes, taken off your necktie and told a good story, they would have voted for you to a man; but, as it is, I am afraid your fire is out."

That night in his apartments in Covington, the politician sat for some time lost in thought. The day's work had been a disappointment to him and he felt decidedly blue. A child of fortune, he had risen from obscurity to prominence at the local bar and to an honorable place in the Legislative hall of his state. One step more he now desired in his advancement, and that was to go to Congress from the Sixth District. And when this was almost within his grasp, his hopes had been suddenly dashed to the ground.

Unimportant as Trenton seemed, her opposition was sufficient to turn the scale in favor of his opponent at the primary. And that opponent! His brow clouded and he clenched his fist with a grim determination, for not only had this man crossed him in politics, but in something that he held even dearer. By the irony of fate they both worshiped at the same shrine of fair femininity, and Williams felt that this election might help to win his cause.

"I have it!" he exclaimed presently. "By Jove, I have. I'll get rural delivery for Trenton. I can work it through Willis. Other counties are getting it and these people deserve something. They are good, law-abiding citizens and it's precious little they have ever had."

A month or two later, a crowd of farmers were gathered in the country post-office.

"Hello, Uncle Cy," said one with a laugh; "you comin' to the post-office. Thought you had rural delivery out your way."

"Yes, durn it, we're a goin' ter have it. But I just tell you I ain't so durn poorly yit that I can't get to the post-office, an' if I had my way this here little pale-faced sapling of a mail-carrier would be run out about the first trip he makes."

"You are hard on him, Uncle Cy," responded the first speaker; "but I don't know as you're right. I ain't any too much tickled with the idee myself."

"Wall, I'll tell you, gentlemen," interposed a third, shifting the wad of tobacco in his mouth, "hit's er long time

since I writ any, but in my day I wuz considered a putty fair scribe and I've got a notion to write a 'nonymous letter to Washington and try to put a stop to this nonsense, for hit's nonsense and nothing else to pay a man to drive through the country deliverin' mail when all the rest a feller has is to go to the office onct in a while."

Hence it happened that in his second attempt to win the favor of the Trentonites, the Hon. Williams was scarcely more successful than in the first. A few of the more progressive farmers welcomed the innovation, but again he had touched a vital spot. In rural districts the post-office is to social life what the sun is to the solar system. From it radiates many a choice bit of gossip besides the price of hogs and tobacco.

So the post-masters were not alone in their opposition to rural delivery, and, to aggravate matters, Route No. 4 was given to a young man from a neighboring county. This in the eyes of the people was an unpardonable blunder, for any one outside the confines of Trenton, whether he be Kentuckian, Portuguese, Hindoo, or Jew, was reckoned in their vocabulary as a "furriner," and consequently looked upon with suspicion.

The morning that Harry Strong started on his first round as mail-carrier, he felt a decided exhilaration of spirit. In the first place it was spring, and there is ever a kinship between youth and the awakening of nature. Then a long-cherished ambition was within his reach. The precious six hundred dollars carefully hoarded meant a year in college, and his physician had told him that the mountain air and out-door life would improve his delicate constitution.

He had heard that the people of Trenton were naturally kind and sociable; consequently he was not prepared for the cold stare or averted look that met him on every side. Finding all attempts at friendly intercouse futile, he kept on his way with a stout heart. After all, it did not matter a great deal to him, and he attributed the silence of the people to timidity rather than ill will. But gradually rumors reached him of the strong feeling against rural delivery in general and himself in particular, and there were even half-hinted threats that some night he would be met by a committee and invited to leave the county.

It was one afternoon early in May, and just two weeks before the primary election, that Mr. Williams alighted at the nearest railroad station, en route to Melford. A steady downpour of rain had been falling since morning; and he was much annoyed to find that the Melford hack had left an hour before, without waiting for the later train.

To his tempting offer of a five dollar bill, the hostler replied:

"Sorry, stranger, but I wouldn't risk crossin' that ford at the little Kintuck' for five times as much."

"I never saw such a confounded, God-forsaken place anyhow. Is there no way to get out of this little hole before morning?" complained the honorable gentleman, as he walked up and down the platform, regardless of the rain.

"Pardon me, sir," said a voice at his shoulder; "perhaps I can take you to Melford. It is not usual to carry passengers with delivery; but this is an exceptional case, and, if I am not mistaken, you are the gentleman that got my job for me. If there is any such a thing as crossing the creek this afternoon I am going to do it; and if it's impossible, there is a nice farmhouse just this side where we can stop for the night."

The politician was easily induced to accept the offer, and soon they were jogging along the muddy road.

"Yes," he said after a moment's pause,

"I secured your appointment. I hope you like it."

"I can never thank you sufficiently for your kindness," the mail-carrier replied gratefully; "and I like the work, only the people don't like me."

Then he told the astonished man how the citizens of Trenton resented rural delivery, of their opposition to a strange mail-carrier, and he added, with some hesitation: "I hate to tell you; but perhaps it is not too late to do something. I am afraid very few of them will vote for you."

"Confound them!" stormed Mr. Williams. "The fight I made to get rural delivery for Trenton over counties that are twice as large! And this is the way they appreciate it. Everything I do for them gets me deeper into the hole. But I'll conquer in the end; I swear I will. If they had any reasonable objection, I could stand it better; but it's their everlasting prejudice."

Williams did not speak again for some time; he was too busy trying to solve the problem that was before him. Only two weeks until the primary, and every minute he grew more determined to win.

They were nearing the creek, and above the sound of the rain could be heard the gushing of the angry stream. The little mail-carrier slackened speed, and spoke encouragingly to his horse: "You'll take us over all right, Hamlet, old boy, won't you?" he said, but there were serious misgivings in his heart.

Any one acquainted with this stream knows that it is little less treacherous than its elder sister, the Hudson of Kentucky. It will ripple along in the morning light as peacefully as a brook; but let a few hours' hard rain come, and the current dashes down with a fury neither man nor beast can withstand. Old men who have lived in the vicinity for years shake their heads when the ford is mentioned.

"Where is my landmark, the little sycamore tree?" exclaimed the mail-carrier. "I don't see a sign of it, so we had just as well resign ourselves to stay on this side of the creek to-night."

Just as he was turning his horse's head, their attention was attracted by the screams of children; and straining their eyes, they saw standing on the opposite side of the creek, two forlorn little boys of about ten and twelve years of age. Their hats were gone, they were barefoot, and every garment was dripping with rain.

"What is the matter?" called the sonorous voice of the politician. "Why don't you try to get to shelter?"

"Oh! please help us, mister," they answered in concert. "We can't go and leave old Jake to drown. Oh! what will mammy say? He's all we've got to ride to mill and plow the garden with since pappy's gone," and their voices were lost in sobs.

"Where is old Jake and what the deuce do they mean?" exclaimed the bewildered man, turning to his companion. The latter had taken in the situation at a glance, and he pointed to the middle of the creek where a clump of willows grew. There they saw the bony form of an old gray horse floundering in a desperate effort to free itself from something.

"They have been to the mill about two miles up the creek," he answered, "and they had no better judgment than to try to cross. They can swim like rats themselves; but the wagon is caught in the willows. They are the children of a widow not far from here. It's too bad, but the old horse isn't worth much."

"Run home, children, as fast as you can," again shouted Mr. Williams, "and I'll see that you get another horse."

"Oh! but that won't be old Jake!" and they threw themselves face downward on the soaking earth.

"What is to be done?" murmured the man of the world, measuring the distance with his eye. Then he threw off his coat, took his pocket knife in his hand, and prepared to jump.

"Hold on thare, stranger," called a farmer who had just arrived on the scene. "You don't know the little Kintuck' like I do, or you'd have more sense."

But the words were lost. Already the politician was in the stream, battling with the current. For an instant it seemed as if he would have to give up; then the swiftest of the current was passed, and he was comparatively safe, when a log struck his head, cutting a deep gash. Onward he went, and in a minute he had hold of the horse and was feeling for the wagon. It would afford him a place to stand while he cut the harness. At last his foot rested on a wheel, and freeing the old horse, he jumped on its back, and was soon safe beside the delighted children.

After this the little mail-carrier made his round with a light heart, for every one had a kind word for him, and that autumn the Hon. Walter D. Williams went to Washington. He did not take a bachelor apartment, but a handsomely furnished house on K Street.

"His being elected to Congress made no difference to me," declared the fair bride, "but that scar on his face sealed my fate."

AUNT CHLOE SAYS.

BY REV. JOHN H. DOOLEY.

Ah sumtimes think mah haid's gone wrong,
  Ah wonders wot to say;
Den ah jes kinder heahs A'nt Cloe
  A sayin': "Honey, pray!"

Mah wurk goes bad, en I'ze askeerd
  Mah boss won't want er pay;
Den ole A'nt Cloe's voice cums ta me
  A sayin': "Honey, pray!"

Ah goes into de growsry stoah,
  (Caws ole hoss mus' hev hay,)
Ahm broke. Jus den a good man saiz:
  "Ahl pay, mah honey, pray!"

Dat roomatiz got in mah joints
  En pinched em night en day;
Ah felt like swearin' all de time,
  But Cloe saiz: "Honey, pray!'

Ah know de clouds don't allus kum
  Or hard luck allus stay,
En A'nt Cloe means en orful lot
  When she saiz: "Honey, pray!"

NOT ON THE PROGRAM.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

Mrs. Clyde was giving a party. Mrs. Clyde liked to give parties, and, to do her justice, she gave them very well. It was not a party for all the fashionable world, nor yet a job-lot party to pay off social obligations to the socially unimportant. It was a small and exclusive gathering made up principally of the members of the Wednesday Club who unbent once a month from the intellectual pursuits that formed their reason for weekly meetings, and gave themselves up quite frankly to mere amusement. The hostesses took their turns according to the alphabet, the C's belonging to November, whilst the Y's, with Mrs. Yancey as their solitary representative, ended the season in March. Mrs. Clyde's house being large she had added a score of guests.

The assembly had the easy pleasure which belongs to the meeting of women who know one another very well, and who, for the most part, are glad to be together. Their enjoyment was not diminished by the consciousness that there were many other women in the city quite their equals, except for an accidental exclusiveness, who would give a great deal to be members of the Club.

It was not at all a big city, and it was too far away from New York, the social centre of the country, to count for anything much beyond its own little orbit. But a very great man has left on record his preference for being first in a village to being second in Rome, and the women of Mrs. Clyde's intimate circle could quote this oracle. There was no question about their being first.

Mrs. Murray-Hill in New York, Mrs. Broad-Street in Philadelphia, Mrs. Thomas-Dupont in Washington, and Mrs. Adam Bean in Boston might count for a great deal in the aggregate social life of their country; but Mrs. William Henry Clyde of Newerton, counted for nothing at all beyond the radius of her circle. Away from her environment she was as unimportant as the zero removed from the one in the figure ten. She was rich — for Newerton; in New York she would have been counted among the poor, the well-to-do poor who go to Europe occasionally and wear imported gowns; she was of very good blood — for Newerton, her grandfather having been a successful merchant from whom she inherited the money that gave her husband his start. Another grandfather had lived and died on a farm in Ohio, and no one ever mentioned him. An ancestor who leaves neither fame nor wealth behind cannot reasonably expect any other fate. It is all laid down in the game called life. It is apparent to the discerning that Mrs. Clyde in New York would have been a Nobody, in Richmond less than a Nobody, and in Vienna, not even a fraction of a Somebody.

The children of the Wednesday Club matrons belonged to the Friday Dancing Class, an assembly which caused as many heartburnings among the excluded little ones as fell to the share of their mothers. The Patriarchs and the Junior Patriarchs of New York were thus repeated in Newerton, just as the Wednesday Club and the Friday Dancing Class repeated themselves in Jones' Corners — for human nature remains so very human despite environment.

Mrs. Ellis, a graceful young woman happily married and absorbingly in love with her husband, was going to Mrs. Clyde's party, and whilst waiting for her carriage was curled up on a divan

reading a new novel. At the sound of wheels she closed the book reluctantly after this paragraph:

"The beginning, end and middle of social life in England, as in Crim-Tartary, is the worship of the longest pigtail, a fetichism sometimes grosser, sometimes subtler, sometimes deliberate, often unconscious and instinctive. Everyone you meet is aware that his pigtail is either longer or shorter than yours, and accordingly, more or less subtly, grossly, unconsciously or deliberately, swaggers or bends the knee. It is a state of things I've tried in vain to find diverting."

"We are next of kin to England and Crim-Tartary," thought Mrs. Ellis as she drove away.

Mrs. Clyde's party for this afternoon was taking the guise of a musicale, a very informal musicale, with a little music, much conversation, and plenty to eat. A young girl, who had just returned to Newerton after two years devoted to the violin in New York, was to play. Mrs. Clyde liked to feel herself the patroness of genius since the Queen of England and the President's wife had set the example. Another pretty girl was to sing, and the only reward expected was the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Clyde's friends.

Art recognized instinctively the superior length of Society's pigtail.

A pretty octoroon in cap and apron stood at the hall door, and directed the guests to the dressing-rooms above. Some were coming down the stairs, others, ascending, and knots formed at the stair-landing to exchange compliments and opinions of the weather—matters too important to be kept for the friendly spaces of the drawing-room.

Just behind two matrons whose pigtails were even longer than Mrs. Clyde's, came a young woman with a superb figure, very blond and undeniably beautiful. Mrs. Hoskins, the elder of the matrons, threw the blonde an icy smile that would have penetrated sealskin or Russian sable; her companion bowed with the cordiality of a wooden image, and both looked their surprise at seeing Laura Randall at Mrs. Clyde's.

"Upstairs, south-front, ladies," murmured the octoroon, but Miss Randall, refusing with a gesture this invitation, walked down the hall, and stopped at a tangle of rubber plants and ferns, the frou-frou of silken skirts about her, the chatter of gay voices floating out from the drawing-rooms and the library opposite — temporarily given over to the seductions of the punch-bowl. There was a lull as if the music was about to begin. Then the blonde, rather white about the lips, gulped down a lump in her throat and advanced towards the front drawing-room, where stood Mrs. Clyde, with her satellites, wearing a Paquin gown of turquoise velvet and her best company smile. The smile vanished at the sight of the blonde.

"How do you do, Miss Randall!"

The girl nodded haughtily, her pallor deepened.

"I must apologize, Mrs. Clyde, for having intruded where I am not asked and not wanted. I have something to say to these ladies, and as I shall never have another opportunity, I must beg your kind permission to take a few minutes of the time set apart for the music."

The girl advanced a step towards the grand piano, piled with cut flowers, and a tall young man who was to play the accompaniments receded into a background of lace curtains and palms; a lone frock coat in a wilderness of feminine furbelows might well be timid at the scent of battle.

"Ladies," began Laura Randall, facing a hundred pairs of expectant eyes looking from semi-circles of camp chairs at the intruder, "I have a few words to

say to you; you shouldn't object, since all of you, more or less, have had a great deal to say about me.

"At first I thought to make a fight for my reputation, my life — the happiness that made my life, but you were too strong for me, the odds against me were too overwhelming; you won — why shouldn't you? A whole cityful of women against one friendless, defenseless girl! Your success in ruining my life has been quite as complete as the most malignant among you could desire." Mrs. Clyde took a step as if to expel the trespasser, but thought better of the impulse, and merely sat down.

"As you have made yourselves so interested in my affairs, you should not object to hearing a little more about them. With your vile tongues you have killed my happiness — if you had stabbed me through the heart you would have been much less fiendish. You have been saying for a long time that Mr. Dale would never marry Laura Randall; that nice men never married girls of her sort; that he would be a fool if he did. Last spring at one of your meetings, after reading some papers dug out of encyclopedias, on Mutual Helpfulness Among Women — the fine irony of it! — you came to the conclusion that Laura Randall was to be ostracized, dropped from the lists of those eligible for invitations — to Mrs. Clyde's musicales, for instance.

"I know very well what I am saying, because I have spent a great deal of time and a little money, in running the stories to cover.

"You were right in regard to the marriage. I shall not marry Mr. Dale. Our engagement was broken last week, and the only chance I ever had for happiness was broken with it. A woman with a blemished reputation cannot marry a gentleman without doing him a wrong, even though she is entirely innocent of the charges that put on the blemishes. Yes, innocent, I say. I don't care whether you believe me or not; I care nothing at all about your beliefs.

"As I shall never see any of you again, or Mr. Dale, or anything or anybody connected with Newerton, after to-morrow, I shall give myself the privilege of telling you a few truths.

"I start for New York in the morning where I am going to make my own living or else starve. My uncle has given me a hundred dollars, and washes his hands of me; my aunt has added some entirely superfluous good advice. Without home, friends, influence or money, the most desolate, heart-broken, despairing creature on the face of the earth, I am going to New York.

"Mrs. Biggars, over there, has been telling that I am going on the Vaudeville stage. I am not going on the stage in any capacity. I have not the gifts to be an actress; indeed, I have never been fitted for anything by which to earn a livelihood. I took the superficial, ridiculous course at school that your daughters all take, a jumble of scientific scraps, something like a popular salad. I can play a little and sing a little and ask for my dinner in French. There are two things, however, that I can do fairly well; I can manicure finger nails from having to do my own and my aunt's, and I can make salads, a hundred different kinds. I am going to New York in the hope that the women there will let me take care of their nails and make their salads — a letter from your minister is not required in prosy concerns like these. A mother might want references when it came to a teacher for her children, but she is not so particular when it is merely a question of finger-nails — at least I hope not, for if asked for references, I should be pretty badly off, thanks to you.

"Last month I had expected to go to New York as a happy bride; I looked for-

ward to a home, love, protection, the usual happy, sheltered life of the average woman who marries the man she adores; for I had not yet acknowledged myself beaten, although your tales were even then flying about like so many winged asps. Had I married Mr. Dale all of you would have been glad to come to our wedding; you would have sent us presents, and asked us to dinner, and met me with your Judas kisses when I returned from my bridal journey. Some of you would have believed the stories, just the same, and some of you would have given me the benefit of the doubt, but none of you would have been anything but cordial to the wife of Mr. Arthur Dale. You will recall Maggie Tulliver, the few of you who have brains enough to read George Eliot, and the comment as to how different would have been her reception by virtuous St. Oggs had she returned as Stephen's wife. You half-educated, middle-class women are just alike, whether you live in St. Oggs or in Newerton. You needn't shrug your shoulders and look any angrier than you can help, because that is just what many of you are in the estimation of cultivated, well-bred women who rule real society.

"You all know the main points of my life — motherless at three years, fatherless at fourteen, I found a home with my uncle, living on his charity, according to you and my aunt; earning my own bread by being a servant for my aunt and cousins, if the truth were told. You need not look so apprehensive, Mrs. Clyde; my aunt will not be here this afternoon — I took care of that by locking her hair in my writing-desk and hiding the key. No one bothered about me especially, either my manners or my morals, although, providentially, I came off with a very decent set of both, at least, much better than some of your daughters possess. My aunt has always suffered from atrophy of the affections, and her own five children filled all the space of her small heart. I cooked when we had no cook, and sewed for the children until back and head both ached; in return I had a place to sleep, something to eat, and my education, such as it is.

"You have all wondered how it is that I dress so well, and asserted that the clothes I wear prove that I am not the right sort of woman. In the first place I can sew, in the second, I know a bargain when I see it, and in the third, nature gave to me what was denied to so many of you, a good figure. The shirtwaist which I am wearing now cost just one dollar and eight cents; I made it myself. I have worn some beautiful clothes, Paris gowns and hats and bits of costly lace. I never supposed that it concerned any one except myself as to how I got them. You all remember Mrs. John Trent — I was always a great favorite of hers from the time I was a small girl, and she was constantly giving me presents. We are exactly the same size, and after she moved to Chicago where her husband makes bushels of money, she wore beautiful clothes, and when she tired of them she sent them away, some to her nieces and some to me. I did not deem it necessary to tell all the world that I was wearing another woman's gowns. Dear, generous, great-hearted Mrs. Trent, how little she could know what would be the result of her goodness!

"I have done in my life many imprudent things, simply because I did not have sense enough to know how imprudent they were — just the same sort of things that your daughters are constantly doing; but my mistakes were magnified into crimes since I had no one to protect me; your daughters' escapades are covered up or excused on the score of youth and high spirits, because it is not wise to attack a girl whose father has money and

influence, and whose mother gives charming dinners.

"I went buggy-riding with young men, so do your daughters; I went to parties with them in a hired carriage, and came home alone with my escort at two or three o'clock in the morning, so do your daughters, some of them young girls in short frocks; I went to hotels and restaurants with men without a chaperon, so do your daughters; I drove in the park by moonlight with men, your daughters do the same; I entertained young men until eleven o'clock at night, so do your daughters; I received attentions from men whose reputations are bad, so do your daughters.

"Now I come to the crowning blunder of my life. Nine years ago when I was just eighteen years old — Mrs. Gross there, declares that Laura Randall will never see thirty again, implying that I have seen the interesting age once; but the records of my native town will show twenty-seven — when I was eighteen, say, Nordica was to sing in West City; I wanted to hear her as I had never wanted anything else in my life, and Mr. Dawson, the man you all unite in naming as the first cause of my iniquities, asked me to go with him, and I, in a delirium of delight, accepted his invitation. I was in pathetic ignorance of the Newerton edict which makes it a disgrace for a girl to go to the opera on a train with a man, and quite right and proper to go with him in a carriage, nor did I know anything about the notorious reputation of Mr. Dawson — he went to your parties, and danced with your daughters, and ate your dinners, so how was I to know anything of his bad reputation? My uncle, of course, refused his consent to the frolic; I thought the refusal was my aunt's doing so I disobeyed and went, anyway. There was a special opera train that night, we had dinner at a hotel, went to the opera, and returned on the same train, which left West City at midnight. I went to school as usual the next day, and my uncle and aunt thought that I had spent the night with a school friend. When they found out the truth I was roundly scolded, but no one else seemed to care, or to know anything about the affair. Nine years after, this escapade is turned into something vile, and brought up by Mrs. Biggars, and Mrs. Dent, and Mrs. Hoskins, and Mrs. Gross, and Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. Sheldon, and Mrs. Simson Smith, and Mrs. Linton, and I know not how many more, as a proof that Laura Randall has been bad since she was a girl in her teens! May God forgive you, because I never can!"

There was a pause, the girl put her hands to her face, but not a word was spoken. Then straightening up, she threw back her head and went on: "Honor is a strange term — for a man it means that he doesn't cheat at cards, or break a promise, except to a woman — or steal a ten-dollar bill; looting banks, robbing widows under the protection of the law, wrecking railroads, getting drunk, ruining women, leading immoral lives — little things like these count nothing at all against him. You ask him to your homes, and you are very glad to have him marry your daughter if he is rich.

"Honor for a woman means just one thing — that she is, according to the letter of the law, a pure woman. She may be vulgar, narrow, ignorant, reading and talking and thinking of things the very name of which means pollution; still she is virtuous, a hard, commercial sort of virtue, but virtue just the same.

"Do you women love virtue for virtue's sake, think you? Just look around and the question answers itself! Look at the men you ask to your parties, entice with your dinners, permit your daughters to dance with, and drive with,

and marry, if the men are only rich enough!

"Do you care anything about virtue even among women, provided they are rich and powerful, and have covered over their past records?

"Recall some of the private histories of women here in this room."

There was an uneasy stir, and a murmur of protest, but Mrs. Clyde, who knew her own past to be invulnerable, sat still.

"Don't think for an instant that you yourselves have escaped. In tracing the things that you have said about me, I have come upon some of the things that you say about one another.

"Mrs. Biggars, who seems to be the self-constituted mentor of Newerton morals is the enviable possessor of two living husbands; her first one is now divorced.

"Mrs. Biggars is also an authority on women's ages — she celebrated her forty-second birthday recently, and she has a son thirty-two years old, living with his father in Indiana. None of you have ever heard her speak of him.

"I see Mrs. Gross — a dozen women here, and fifty or more who are not here, say that Mrs. Gross is a kleptomaniac, to give her disease its charitable name; that her husband goes around to the stores and pays for the things she appropriates, and that hostesses watch their silver when she is in the house; but you all invite her because her husband is an influential man, and she is related to a lot of important people who could resent any slight to their relative.

"Mrs. Linton is here, and she goes everywhere, but nobody invites her poor old mother who used to sew for a living, and who is never met at any of Mrs. Linton's parties. Many of you didn't even know that she has a mother — the ignorant old woman kept tucked away in some back room for fear her queer ways and uncouth speech might offend Mrs. Linton's friends; but the friends know about her, and barb their little shafts at Mrs. Linton's social pretensions.

"Mrs. Hoskins and Mrs. Sheldon came here together, but five years ago, when Mrs. Sheldon was a widow, and not a very discreet one, Mrs. Hoskins said that she for one was not going to have anything further to do with her. Of course, we all know that it is a woman's privilege to change her mind. The fact that Mr. Sheldon owns a part of a railroad and takes his friends to California in a private car may have something to do with Mrs. Hoskins' change of heart.

"Mrs. Dent says that Mr. Carson is a thief, that he cheated her out of five hundred dollars, and that he is considered 'tricky' in a business way by his associates; yet you find Mrs. Dent dining with the Carsons, and laughing at Mr. Carson's stale jokes.

"Mrs. Linton declares that Mrs. Dent is the greatest scandal-monger in town; however, I know that is not true, and can never be true so long as Mrs. Biggars is living.

"Don't look as if you would like to murder me, Mrs. Biggars! You would have to do murder on a very big scale if you silenced all the tongues that have talked about you.

"A great many of you sneer at Mrs. Jones — you say that she is too ignorant even to word her invitations properly; you make little jokes about what you call an impediment in her syntax; you sit at her table drinking her champagne and repeating all the gossip about her early days when she worked for a livelihood, and of her husband's uncouth ways, and his desperate poverty before he 'struck it rich' in mines. I may not be too well supplied with ethical standards, but I know that among well-bred people no one eats a woman's salt and then turns around and gossips about her.

"And yet you call yourselves ladies!

"You have said that Mrs. Burt's father barely escaped the penitentiary by dying at the right moment, and yet you are all very glad to go to Mrs. Burt's beautiful dinners — paid for by the money she inherited from that same father.

"Mrs. Simms says that she detests Mrs. Graham, that she is a hypocrite, shallow, thinks of nothing but her clothes, but the two came here together.

"Mrs. Davis asserts that Mr. Brewer is very tired of his dowdy, common-place wife, and that the only reason he doesn't leave her is on account of the children.

"As for the lesser stabs that you give one another — the girls that are wild, the sons that are no better than they should be, the children that are neglected, the couples that quarrel, the homes that are not properly cared for, the debts that are unpaid, the relatives that are not presentable in good society, the women that are crazy, the singers who cannot sing, but persist in trying — if I stopped to tell all these there would be no musicale this afternoon.

"I hope that the gentlewomen here present, and there are some among you, I know, will understand that I have not meant them in what I have said.

"You who are snakes in human shape may go on saying about me whatever your vile minds can invent. It can never again make any difference to me. With all my heart and soul I share your desire that we may never meet again either in this world or the next. You set out to ruin my life — I do not know why — and you have succeeded.

"But the end is not yet. Some of you have never known trouble — little things, no doubt, but not the agony that rends the soul, breaks the heart, and makes you pray for death.

"I have.

"I know what it is to walk the floor like a woman gone mad, to tear out the hair by the handfuls and not feel the pain for the awful agony of heart and soul. I know it all.

"Your turn is coming — yours and your daughters'. What you have made me suffer, some day you are going to suffer yourselves.

"As surely as there is a just God in heaven, so surely is your turn coming.

"Mrs. Clyde, I thank you for the use of your drawing-room. Good-day."

Laura Randall walked quickly into the hall, and passed out at the door held open by the wondering maid.

. . . . . .

"Call it coincidence if you like, but you must admit that they have been very remarkable coincidences," said Mrs. Ellis to Mrs. Day, as the two matrons sipped their tea in Mrs. Ellis' pretty drawing room. "I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred, the creepy sensations that went down my spine when that girl stood up before all those women, and hurled her anathemas, like balls from a Gatling gun, at their heads. It made you think of a sibyl. I thanked my stars that I had not said anything about her."

"Neither had I, so I really got more than my desserts in having the musicale spoiled," returned Mrs. Day. "I sang on that interesting occasion, you will perhaps recall."

"Yes, indeed, I remember very well. I fancy none of the music received its due — Mrs. Biggars got chalky."

"Just count up all the disasters — they look much more like the work of an avenging Providence," pursued Mrs. Ellis. "First, Mr. Biggars was killed, and so far from being a rich man as everybody thought, he left but the merest pittance to his widow. I heard the other day, that she is living in a cheap boarding house in Chicago."

"But you must admit automobile accidents are constantly happening; look at

the poor Fearings—they had never even heard of Laura Randall."

"Next, Mrs. Smith's little daughter caught scarlet fever, and is now deaf and blind in consequence," went on Mrs. Ellis relentlessly. "Mrs. Linton's sister ran away with that scamp, Orin, who deserted her with a young baby; then the Dents lost their money and their daughter started in to teach dancing. Mrs. Hoskins has been an invalid ever since she had that operation, and her physician gives little hope that she will ever again be a well woman. Mrs. Sheldon's daughter Minnie has been expelled from school for some escapade that the faculty simply could not overlook — and you call all this coincidence!"

"Equally as unfortunate things are happening all the time to other people," said Mrs. Day, "but we don't advert to them. The women denounced by Laura Randall have been the target for all eyes, and if one of them sneezes or twists her ankle, there is somebody ready to cry 'Laura Randall.' Understand me; I don't mean to say that I think sin goes unpunished, either in this world or the next; on the contrary, I believe that every wrong carries with it a punishment, scandal and back-biting as much as anything else. I don't know that I believe much in these special curses however."

"Oh, I don't go so far as to say that I believe in them, nevertheless I am very glad indeed, that I was not included under the ban. It was not so much a curse, you remember, as a prophecy. She merely told her traducers that they would suffer."

"One might safely risk that prophecy about any assembly."

"But hardly five years have passed by, what will have happened before all the members of the Wednesday Club are dead?"

"I am not a prophet nor the daughter of a prophet," said Mrs. Day, reaching for a second cup of tea. "The affair had one most remarkable result: Newerton is as free from scandal-mongers as Ireland is from snakes. If a Wednesday Club woman saw her next-door neighbor eloping with his cook, she would probably say, if questioned, that it was merely an optical delusion on her part."

"And it turned out magnificently for Laura Randall herself," added Mrs. Ellis. "They say that her husband is a princely sort of man, rich, well-born, handsome, member of the best clubs. Arthur Dale has rather gone down with his sickly little wife. He told her quite frankly, so the story goes, that he had loved but one woman in his life, and that he could never love again in the same way."

"How in the world did Laura Randall secure such a prize?" asked Mrs. Day. "If I remember rightly when she left here she intended to earn her living by the arts of the humble manicure. Did she manicure his nails?"

"No, indeed. The romance had a much more poetic beginning. Laura went to New York, and took care of Gotham hands for two years, living as secluded as a nun. Then the Trents appeared, and carried her off with them for a vacation. They met this Mr. Horton at some little seaside hamlet where he was existing, and finding the process distinctly dull, until the season for hay-fever should pass. He fell in love with Laura almost at first sight — second sight at the very latest — she is a superb creature, you remember."

"Yes, if she had not been so beautiful and so clever gossip would have been kinder. No plain woman is going to concede the domestic virtues to a beauty or a genius."

"When Mr. Horton proposed Laura made Mrs. Trent tell him her history; he thought the interrupted musicale a

great joke. A social cateclysm in Newerton fails to make any impression on a New Yorker, simply because he does not recognize our social distinctions; to him we are all semi-civilized. The incident made him more in love with Laura than ever."

"So Mrs. Trent was Cinderella's godmother, after all?"

"Cinderella? A twentieth century revised version — yes.

"The wedding took place at Mrs. Trent's home in Chicago," continued Mrs. Ellis. "The pair went to Egypt and Greece on their wedding journey, returning by way of London and Paris. I daresay Laura never left the Rue de la Paix without a supply of hats and gowns that would make her former ones from Mrs. Trent seem plain."

"Since life has turned out so brilliantly for Laura, she can afford to forgive her enemies," said Mrs. Day.

"Can they ever afford to forgive themselves, is the question!" answered Mrs. Ellis.

THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE MOCCASIN FLOWER.

BY THE REV. EDMUND BASEL.

The song of Hiawatha is a pictorial series of primitive Indian life, custom and religion, interwoven with legends and embellished with the charming rhythm of poetry, as a carpet is enhanced by the weaver by inserting in it some beautiful flower. Legend and fact are so harmoniously blended in Hiawatha, as in a mosaic, that it is difficult to separate myth and history. Hiawatha, however, is an historical personage, though clothed by Longfellow in the robes of myth. Along the shores of Lake Superior the deeds of Hiawatha are in the mouth of the old and wrinkled, though still robust Indian, the remnant of a brawny tribe. It is, indeed, pleasant to listen to the musical language of the Ojibway (Chippewas), containing no grit of harshness; the language flows like a minor strain of music. Their naivetée of telling a legend, still current, not forgotten; their intense interest; their graceful gesticulation; their firm belief in what they tell you, give warmth to their words, and add a charm to their narrative. There are many legends, still untold, of the aborigines of America. Minnesota was the home of the Sioux and the Ojibway; the former re-

side in the allotted lands of North and South Dakota, the latter in those of Minnesota, especially in the reservations of White Earth, Red Lake Falls, and Fond du Lac.

The dainty moccasin flower, commonly called "Lady's slipper," of which five or six species grow wild in the tamarack swamps of Minnesota, is the emblem flower of the state. It is more beautiful, more robust than its dappled sister-flower of the European species. The resemblance it bears to the Indian foot-wear accounts for its name. Flowers are called by poets the eyes, the stars of heaven; again they are named from the likeness they bear to known objects; namely: the dandelion, the buttercup. Who cannot remember when a child, driven on by the legendary, mythical stories told by his mother, he picked the flowers from the field and meadow, making chains of the stems, plucking the leaves to a familiar rhyme, or telling the hour of the day from the remaining papuses on the stalk? We love to recall such days in the field and meadow; they are treasures of childhood, all the more pleasing because of an innocent childhood. An Indian legend tells of the origin of the moccasin flower.

Minneopa was an Indian maiden, fair and beautiful. Her eyes sparkled with mirth, shone as the luminous eyes of the deer. Her jet hair fell to her feet, as a waterfall that leaps into the pearly depth. A wampum girdle circled her virgin waist, the beaded tassels that hung from it told of her chaste life. Tidy, beautifully-decorated moccasins clothed her nimble feet. These her mother fitted to her when a child; without being mended or repaired they grew and adjusted themselves to the growth of her foot with every day and year. For when to Kwasind and Nushka the child was born, Kwasind slew a deer, Nushka tanned the deerskin, cured the meat, and cut the strings for the moccasin. From this hide she made a pair of moccasins for their daughter, speaking over them a charm, and fitted them, with a mother's confidence,— smiling. To herself she kept the secret and in her sleep she dreamt a dream, giving more accurate instructions regarding the efficacy of the charm. Waking, she noiselessly stole to the papoose of her child, saying: "I will paint her tiny moccasins." Unceasing she labored, painting eight red and blue stripes on the shoe and a clover leaf in the centre; noiselessly she painted lest she wake her husband and not surprise him. When the early dawn flushed in the East, she laid aside the brush and paints, thinking in her heart: "I will always find my child, even beyond the grave."

Minneopa grew as the skipping fawn; — merry and happy from break of day to set of sun, filling tipi and woods with her joyous laughter. As she grew in years, her father Kwasind, the chieftain of his tribe, taught her how to hook and bait the angleworm that she might catch the fish in lake and river; taught her how to prime the arrow, and how to bend the bow. In this pastime Minneopa never wearied until she was master of the bow and arrow. When she brought home the firstlings of her hunting, Nushka gloried over the deed of her daughter more than if it had been the deed of a first-begotten son. But in battle against a hostile tribe, Kwasind fell. The village mourned its chief. Bravely he fell. None wept at the death of the chief more than the widow and the fatherless child. The winter had passed. With the approach of spring, the river and lake opened, the robin sang on the wigwam, the flowers bloomed. Minneopa plucked the flowers and decked with them the grave of her fallen father,

saying to her mother: "Were I man and were a warrior, I would kill him who slew my father, plunge into his heart this blade." But her mother chided her: "Men are men and you are woman; women must grow pure and loving. Be obedient and patient; dip for me your rod and bait, speed for me your feathered arrows."

With the years this vengeful spirit abated; but in memory of her father she ceased not with the return of spring to decorate with flowers his grave. Far she wandered in the forest, and rowed the lake and river in her birch-bark canoe. She shot the rabbit and the pheasant, plucked the berries, gathered rice, dug the healing and medicine roots. In the fall she shot the fattened mallard and wild goose. From the lake she brought the bass and the pickerel, from the river the bass and the trout. Whilst hunting she lost neither the trail of the quarry nor her bearings, so that even on starless nights she found the village and her mother's wigwam. Nushka was not alarmed at her absences, nor feared for her safety or her life,— she was confident, knowing she wore the charmed painted moccasins. The sages praised her love and endurance for her aging mother; the village youths admired her skill in shooting and wondered at her luck in hunting. Keneu, the son of the incumbent chief, asked for her hand in marriage; but she refused bluntly, saying: "Not until I shoot the red deer."

In the autumn, when the moon hangs low, the ripening fruits bask in the sun, and smoky haze floats in the air, Minneopa spoke to her mother: "I will hunt the red deer, follow close on its track, shoot it with my arrow; mother, my arrow never goes amiss." Nushka answered: "Minneopa is my child, my only child; leave to men the periled chase of red deer." The chief of the village gave a blunter refusal to her asking: "Giddy girl is Minneopa; women are not fit for the hunt." Nushka knew the chief's refusal in her daughter's sullen look, and she pleaded: "Go not, Minneopa; all the neighbors are so good; they will bring us hams of red deer, hams of bison and of bear." But the headstrong maiden replied: "I will hunt alone the red deer." More carefully she primed the arrows, often tried to bend her father's bow, and mended his canoe. Her mother forbade her not, she hopefully confided in her success: "If she kills the red deer, all the village will call her brave; she cannot go astray, if she wears the charmed moccasins; if she is killed, I will find her grave."

The warm and smoky autumn spread a hazy glow over the earth; the bursting hazel nut dropped noiselessly to the ground; the wild grape grew darker in the autumnal sun. Minneopa went alone to the chase and hunt of the red deer. Forth she went into the forest, beat the underbrush, sought the pools of lake and river, but no red deer hove to sight. The bluejay mocked her from the treetop; the rabbit fled not from her, and the chirping squirrel feared not her heavy arrows. Now she saw a red deer beneath an oak; off it darted into the woods ere she bent the heavy bow and set the arrow. Bitterly she wept that in tardiness she missed this chance. On the ground she lay in grief and her disheveled hair covered her like a shawl. But a crackling sound like the breaking of a branch by a grazing deer, brought her to. Hastily rising, she seized the arrow and bent the heavy bow. From her hands the bow and arrow fell, as she knelt,, stricken by fear and despair. The giant forest was in flames! Hither, thither, faster spread the lurid flames! Off she ran to escape her death by flames, as a

hunted deer in chase; but the flames spread faster and cut off all retreat and escape. Never despairing, ever evading and fighting the flames, Minneopa fell exhausted.

All the village mourned her death, lamenting in their quaint cries and sobs to comfort the heartstricken mother and console her in her grief. All the months of winter Nushka neither ate nor drank; grief consumed her — the grief for her only begotten child. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her cheeks grew pale with fasting. When the ice melted from off the lake and river, she took courage: "I will find her grave." Days and nights she roamed about on the scarred prairie solitude where the giant trees had been, crying: "Where is your grave, my Minneopa; show me your grave, ere your weeping mother dies." Wearying not in her search for her daughter's grave, lo! she found in the waste prairie a flower never seen on earth, bearing resemblance to the moccasin her daughter wore; the moccasin flower, having eight blue and red stripes and a clover leaf in the centre, as she painted Minneopa's shoe. In exulting joy she brought the flower to the village and showed it to the chief and braves, to the medas and the sagas, to the women and the children, telling them how she knew it marked her daughter's grave.

GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

IV.

CURÉ D'ARS.

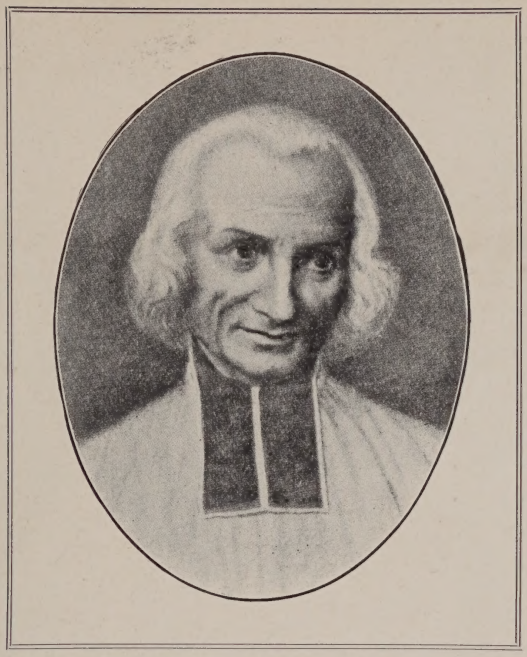
Love, humility, poverty, mortification — these were the links of the chain which carried this marvellous soul to Heaven.—*Lady Herbert.*

It was his whole being that preached, and the power and energy of his words struck home to his hearers even without the beauty of imagery which abounded in his sermons. . . . . Those who heard him in his catechetical instructions only half knew his power. It was in his Sunday discourses that the apostle, the prophet, the saint, consumed with thirst for the salvation of souls, came forth in his full power and mastery.

—*M. Monnin.*

"Under the influence of his teaching the guilty trembled; the pious were strengthened; the proud became more humble; the unhappy more resigned; the stricken heart more calm: whilst the bonds which unite man to God and to his neighbor grew closer and firmer."

—*Abbe Renard.*



CURÉ D'ARS.

"I know of two sure ways of becoming poor: these are, to work on Sundays, and to take that which belongs to another."—*Curé d'Ars.*

"The cross can never destroy our peace. It is the fear of the cross which magnifies our crosses. A cross borne with simplicity, and without the self-love which exaggerates our pain, ceases to be a cross. Contradiction brings us to the foot of the cross, and the cross brings us to Heaven. . . . . Those only are truly happy who are at peace with God in the midst of all the troubles of life. . . . . Pain is sweet when it is suffered in union with Our Saviour; and then it is but for a moment. . . . . And what matters a moment's suffering? If we could pass a few days in Heaven we should then know the value of this moment's pain. We should think no cross heavy enough, no trial bitter enough."—*Curé d'Ars.*

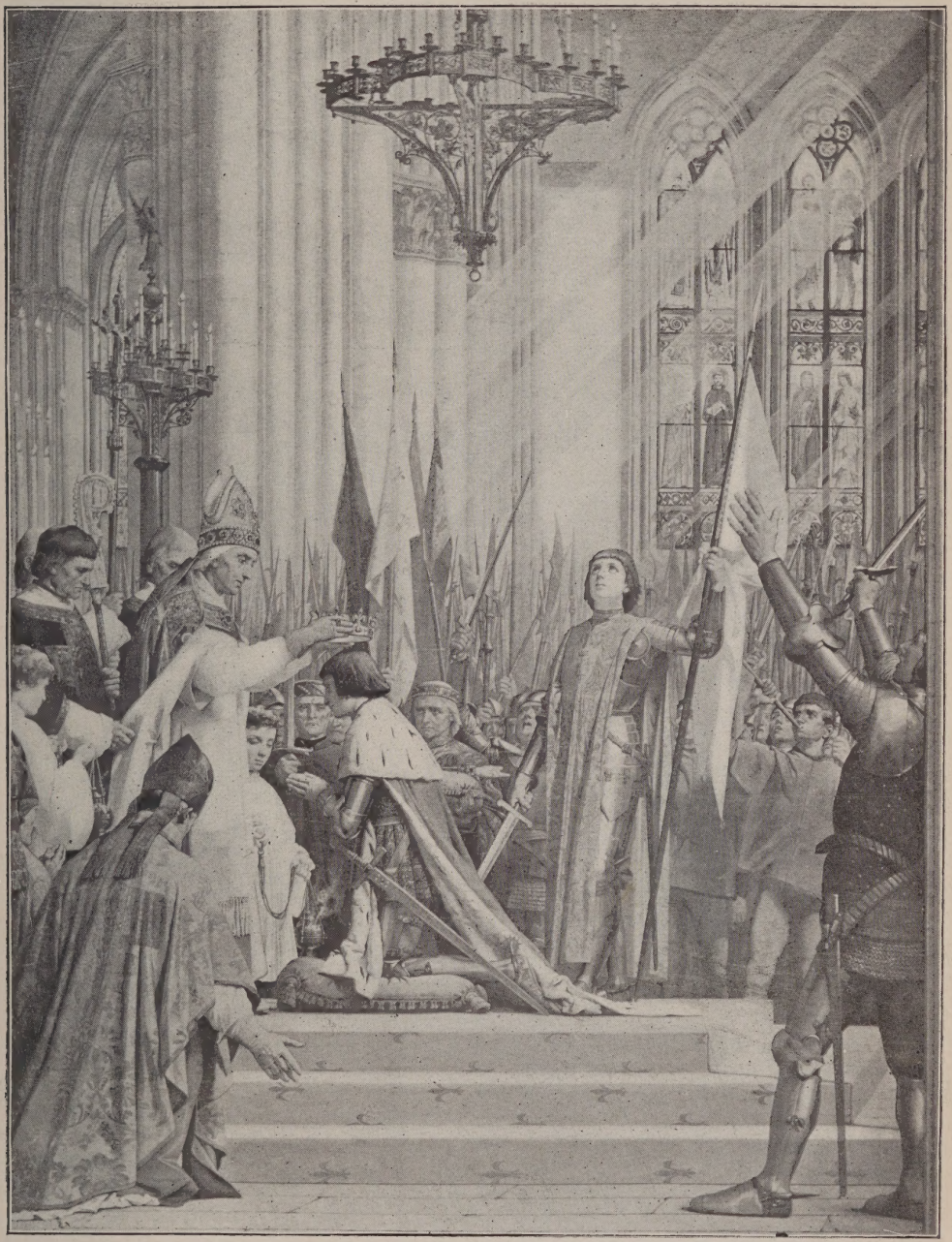
"Upon this worn and emaciated face nothing earthly or human could be discovered; nothing could be there descried but the impress of divine grace which was stamped upon it. It was like the fragile and transparent covering of a spirit that no longer belonged to this world. . . . . The expression of the eye — that mirror of the soul — was in M. Vianney like a blaze of supernatural fire, which vied in light and intensity according to the subjects which he treated: dilating and sparkling with animation when he spoke of the love of God; veiled and shaded by tears when sin was the theme of his discourse. Alternately serene and profound, terrible and caressing, vivacious and grave, the Curé d'Ars possessed that mysterious and attractive power which the Saviour gives to those whose eyes are constantly turned towards Him.—*Abbé Monnin.*

TO JOAN OF ARC.

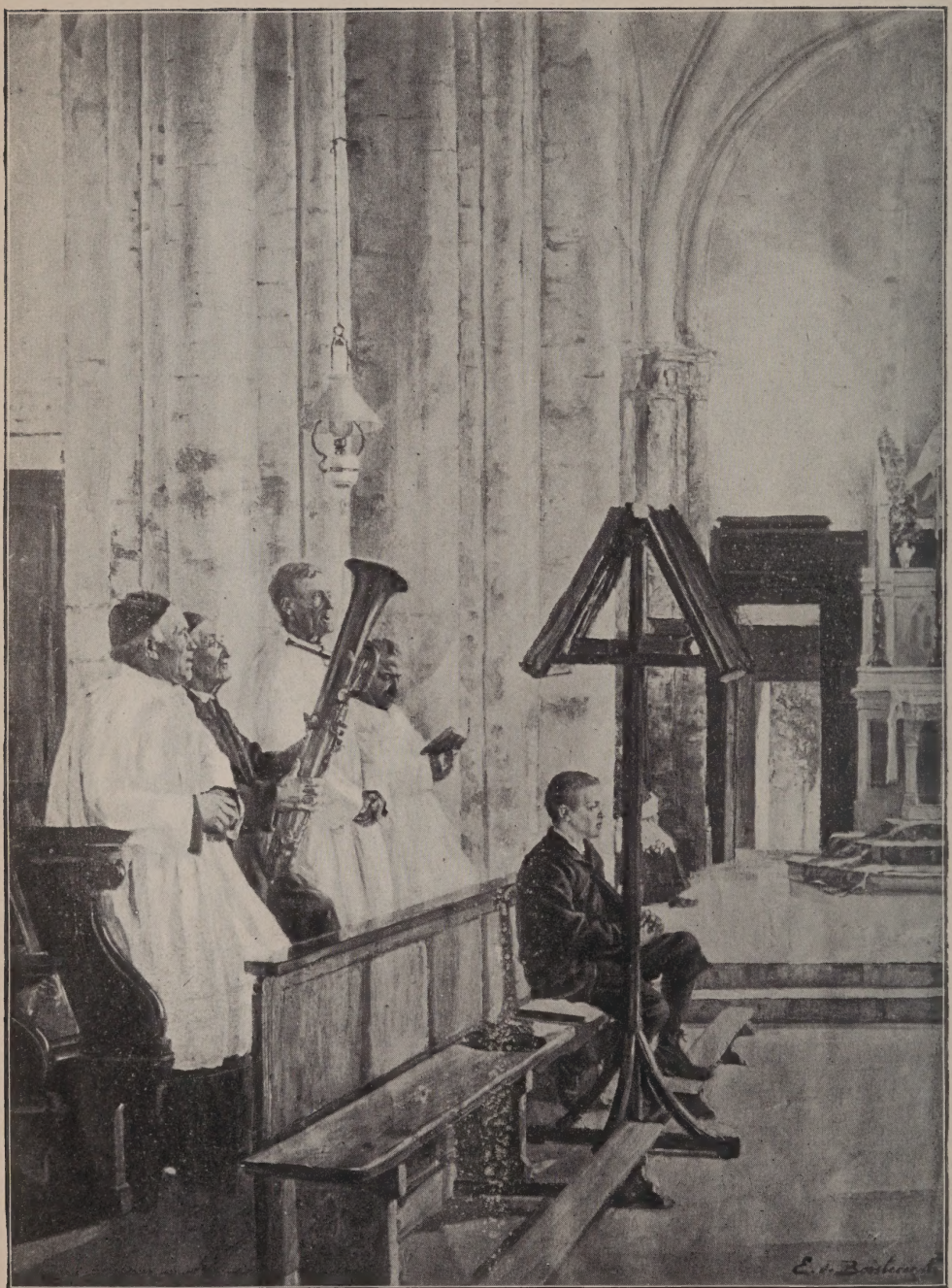
BY S. L. EMERY.

You rode your war horse, in that olden day,
O'er battle fields of France, O warrior-maid!
You bore the lilied banner to the fray,
Pure as the lilies, innocent, unafraid!
Through towns of France you rode; and people came
To kiss your hand, your foot, your bridle-rein.
Saviour of France! they called you by that name,
When crownèd was your king in holy fane.
But evermore your eyes were lifted up,
Where reigns the King of kings, Whom you obeyed;
And suddenly, unto your lips, a cup
Was prest, to prove your loyalty, sweet maid!

Trial and taunt and flame, these were your fate at last;
Dauntless through all, God's will you wrought alone.
Brave virgin, warrior, martyr, safe at last,
O plead for France, today, before God's throne!



"Saviour of France! they called you by that name,
When crownèd was your king in holy fane."



A GREGORIAN CHOIR.

A BUSY STREET IN OLD BOSTON.

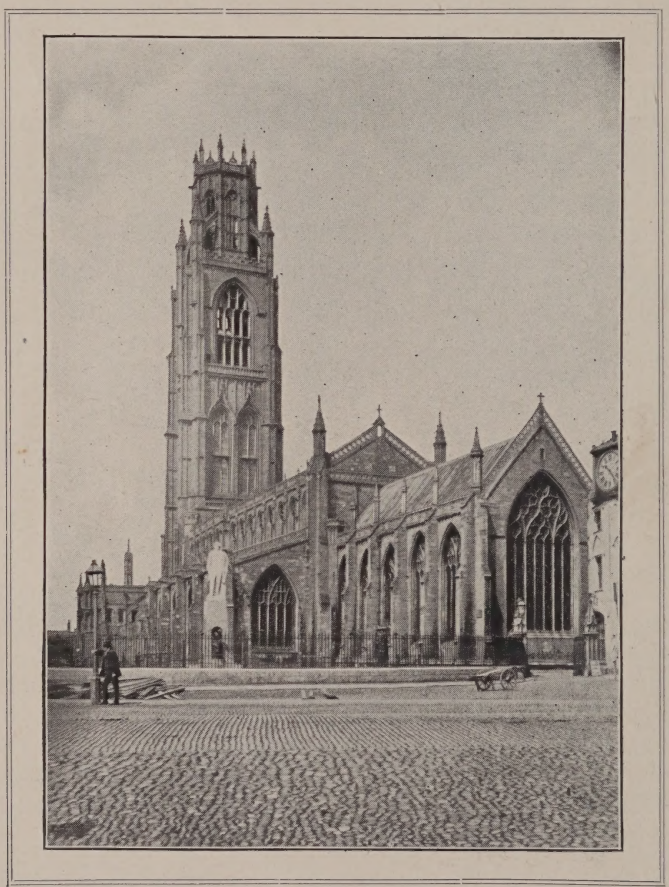
BOSTON'S PATRON SAINT.

BY LAWRENCE F. KOSTKA.

The lives of all the saints are singularly interesting, yet for many the biography of the remarkable man from whom Boston takes its name and who is revered as its patron in the Church will possess an unusual charm. Botolph was born in England, of Saxon parentage, towards the close of the sixth century, about the time that St. Augustine and his monks were thrilling the island kingdom by their preaching of the Gospel of Christ. With Botolph there is inseparably connected the name of his brother Adolph who achieved in another land a fame not inferior to that won in England by the founder of Boston. The two young men were profoundly moved by the sublime teachings of Christianity and, as soon as they were able to travel, they journeyed to the continent of Europe to study the ways of personal perfection under the most renowned masters of the spiritual life. As the bee flies from flower to flower industriously gathering from each some little addition to her precious stores, so these two brothers visited the famous religious establishments of Belgic Gaul and of the surrounding country in order to amass treasures of heavenly wisdom and to penetrate deeper and deeper into the science of holiness. With indefatigable zeal they listened eagerly to the instructions of the various holy men they met and they perused the manuscripts left by past sages concerning the ways of progress in the life spiritual and in the ways of personal sanctity. It is not to be wondered at that they both soon resolved to bid farewell to the world and

to consecrate their days to the higher life, in a monastery. Such earnest men could not long conceal their worth, and the fame of their virtues having gone abroad at a time when the diocese of Maestricht was vacant, the king insisted that the mitre should be bestowed upon Adolph, who ruled that important see for many years with the energy of an apostle and the loving care of a true shepherd.

Botolph meanwhile continued his onward march in virtue in the monastic home he had chosen, never, however, forgetful of his fatherland which stood in great need of apostolic missionaries. It chanced about this period that two English princesses were sent to the same place in order to receive the education which they could not obtain in their own country. Hearing of Botolph's eminent virtues and of his devotion to the spiritual welfare of his country, these devout ladies gave him letters to King Ethelmund and his queen, imploring them to grant the servant of God a place where he might construct a monastery. England was then divided into a number of small kingdoms and it fell out by good fortune that as Botolph landed several of these kings had come to the court of King Ethelmund in order to deliberate



ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH.

upon matters of general interest to the island. To these the king communicated the purpose of Botolph's mission and they urged the monarch to grant his request. Fearing that the king might force some of his subjects to surrender what belonged to them, the zealous monk besought him to grant him a piece of barren land which no one else would want. Thereupon Ethelmund told Botolph to journey through the land and to select what seemed to him a suitable place for the building of a home of prayer. News came to the saintly pilgrim, of a vast wilderness, known as Ikanho, which was so wild and rugged that no man cared to cultivate it, and which, in addition, was said to be haunted by devils. Undeterred by these obstacles, Botolph signified his preference for this ill-favored piece of land, and the king gladly made him a present of it. He first drove therefrom the wicked spirits who had infested that region to the terror of everyone in the neighborhood, and then having solemnly blessed the spot he began the construction of his monastery.

STATUE OF ST. BOTOLPH ON ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH.

It was not long before a large number of similarly-minded men, attracted by Botolph's sanctity came to profess under him the monastic life and to aid him in his great work of toiling for the spiritual uplifting of the English people.

How well Abbot Botolph applied himself to the cause which he had so much at heart, we learn from his biographers, who assure us that he labored day and night to bring about among his countrymen a practical knowledge of Christ and of Christian principles. Never for a moment did his energy flag or his zeal grow weary. A model of absolute self-denial in his own life, he urged the virtuous on to greater perfection, while his cheering tones and vigorous words aroused the laggard from their dreamy, torpid lives. To those who had passed their days in ignorance of Christ he brought the knowledge of spiritual truths and of the blessed privileges of the children of God. What wonder, then, that when he closed the round of a life fruitful in good works all England mourned the absence of a powerful spiritual light and of an eminent religious

teacher. Before his death he had to carry a heavy cross in the shape of a long and tedious sickness. In this affliction, as in all the other phases of his life, he was noted for his admirable serenity and cheerfulness. In fact, a cheery, joyous way of acting seems to have been a prominent trait in his life and was undoubtedly the charm which drew so many to him and to his influence. It is supposed that he died in the year 655, though this is not quite certain.

OLD BOSTON FROM THE RIVER.

So widespread was the veneration felt for the saintly abbot that several places were named after him, the most important of which is old Boston in Lincolnshire, which many writers identify with Ikanho, the place of Botolph's monastery that was destroyed by the Danes. According to these authorities not only was the abbot a man who knew how to guide his monks up the heights of perfection, but he was also a practical man of affairs and was able, in consequence, to transact business with the country folk with such success that in time a thriving town grew up under the shadow of the monastery. In memory of their spiritual leader this town was called Botolph's town which was shortened into Bottlestown and finally into Boston. The place enjoyed but a short period of peace, for its growing importance made it an object of attack by the Danes and other enemies who in the ninth century destroyed the religious houses and laid waste the country around. After the storm had spent its violence the natural fitness of the spot for commerce brought back the traders, and the town grew apace until it became, not only one of the ten shipping ports in the kingdom,

but the first seaport in extent of trade. Hither came the comfortable leather merchants and the cattle-barons of those days; hither came the wealthy wool-merchants and the enterprising fish-mongers, all to change their commodities and to add to the wealth of the town of St. Botolph. So rapidly did the place increase under the Norman and the Plantagenet kings that it was decided to erect a temple worthy of the importance of Botolph's town and one in keeping with the position of its rich burghers. Elaborate preparations were made for the carrying out of this plan, and the result was a stately edifice which for magnificence of design, for fineness of decoration, and for perfection of work is one of the architectural glories of England.

The foundations of this imposing temple were laid during the reign of Edward II., that unfortunate monarch whose incapacity for government, strange frivolous nature, and wayward violation of his solemn coronation oath to do justice to all, led to his dethronement in 1327, after a turbulent reign of two decades. The Old Chronicle informs us that in the year 1309, on the Monday after Palm Sunday, the excavations were begun and were continued until the midsummer, at which time they were five feet deeper than the haven. As the workmen dug down, a bed of stone was found upon a spring of sand and this again upon a bed of clay the thickness of which could not be determined. The day selected for the laying of the corner stone of Boston's church was the feast of St. John the Baptist. As the see at Lincoln to which Boston belongs was then in charge of the saintly John Alderby, it is quite probable that this eminent prelate presided over the proceedings. Among the leading benefactors was Dame Margaret Tilney who placed five pounds of sterling silver on the corner stone. Sir John Truesdale also gave five pounds, and Richard Stephenson, a merchant of Boston, gave a like amount. From contemporary records it is evident that the Tilneys were the principal benefactors, and out of gratitude the remains of at least one member of this family have been placed to rest under the shadow of the beautiful edifice they had helped to build. In those days men built slowly, and we are, consequently, not surprised to learn that nearly two hundred years passed before this elaborate structure was completed. This is quite clear from the different styles in the various portions of the building. The nave and the south and north walls of the aisles are in decorated Gothic, while perpendicular Gothic was introduced in several places in the body of the church, and in this style the tower was built.

The church is spacious and impressive. The interior is 382 feet in length by 99 feet in breadth; the nave is lofty and richly decorated; and on each side of the chancel are ranges of elaborately-carved stalls. The tower is over 260 feet in height and resembles that of the famous cathedral of Antwerp. It forms a conspicuous landmark for sailors, being visible at sea for forty miles. It is surmounted by an octagonal lantern which apparently was designed to be lighted up at night as a guide to mariners and to travellers.

The most attractive feature of the whole building is undoubtedly the tower which rests upon a bold and massive foundation. The lower part of the structure is ornamented by a course of quatrefoiled circles running round the walls and buttresses. The buttresses are divided into four stages, the first stage is subdivided into a tier of four panels, each tier having two on the front and three on the return. From the slopes of this stage rise tall embattled turrets, likewise paneled, which serve as pedes-

tals for figures of ecclesiastics. The next stage of the buttresses is divided into four panels in height, the third into two, and the last has one panel. Here the buttresses terminate in angular pediments with carved finials. From these rise octagonal pinnacles richly paneled, crocketed and finialed, from which spring flying buttresses, likewise panneled and pierced and ornamented with crockets. The surmounting lantern is a great triumph of architectural beauty and of ornamental decorations. The base of the lantern has a course of quatrefoiled circles similar to that of the tower and the buttresses are divided into panels of four in height with pointed arches and trefoiled tracery. These buttresses terminate in half length figures, from which rise square pinnacles placed diagonally, supporting gilded vanes. Each face of the lantern is paneled with pointed arches and trefoiled tracery and is pierced by a window of two lights. Over these windows there is a plain moulded cornice running round the buttresses and walls and above that a rich parapet of open tracery ending in finials which were formerly finished with vanes.

It is of this tower that the poet Clare says:

"Oh; what a lovely sight it is to see,
The glorious sun in splendor rise on thee;
Oh! from thy heights how dizzy 'tis to look
Around and see the river like a brook;
And raised afar above the marshy ground
To gaze in wonder and surprise around."

The situation of old Boston is extremely pleasant, for it is on the river Witham which here forms a considerable estuary, though several miles from the sea. The Witham flows quietly through the town, and it is crossed by an elegant iron bridge of one arch, 86 feet in span, after a design by Rennie. This bridge was erected in 1804-07 by the corporation at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. The town is well built and is attractive in appearance, though it has rather lost its ancient vigor. To the modern visitor who roams through its streets, so suggestive of a striking past, it seems to be resting from toil, entirely forgetful of its former glories.

St. Botolph was a favorite patron for English churches, many of them having been placed under his tutelage. In London no less than four churches were dedicated to this popular saint, at four of the gates — Billingsgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate. A man like St. Botolph has a deeper interest than a merely national or local one. He brings before us the clear fact that in mediæval times it was the Church and the monastic homes of spiritual training which were the source of progress, the instructors of the people, and the defenders of the down-trodden.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.
WEST END BRANCH.

THE RED MAN.

BY ANGUS IDAL.

The fair was over, and Shamus Rourke, the showman, sat eating his supper in the Widow Byrne's kitchen. Opposite him, with her elbows upon the table and her chin resting on her palms, sat the widow-woman's grand-daughter, Brigid.

"You'll be going from us to-morrow?" she said to the showman. He nodded his head for "yes" because he was hungry, and too busy with the supper for much speech.

"I was looking at the dancing-woman to-day," the girl went on, "and I was thinking what a fool you are, Shamus Rourke, to be keeping a poor old creature like her before the people, she that hasn't a leg to stand on, she's that old, and her singing!—but sure you know yourself the kind it is."

The man lifted his head, and looked at her. "You've a hard heart for one so young," he said, "you know well that I keep her because she has a sick boy depending upon her. I remember that woman when she had her own house and home, and when that voice you think so little about was the talk of Dublin."

The girl laughed loudly.

"You told me the other day that you never saw another with beauty like mine, and that if I only could dance and sing I'd make a great stir in the world."

"I'm sorry for saying it now that I know you," said the old man, "'twould be better that you hadn't such notions, and a kind heart goes farther than beauty. Anyway 'tis all the same to you since you can't dance or sing. If you could, you might make a fortune."

"Your kind heart hasn't brought much luck to you," said the girl. "Here you are in the end of your days, after all your travels, with scarce enough to pay for your food and lodging from day to day, and still you talk about kindness. I wouldn't give a crust at the door that would lessen my store. 'Tis a bad return too much kindness gets ever."

The showman sighed heavily, and rising from the table he drew his chair to the fire and looked into the red glow, thinking.

Brigid Byrne rose up and cleared the table. Then she went into her bed-room and looked in the little looking-glass upon the wall. In it she saw reflected her face that was white as driven snow, her large eyes with the silver gleam, and the thick masses of her moon-gold hair.

"I never saw beauty like mine," she said to herself. Nevertheless she was not satisfied. She returned to the kitchen and found Shamus Rourke asleep by the fire. She shook him roughly by the arm.

He sat up and looked at her.

"Is there any power in the world above beauty?" she asked him, and he answered her: "Money is greater than all in this life, but goodness carries us to happiness in the next."

She took her hand off his arm, and let it fall by her side.

"Whatever will happen to me in the next life, I must have money in this," she said in a low voice; and the wind roared and rattled in the chimney, and the red sparks flew out from the fire, and fell upon her dress.

"There's money to you," said the old showman, "and I'm thinking it's the only kind of it you'll see much of."

He stood up and went to his bed, and in the morning he was gone.

Not many weeks after a beggar-woman came to the Widow Byrne, and asked for a crust of bread, or a few cold po-

tatoes, in God's name. It was a chill grey day, and the widow was for calling in the poor woman, but her granddaughter rose up and told the woman to "Be off out of it for a scheming thief."

"Wisha I'll be going, asthore," said the beggar-woman, "but 'tis you'll be sorry yet for the way you spoke to me. And you're sending away your luck, if it's riches and grandeur you're wishing for."

The woman went off then towards the mountains, but Brigid rose up and went after her, a few potatoes and a bit of salt fish in her apron. She called to the poor woman to come back, and she did so.

"Before I give you what I've here for you," she said, "tell me how I may get money in plenty."

There was a red gleam in the beggar-woman's eye, but she answered very civilly.

"I'll tell you willingly, asthore. Some day soon you'll see a yellow dog with red eyes, straying in about the house to you, and you mustn't turn him out, but pet him, and coax him, and train him to follow you, and when you'll have him a week with you, call him out to the back of the house and kill him. Then you must take out his heart and bring it in to the fire, and roast and eat it before you go to bed that same night; but don't let the grandmother know a word about it, for your life. It won't be long after that until you'll get gold in plenty."

"I think 'tis lies and nonsense you're telling me," said Brigid. But she gave the food to the woman.

For a week after that she kept watching for the little stray dog, but he didn't come. Then she forgot about him for a while.

The Widow Byrne fell sick that summer, and Brigid thought that 'twas death was on her, and was not sorry, for she had no love for the old woman. One day, as she was getting a drink for the widow and muttering to herself about the trouble she was getting by her, a little yellow dog with red shining eyes strayed in.

"Go out of this," said Brigid, and she flung the tongs at him. He howled and ran out, but the old woman heard him and called him back. "Tis the nice little dog he is, Brigid," she said.

And the little dog ran over to the bed and licked the widow's hand.

At that moment the girl looked well at the dog and remembered. By and by the grandmother said she felt better, and the next day she was up and stronger than ever. She grew very fond of the little dog, but no one could be kinder to him than Brigid. It made the old woman laugh to see it. "There's a terrible change for the good coming on you," she used often say, but Brigid would make no answer.

Before the week was out she did what the woman had told her, and the little dog was never seen again. The evening of the day that he disappeared a knocking came upon the door, and a man stood outside asking for a night's lodging. They bade him "come in and welcome," and he came in and sat by the fire.

The widow noticed that he wore a long black cloak with a cape upon it, and a slouch hat pulled well over his eyes. Her granddaughter had caught a glimpse of his face as he stood at the threshold, and from that minute she could see nothing else. She set the table hastily that she might have leisure to look at him again, and he was soon seated to his supper. While eating he gave Brigid glance for glance, but he gave no word to her. He spoke to the widow all the time.

When he had gone to his rest for the night the old woman said, "I hope that fellow won't be troubling us often. Sitting to the meal, or rising from it, he didn't make the sign of the cross; more-

over his eyes and his hair are red—a color I never trust."

"His hair has the gold of the sun, his eyes have the gleam of stars, and his voice is soft as velvet and clear as silver bells," said Brigid dreamily, and she sat all that night looking into the fire, until at dawn it died out, and she fell asleep.

When she awoke the sun was high in the sky, and the stranger had gone. Her heart was sore and bitter that she had not seen him ere he went, and presently she went to the door to see, if by chance, someone going the road could tell her if he had been seen in the town beyond.

But no one came. As she was going in again she knocked her foot against a purse that lay just at the threshold. She picked it up, and found it full of gold. She took it into her bed-room and put it under the pillow, without saying a word about it to her grandmother. An uneasy feeling began to creep about her heart. There was a longing upon her to be spending the money and yet she dared not.

"It is his," she told herself over and over.

They were going to bed that night when again there came a soft knocking at the door and the same man stood without who had come the night before. Again he asked for food and lodging for the night, and again they bade him enter. Little welcome had the old woman for him, but the girl could scarce breathe for the joy that was on her.

By and by when he was sitting by the fire after supper he turned to Brigid and said: "Have you anything of mine that you found when I went this morning?"

She answered him with a lie, saying: "Indeed I have not." The gold was too dear to her to part with it, even to him.

He was silent for awhile, until the old woman fell asleep where she sat, then he said to the girl, "I have something of yours."

"What is it?" she questioned him in a frightened voice.

"Your love," he answered her.

His voice echoed harp-like through her soul, and his flame-like eyes seemed to pierce her heart. He took her hand in his and kissed her. In the morning he said to the Widow Byrne, "Will you give me your granddaughter?"

But the old woman turning her eyes away from him said, "I'm in no hurry to get her married yet."

He turned to the girl.

"Are you satisfied to take me for your husband, Brigid?"

She said, "I am satisfied. I will marry only you."

There was no more to be said; but all that day the old grandmother wept in the corner, saying, "Woe! Woe! it's the sad day."

It was not long after that until they were married; they had no wedding, for the husband knew no one in that place, and nobody cared for Brigid, his wife, nor did she care for any living soul save herself and the red man. When they came from the church, the widow woman went and sat at the house-door so as not to be crying before them, and she stayed there until dark; then she came in, ate her supper, and went to bed. It was midnight when she awoke.

The red man was speaking to his wife, who was raking out the red embers.

"Give me my mother's heart that you ate, and my gold that you kept on me," he was saying.

Brigid gave a terrible shriek and fell upon her face by the hearth. The old woman closed her eyes afraid.

When she opened them again, a great red dog was worrying something in the fading firelight, and his growling was terrible to hear. She got up then with the terror that was on her, and ran to

a neighbor's house. There she told her story, but the people took no heed of it. "She's terrible old," they said, "and she imagined it."

Nevertheless, in the morning they found Bridget Byrne dead upon the hearth in her house, and what was left of her poor body they buried.

The red man was never seen in that townland again.

LONGING.

BY LYNDALL CHARLOTTE BURDEN.

Springtime has brought the birds again,
The joys of summer are e'en near,
Ere this I thought life's battle would be won,
But still I linger here.

The robin near my window sings so blithe,
As he sways in the cherry tree,
Yet now I cannot hear him without tears,
I long so to be free.

The violets are blooming blue and white,
The woods are fresh and verdant as of yore,
Alas, I cannot roam through them again,
But only dream — as oft I've dreamed before.

And I am weary of these dreams,
To waken but to pain,
As the sunrise o'er the distant hills
Heralds the morning again.

Last year I watched the birds till they had flown
Away to a summer land,
And soon, I hoped, I too would say good-bye,
And gladly cross the strand.

Yet once again I see the budding rose,
And the robins build their nest;
How long, O God, ere I shall pass beyond,
Beyond — where there is rest?

THE MANAGER'S MISADVENTURE.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

"If *The Trout* had pulled off his race," said my Lord for the fiftieth time, "I should have had a fresh start."

"But he didn't," cried my Lady, with a high, odd, "he, he!" It was her way to accept most things as if they were cruel jokes.

"There's nothing to be let that *isn't* let; and nothing more that can be sold," he said, ruefully.

"Well, *I* never cared for Melsbrooke. So stiff and formal!" piped my Lady.

"But *I* did, Winnie." The man was stirred out of his customary apathy, and spoke almost vehemently. "The thing is *this*," he went on; "the whole pack of them are at me again to turn this villa into a hotel!"

"Should you and I dine at the *table d'hôte*?" asked my Lady, chuckling.

"We've often had the house full," he reflected. "Would the same people have come, if they had had to pay?"

"*Table d'hôte*! he! he!" repeated my Lady.

"Oh, Winnie! We might rig up a set of rooms for ourselves," he said. "The Dowager is mighty hot upon this hotel-plan."

"Will *you* do the accounts, Mels?" she asked.

"That's good, Winnie! Why, I can't even make up my own betting-book!"

They were sitting at their breakfast-table. My Lady, who was dieted, in order to grow lean, toyed with a rusk. Her liege, after a generous meal, was going through his letters for a second time.

"Smethurst says it has all been done before. 'Hotel keeping, a very paying business,'" he read aloud. "Some out-at-elbows baronet,—where is it? Hum —Ha—Oh, yes; 'You'll want a clerk, or secretary, and perhaps a manager, too. Then, you can give your butler a few waiters, (hotel servants beat private servants at hotel work). You already have the nucleus of a staff;—*chef*; ha! Housekeeper——'"

"Will the Dowager fill the house for us?" asked my Lady. "Will the guests use the family plate? and our own writing paper? And can I lock up my pretty things? Or will they want my old Dresden,—*to smash it*? Will they drink your good cellar dry?" The lilt in her voice betokened a sense of the humorous.

"You're plucky, Winnie," he sighed.

"No; I shall escape to the yacht. Thank goodness, the yacht's not sold."

"Well, shall we try it?" he asked.

"'Hobson's choice,' isn't it?" she said, by way of answer.

"I think Max had better put the thing in trim," my Lord reflected. "Could you draft a letter to him, Winnie?"

"Dear boy, Max! He's been in a bank, or something, hasn't he?" she asked. "He'll know all about everything. Let us tell him that our house-party was forty, last March; and those people brought a mob of servants,—a perfect mob! We can make rooms, too, for bachelors, over the stables. Well, 'out of evil cometh good.' The family misfortunes have made a useful man of your cousin Max!"

The nasal quality in her tones suggested a satirical vein, and made people fancy that her Ladyship was cleverer than she looked. Her husband firmly believed that she "had a splendid head-piece." A French observer held the consolatory view that any fool can

find a bigger fool to admire his intellect; —which is, perhaps, "a happy dispensation."

The noble couple forthwith set themselves to the task of writing to the useful cadet of the house. They asked him, among other things, to find out what his own salary ought to be; whether it was true that a hotel should be big to be successful; whether they had better build a "lot of bedrooms at the back;" how long new-made walls generally take to dry; and, above all things, how soon they might expect to draw an income from their hotel-villa. He was bidden to "see Smethurst," "see the Dowager;" and execute a hundred commissions.

As a result of this letter,—which was a compound of two rough drafts,—Max arrived.

He had already spent a good round sum in advertising, for most attempts at making money begin by large outlay. The Dowager Lady Melsbrooke was not idle. She passed three whole afternoons driving from house to house, among her kinsfolk and acquaintances, beating up recruits for the Riviera, and recommending the Villa Mele Hôtel.

Manager Max found letters already awaiting him, asking for rooms. But it was the advertisements, not the private touting, which brought the enquiries.

In a few days there were "visitors" duly installed, several of whom delighted more in the use of coroneted spoons than in the spectacle of dark stone-pines against the green-blue Mediterranean; or in the sight of yellow rocks shining brightly through the gray olives.

Max held that the advantage of sleeping under an earl's roof being so very much appreciated ought also to be very highly paid for, and a family from Liverpool, above all the rest, responded nobly to his expectations. Some pretty Americans asked the old servants if the Countess had painted the few family portraits that had been brought away from Melsbrooke, now let to a stockbroker.

"The Admiral died in 1760," said the butler, stiffly, "and Lady Clotilda, over the chimney-piece, was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller."

The trans-Atlantic cousin said something that sounded like, "Sakes!" and suddenly checked herself. Turning to a gentle girl in black she queried, "Who's this Sir Godfrey? Have we blundered? What was the good of our engaging a society woman as companion if we're *not told* things?"

The "companion" entered into low-voiced explanations, which had the effect of soothing her employers. Or perhaps it was the singular sweetness and beauty of their dependent that exercised a calming influence upon them.

"I and my fam'ly 'ad 'oped to 'ave seen something of 'er Ladyship!" said a city magnate to the manager. "Does she take no part in the management of 'er hown 'ome?"

The magnate was paying a Park-Lane rent for rooms in the west wing, and living as sumptuously as he lodged. Therefore he deserved consideration. Though ruffled, Max murmured something about "the Countess of Melsbrooke's private suite of rooms," and left the magnate standing in the hall.

A cotton king's "lady" was more enterprising. She had a grievance, and she waited at the garden door for my Lady's entrance.

"You're the owner, ain't you?" she said sharply. "Well, we pay enough *for anything*; but—"

"Pray speak to someone on the staff of the hotel," said my Lady; and she laughed from sheer surprise, quelling, by her peculiar cachinnation, the wrathful "visitor."

"To the yacht! To the yacht, Mels!"

cried my Lady, half an hour later. "I shall be bearded in my very own den, next!" and she told him of the angry dame at the garden door.

Three days afterwards, the city magnate and three of his daughters came into the manager's office.

"I'm told that the Hearl and Countess hare on their yacht. Would they receive me and my fam'ly, *there*, do you think?" said he.

The tactful manager "could not answer for his employers."

"But the servants say you're *a relation*," said one of the girls, simpering.

The manager bowed, but was silent.

"Go away, gels," said the father. Then, taking a chair, he addressed Max. "Fact is, I hambition, for my fam'ly, the polish of the best society. I want 'em to rub shoulders with the haristocracy. That's why we come 'ere. Now, I've 'the oof.' The Hearl is stoney-broke, I'm told. Is there no chanst of 'a deal'? Why *shouldn't* the Countess like to make our acquaintance? There's the London season, by and bye, y'know. Why wouldn't she hintrojooce a daughter or two of mine into 'igh society, for a consideration, of course? These things *are* done, as you *must* know!"

Max reined in his feelings. He was mindful of the Park-Lane rent, and of his prime duty, *i. e.*, to make the hotel pay well; but he could not be exactly affable. His tone was frigid as he answered:

"Her Ladyship is not going to town this year."

"La, la! Isn't so bad as all that?" asked the magnate. "*Where's* she goin?"

The hinges of Max's tongue seemed to have grown rusty. He said, very slowly: "To Norway, probably."

"Oh, we can go there, too! There's nowhere, I'm proud to say, where I can't take my fam'ly to," he went on. "Norway'd do, first-rate. Hameliar sketches remarkable well; Marier is no hend of a fisher;—caught shrimps and things, at Margate, as soon as she could toddle. *Where's* she goin', though, in Norway?" he added, suddenly.

"Oh, yachting. Along the coast!" said Max, waving a hand in space, to indicate vast distances. Max rose, ostentatiously pushing his chair away.

"Well," said the other, "wot d'ye think of it?"

"I should not like to give an opinion," said Max, ambiguously and emphatically.

The magnate pressed the mutual advantages inherent in his scheme. Max continued to stand.

A voice at his elbow said: "Miss Tooser-Jennings begs to speak with you about a private sitting-room." It was the Jennings' charming "companion" who spoke.

"I come, at once," he answered, delighted to be summoned away from the magnate's presence by that particular guest. To him, he said, curtly: "I shall lay the matter before his Lordship. At present I am sent for on business." He bowed and followed the fair American.

"Too awful!" exclaimed my Lady, between laughing and crying, as Max unfolded the magnate's proposals.

"If only *The Trout* hadn't lost that race!" moaned my Lord. "He'd have saved us the delights of hotel keeping, at all events! Poor old Max!" he added, "after all, the brunt of the wretched business falls on *your* shoulders!"

"Oh, never mind!" said the manager, not very cheerfully. "We've got to go through with it. And you'll get a big price for the hotel, when we've given it a good start."

"It's 'For the yacht' now, with a vengeance!" cried my Lady. "We're off,

Max; and we won't even leave an address!"

"What? Just when the Ambassador, and all those people, are coming down here!" Max exclaimed, with something of trepidation in his voice.

"What matter? *We* do nothing!" laughed my Lady. "It's true, they're acquaintances. But they don't come to see us. They come to see the sun, Max! How many new waiters have you engaged? Fifteen? Twenty? Oh, I understand! Only twelve English-speaking Italians! But won't they eat up all the fine profits you promised us?" she scoffed.

At my Lady's word the yacht spread white wings again within three hours. Max felt lonely as he saw "The Brave Lady" fly before a stiff breeze, and dwindle to a pale dot towards the eastern horizon. The young manager was far too sensible to believe in presentiments; but on this occasion (as he remembered afterwards), he had a temptation that way.

"A bit rough on old Max, to desert him, isn't it?" said my Lord, when the first raptures of freedom had passed off a little, and he felt calmer than on starting.

"Oh, they don't flatter *him* by their persecution," said my Lady.

"Well, he gets his share, I can tell you, Winnie! A bad business!" lamented my Lord. "And what will you do for exercise?"

"Well, I can't be much fatter than I am already," laughed my Lady.

In the pressure of work, Max had no time to feel lonely or aggrieved. The house was full to the roof. More visitors were ready to come whenever there should be rooms for them. Correspondence alone occupied some hours daily. Besides, Max had to smooth matters in many departments. The English butler and his Italian underlings did not pull well together. Max himself was only learning his business; and he hardly found time enough for sleep.

When the Ambassadress arrived, reports of the dazzling splendors of her toilet-table reminded him of notices in old-established hostelries, requiring guests to deposit valuables with the proprietors; and he forthwith distributed cards, disclaiming responsibility for "jewels, etc., etc.," that were not consigned to his care.

No "jewels," however, were sent to his office; and, two days after the cards were posted in the hotel, there was consternation at the disappearance of diamonds to the value of four thousand pounds. Her Excellency's most valuable stones were gone. A cover had been fastened over the tempting dressing-table, just before dinner time. It was not taken off till next morning; and behold! the treasures were no longer there. Missing, too, that morning, was Innocente, one of the new waiters.

There was a fearful commotion. The police were sent for. The Ambassador was particularly angry. "They are heirlooms," he kept repeating. "They *must* be found!" The local telegraph office never before had had so much to do; for the police at the frontier towns, and in all Italian cities, were warned of the robbery.

The chief detective on arrival at the hotel formulated a theory: the robber must have had an accomplice. "Impossible that a waiter alone could have carried out such a robbery," he affirmed.

The diamonds had gone off with Innocente, that was a certainty; but *who* had smoothed the thief's way, and made his success possible? The detective's examination led him to exculpate the servants, one by one. He was a man famous for his lucky guesses, and, on this occa-

sion, he made a guess,—a guess of the unluckiest! He fixed upon the manager as the guilty party.

Max had not a word to say in his defence. He was simply thunderstruck. He could think of nothing but the sorry plight of the new hotel, with its young reputation tarnished! To Smethurst, the lawyer, he telegraphed: "Find Melsbrooke. Yacht. Send capable manager; or come here. Going to prison on charge of theft. Accountant takes over my office. Max."

The butler almost had a fit when he saw "a member of the family" in handcuffs. It cost Max a pang to be seen in this plight; but only in the case of one spectator, namely, the gentle American in mourning.

The police hurried their prisoner to the nearest lockup, an evil-smelling place, already tenanted by some dirty vagrants, a railway pickpocket, and two peasants, who, when half-seas-over, had used knives upon some other fellows at the fair.

One by one the wretched company marched out, under escort, to be examined before the magistrate. But the place never grew empty, for the fair sent fresh cases to replace those that had been dealt with. Two newcomers were women with crying babies, taken up for begging. "What unpleasant neighbors!" thought Max of the whole roomful. The atmosphere made him feel sick. If he could have followed the *patois* conversation going on around him, he would have felt still more disgusted. Certain things made him think of Kingsley's lines:—

> "Leave to Robert Browning,
> Beggars, fleas and vines."

Max thought to himself he "would leave the lot of them to anybody who liked them!"

His turn came at last, and "the Court" committed him for trial. Handcuffed, he was taken to jail, his thoughts still in a whirl. He felt that his guards were unnecessarily rough in their dealings with him, but he was almost indifferent as to what concerned himself, being fully engrossed with the concerns of the hotel. What had he forgotten to say? to do? Who was Innocente's accomplice? How bad would be the effect of recent occurrences on Villa-Mele prospects? How long would it be before Lord Melsbrooke could know everything? Why had he not told the butler, *this*; the chef, *that*? What letters were unanswered? How about the ice? And so on, and so on!

In the bare, whitewashed corridor of the jail, looking at the stone floor, which was dry (and so far preferable to the filthy lock-up), he said, smiling:—

"Here, at least, it is clean."

"*Si ride?*" cried the man at his side in fury. "It is no laughing matter to be *here*, I can tell you!" And he kicked Max. Happily, the young man was more surprised than angry. He did not attempt reprisals; and handcuffed he was powerless. Moreover, he was quite sure that he would be sent away, in triumph, in a few minutes, with a mob of officials bowing to the ground, and protesting their regret at the mistake. And this certainty gave him a great serenity of mood. But a kick is an unpleasant surprise at best.

Things did not go so fast, nor so pleasantly, as Max expected. A long night, the fare of the jail, and a weary day tended to melancholy reflection. He sent for the English consul. To him he was allowed to speak only in the presence of a warder, and in his halting Italian, but *not* on the matter of the robbery. He learnt, however, that no telegram had come from Lord Melsbrooke; that the new manager would be at the hotel that night; that a few of her Excellency's

diamonds had been found in a pawn office in Florence; and that some things for Max's comfort would soon be sent to the prison.

Several days of weary waiting, with but the faintest news from the outside world, made havoc with Max's patience. He was interrogated as to the whereabouts of the waiter, Innocente, the official allowing it to be seen that the belief in Max's guilt was strong. "This is more than a joke!" said the prisoner, hotly; and the remark was set down as bluster.

Where was the yacht? What was Smethurst doing? Why did no one come for speech with him from the Villa Mele?

They came, sure enough. The butler was even threatened with incarceration if he clamored any more for admittance. Some guests, too, made the journey, among them the American girls and their fair companion; but, as they were inarticulate foreigners, they learnt nothing; neither did sound of their visits reach Max.

One day, however, the prisoner observed a softening in the manner of his rough guards. It was known in the prison that the yacht had returned. My Lord and the Consul were even then at the gates. They entered Max's cell. The visitors both talked at once. Melsbrooke was remorseful and sympathetic. The Consul unfolded plans. A thundering knock on the outer gate announced new developments. My Lady (notwithstanding her thirteen stone), outstripped the warder told off to accompany her, and came running down the long corridor. She brought a letter and a telegram. Innocente had exculpated the manager. He had again disappeared. Was his declaration "evidence?" That was the question. If he told the truth, he was now on the high seas, bound for South America. More diamonds had been found. He had, in fact, paid his way to ship-board with precious stones. The confederates (with whom he had left the declaration) were supposed to have most of the booty. The letter said that they were only waiting a substantial reward to give them up.

"Well, that is all right! I suppose, now, I can come out with you?" said the prisoner.

"There are formalities, Max," cried my Lady. "It is heart-breaking! But the lawyers are at work. I suppose *we* couldn't stay here?" she added.

"Not likely, your Ladyship!" said the Consul. But, though they all left him, Max was not to be greatly pitied, for he was in possession of fresh hope, of some books, newspapers, and good food, and he had the encouraging prospect of daily friendly visits. The Tooser-Jennings came, bringing with them Miss Vanhollen; and the prisoner was infinitely refreshed by the sight of their kind faces.

The "formalities" lasted over three days, and then Max was carried back to the Villa Mele in triumph by his friends and relatives.

"Ought I not to be able to take an action for false imprisonment?" he asked half in joke.

"They tell me *not*; but I think the Ambassador ought to give you big damages!" cried my Lord.

Their Excellencies, however, only said they "were very sorry!" and Max was satisfied.

Not so his cousin; but "the law gives no redress" in these cases, so the lawyers told his lordship. (They were speaking of Italian law, and they were, unfortunately, right.)

. . . . . .

The Villa Mele Hôtel is now run by a company. Lord Melsbrooke sold it ex-

tremely well, and he halved the profits with his manager. His Lordship said: "After all, if *The Trout* had won we should hardly have been better off than we are now. Good man, Max!"

And the manager said: "I'm *deeply* indebted to *The Trout*."

Miss Vanhollen, who happened to be present, blushed and looked happy. She knew exactly what Max meant.

THE STOLEN STATUES.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

Peggy Desmond was a little girl about seven years old, who lived with her father and mother in a pretty farmhouse set in the green valley amongst the hills. Peggy had two brothers and two sisters older than herself, but they were all away at boarding schools, because their house was too far away from any town or even from a railway station to allow of their being sent to a day school. So it happened that Peggy was a lonely little girl at times, when mother was too ill or too sad to talk to her little daughter, or to tell stories to her, which of course was not very often.

Her mother was an invalid and had been paralysed for many years, as long, indeed, as Peggy could remember, for she had never seen her mother able to walk. Peggy and the other children only dimly realized the sadness of this, and sometimes they were sorely troubled and puzzled when in the midst of telling them some fairy story their mother's lips would tremble and big tears roll down her cheeks. For though they could not know it, and thought themselves very happy and well-off little people, their mother often fretted for them and for herself, because she was not able to do many little things for them that she would like to do; because, too, she knew she could not live for many years longer, and feared for her little flock all the troubles of the big sad world that might come to them after she was gone.

Mrs. Desmond had a maid called Jane to attend her, who dressed her and brushed her hair, and on fine days used to wheel her about the garden and the fields in a bath chair. But sometimes when the maid had to do little things in the house, making up her mistress' fine laces and kerchiefs, Mrs. Desmond sat out in the orchard under the trees with only Peggy and Rover, the collie, for company. There she would sit for hours at her embroidery or hemstitching—for although she was paralysed, she was quite able to use her hands—while Peggy sat on the footboard of the bath chair, with her kitten dozing and purring in her lap, listening to stories of fairies and of kings and princes, of which she never seemed to tire.

But Mrs. Desmond got tired sometimes, and would then put down her embroidery or stitching and take out her rosary beads, or a little book called "The Imitation of Christ," to read or pray, while Peggy played about the orchard with Rover and the kitten. And when Jane had finished her task and come back to her mistress, Mrs. Desmond would ask to be wheeled around by the calf-paddock, or the kitchen-garden, or the poultry-runs, because she took an interest in everything about the farm, and loved to see the young shoots sprouting and the calves thriving, and the little flocks of chickens and ducklings being fed. Peggy, too, was very fond of the chickens and looked after some of the broods herself, and it was a great joy to

her when she had a new and very numerous family of little brown Leghorns or white Wyandottes to show to her mother.

Sometimes, too, her mother used to send her over to Mrs. Doyle's at the back lodge, for settings of hen eggs or turkey eggs, because Mrs. Doyle had some very fine breeds of fowl. To-day, as Mrs. Desmond and Peggy watched the chickens being fed, Annie the cook said, "The big speckled turkey is looking to set, ma'am; wouldn't it be well to put a clutch of eggs under her?"

"Certainly, Annie," said Mrs. Desmond, "if we can get the eggs we might put them down to-night. Peggy, darling, will you run over to Mrs. Doyle's after dinner, and ask her for a sitting of the American Bronze turkey eggs that we were speaking of last week?"

Peggy, of course, promised that she would, very willingly, too, as for many reasons she loved to go on a message to Mrs. Doyle's. So after dinner she put on her straw hat with the white daisies, took her little brown basket in her hand, and trotted off across the fields to the back lodge.

Mrs. Doyle was a little old woman with a rosy weather-beaten face like a half-withered apple, and she was very fond of Peggy, and fonder still of "the poor mistress," and, indeed, of all the family. She was always very glad to see Peggy, of whom she made a great pet. When the little girl came to her with a message, as she often did, she used to bring her into the parlor, and make her sit down in the best chair; then she would cut some nice slices of bread and jam, or home-made cake, and put them on a pretty china plate for her visitor to eat, while she went out to the hen house to gather in the eggs for Peggy.

Sometimes Peggy went with her, as she loved to hunt for the eggs through all the little nests, or to go around the garden to look in the clumps of box-wood or ivy where some of the hens laid out. But more often she liked to remain in the parlor and look about her, while Mrs. Doyle went outside.

That parlor had a great fascination for Peggy. It was not the old-fashioned furniture with the curiously-carved legs that she cared about, for she knew nothing about these. But she loved all the pretty pictures, and the nice china in the cupboard in the corner. There was one beautiful tea set of pale green and gold, with beautiful bunches of roses painted on it, which Mrs. Doyle told her was over a hundred years old, and "belonged to the family," for Mrs. Doyle and her husband were not common people, but came of the "good old stock." And there was another of old Delft in beautiful tints of purple and scarlet and green and gold, with such a prettily-shaped jug and teapot; these also were an heirloom in the family; then along the chimney-piece were funny china dogs and curious little old china men and women, which Peggy loved, too.

But what she really loved most of all was the altar, set on a table in one corner of the room. There was a large statue of the Blessed Virgin, enclosed in a shrine of carved wood with a glass front, and around the statue were many vases of flowers, and candlesticks just like those that were on the chapel altar; and before the shrine stood a little red lamp which was always burning. And now, because it was the month of May, Our Lady's special month, the vases were filled with lovely spring flowers—narcissus and tulips and wallflowers and primroses and cowslips, sweet-smelling and beautiful. And for a little time each evening, while she said the Rosary and the Litany, old Mrs. Doyle used to light all the candles and then the altar looked really beautiful.

Peggy envied her that altar. She had a little one of her own at home, but it

was nothing like as beautiful as this, because she had only a plain white statue of the Blessed Virgin, not all blue and white, with silver rosary-beads, and pink roses at her feet like this one. And she hadn't any candlesticks.

But what Peggy envied most of all were the many little statues that were on the altar. There were angels kneeling and angels standing, and little figures of St. Anthony, and St. Patrick, and St. Joseph, and St. Brigid, and St. John the Baptist, and, she thought, the whole twelve apostles. If only she could get some like them,—but then mother was too ill to go to town, and no one else would get them for her, and there was not any shop in the village where they sold statues.

A great temptation came to Peggy. It was very wrong, of course, but then she was only a little girl, and she really wanted those statues badly. And Mrs. Doyle had so many of them that surely she would never miss one or two!

So every time she came with a message to Mrs. Doyle, and found herself alone in the parlor, she slipped one of the little statues into her pocket. The first one was St. John the Evangelist—she thought he must be St. John because he was so beautiful, and had long ringlets over his shoulders. The next one was St. Brigid, dressed like a nun; then she took St. Patrick with his staff and his spray of shamrock; then poor St. Joseph, with his branch of lilies. Surely Mrs. Doyle would never miss those four out of all she had!

So she took them home, one by one, and put them on her own little altar, and because her mother was an invalid and could not walk through the rooms, she could not see the stolen statues or question Peggy about them, and the servants never noticed her new possessions. Peggy brought fresh flowers every day to the altar, and knelt down and prayed that mother might get well, and that the Blessed Virgin would take care of them all and make herself in particular a very good little girl. But she did not feel happy, somehow; she fancied that the Blessed Virgin's face, in her own statue, looked coldly at her, and she could not pray so well. Then mother looked questioningly at her at times, because Peggy was thoughtful these days and troubled, never having had a secret from her mother before.

One day Jane was telling mother about a robbery which had taken place in the neighborhood, a poor woman having been robbed of all her ducks and geese, which were almost her sole means of support. Mother was very indignant over the matter, and spoke severely of the meanness of the thieves. Then, suddenly, Peggy's conscience became wide awake. Was it possible that she, too, could be so mean and dishonest as to steal anything, especially from one poorer than themselves? She blushed all over with shame at the thought. And what must she do now to make reparation for her fault? Would she ever be forgiven? She knew now why the Blessed Virgin had looked so coldly at her. And what would her mother say? She felt she could not bear to let her know, after all she had said about those other thieves. But at least she could ask her advice.

"Mother," she said that day, as they sat out in the orchard under the boughs of apple blossoms, when mother was having her lunch, "I suppose it is very wrong to steal *anything*, no matter how small." (The statues were *very* small, as she often told herself these days, by way of consolation.)

"Of course, darling; it would be very wrong to steal anything whatever."

Peggy hung her head.

"But supposing you *did* steal anything,

would it take the sin away if you went and put it back," she asked after a while.

"That would be the right thing to do, of course. But why do you ask, dear? I'm sure my little girl would never think of stealing?" She looked at Peggy with a questioning gaze, vaguely troubled. What had been wrong with the child lately?

Peggy's cheeks were scarlet as she bent down to stroke Rover's silky head, not daring to reply; and if her mother were inclined to question further, she did not get a chance, for Peggy suddenly made a race towards the house, with Rover at her heels. She had made up her mind to put back the statues where she got them, and the sooner it was done the better.

But "the way of the transgressor is hard," and the path of the penitent sinner is equally so, sometimes. When Peggy at last reached the door of Mrs. Doyle's cottage, the four little statues safely hidden away in the folds of her dress, the reception she got from that good lady was decidedly chilling. Peggy felt at once that she must have missed the statues, and guessed who it was that had taken them. She hadn't the moral courage to confess her fault there and then, but stood shame-faced and puzzled, not knowing how she could make restitution as she wished.

For Mrs. Doyle, perfectly polite as usual, as she always would be to "the mistress'" daughter "or any one of the family," yet held Peggy distinctly at a distance. She asked kindly after Mrs. Desmond's health, and that of the master and the boys and girls at school, but into her parlor she would *not* invite her. No more pettings and praisings, no more bread and jam or home-made cake, worst of all, no more of those delicious moments in that fascinating parlor for poor penitent Peggy. And how would she ever put back the statues now?

Perhaps the old woman saw her troubled face, and was sorry. For in a little while she relented from her coldness. What was Peggy but a child anyhow? and children had little sense.

Though she would not ask her in to her parlor, it presently struck her that she might ask Peggy to take that promised clutch of turkey eggs home with her now. As she was still one or two short she took Peggy with her down through the garden, to where the fowl-run and hen-houses stood at the far end, hardly noticing how reluctantly her visitor lagged behind.

But no sooner had Mrs. Doyle's burly form disappeared within the fowl house than her visitor raced back like the wind to the door of the cottage. It was only the work of a moment, though it seemed to her an age, for her fumbling fingers to put back the stolen statues in their rightful place, and so quickly did she get back that when Mrs. Doyle emerged, breathless from stooping, with an apronful of eggs before her, from the fowl-house, she found Peggy standing outside apparently just as she had left her.

Peggy never heard a word afterwards from Mrs. Doyle about the statues. But she found herself speedily restored to the good graces of that lady, who from that day made a greater pet of her than ever, giving her the undisputed run of the house.

And Peggy's mother never asked afterwards why her little girl had questioned her so closely about the sin of stealing. But it was strange that the very next time her father went to town he brought Peggy home a number of little statues just like those on Mrs. Doyle's altar, and amongst them, to Peggy's great joy, she found St. Patrick with his shamrocks, St. Brigid dressed like a nun, and St. Joseph with his branch of lilies all freshly budding out.

SONGS OF THE SEA.

BY MABEL CLIFFORD.

The "vasty deep" appeals not to the poet's lighter strain. The thoughts it suggests are grave, sweetly serious, reverent, and infrequently weird to the point of gruesomeness. The mystery of the ebb and flow of the sea, the messages it bears, and the memories it evokes, have inspired poets to write of it in stately verse like Byron's majestic "Apostrophe to the Ocean"; in profoundly religious spirit as exemplified in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" or in fantastic mood as in Edgar Allen Poe's dream-haunting "City In the Sea," with its "gaily-jewelled dead," or Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

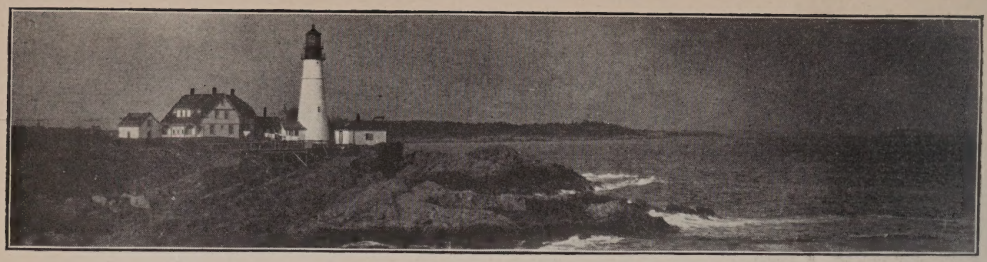
"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow."

Elizabeth Oakes Smith, too, has looked into the depths through the eyes of the mariner:

"The mariner looked and he saw with dread
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the wave was spread.
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed;
And the mariner groaned, as well he need;
For, ever, down as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide.

A peopled home is the ocean bed;
The mother and child are there;
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair;
As the water moveth they lightly sway,



And the tranquil lights on their features play;
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm."

In marked contrast to this vision of death is the tenderly-beautiful thought that the sea whispered to another woman-poet, Moira O'Neill, who found her theme in the hallowed joy of expectant motherhood.

"When my little son is born, on a sunny summer morn
I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake beside the sea
For the windy wathers blue would be dancin' if they knew,
An' the weany waves that wet the sands come creepin' up to me.

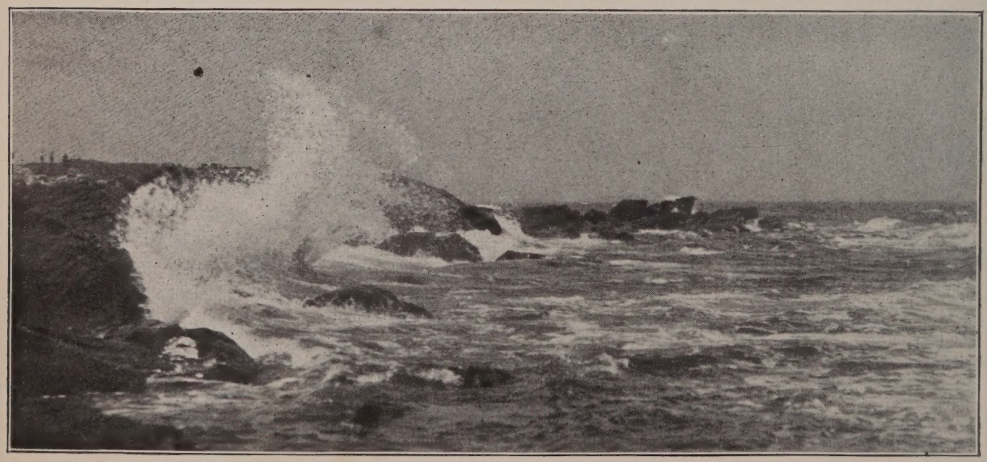
When my darlin' comes to me he will lie upon my knee
Though the world should be my pillow, he shall know no harder place;
Sure a queen's son may be cold in a cradle all of gold,
But my arm shall be about him an' my kiss upon his face."

The dreamer looking seaward for the realization of his visions of fair fortune is salvage frequently claimed by the poet seeking inspiration from the flotsam and jetsam of the tides:

"Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing,
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,
Where the winds dance and spin;
Over the breakers' din;
Out where the dark storm clouds are lifting,
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,
My ship is coming in."

Richard Henry Stoddard has written some lines that epitomize the tragedy of another mother's happiness ruthlessly wrecked:

"Through the night, through the night,
In the saddest unrest,



Wrapt in white, all in white,
With the babe on her breast,

Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale,
Through the night.

Through the night, through the night,
Where the sea lifts the wreck,
Land in sight, close in sight,
On the surf-flooded deck,
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave,
Through the night.

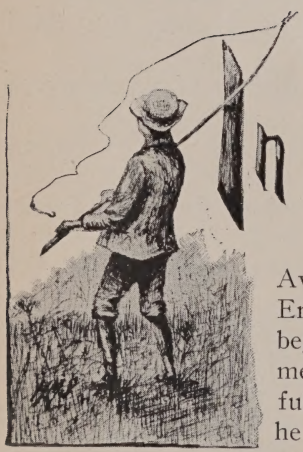
"Sea Irony" by John Langdon Heaton proclaims, in a strikingly original way, the unconquerable strength of the sea:

One day I saw a ship upon the sands
Careened upon beam ends, her tilted deck
Swept clear of rubbish of her long-past wreck;
Her colors struck, but not by human hands;
Her masts the driftwood of what distant sands!
Her frowning ports, where at the Admiral's beck
Grim-visaged cannon held the foe in check,
Gaped for the frolic of the minnow bands.
The seaweed banners in her fo'ks'le waved,
A turtle basked upon her capstan head;
Her cabin's pomp the clownish sculpin braved,
And on her prow, where the lost figure-head
Once scorned the brine, a name forgot was graved.
It was "The Irresistible" I read!

"THE RIVER SANG ITS ALLURING SONG"

BYGONE SUMMER DAYS.

BY DENIS A. Mc CARTHY.



In the bygone time of which I write, whatever the calendar may have said about the seasons, the Average Boy in Erin reckoned the beginning of summer from the joyful day when first he was allowed to go barefoot after school. True, the permission to dispense with hampering shoes and stockings was given by no means soon enough to suit him. For weeks before the eventful day he was wont to hint broadly at the desirability of getting rid of "these old shoes" (old, in this case not necessarily meaning aged); and he was accustomed to refer grumblingly to other boys who had been barefoot long before, and who had not "caught their death o' cold"—a circumstance much dreaded by parental care in his own case.

But, at last, the day would arrive when the flinty hearts of those in authority would soften, even as the mercury mounted; and with a joyful whoop the Boy, in hot haste, would tear off his shoes and stockings and hie him to the warm pavements of the side-walk ('twas called "footpath" in that town), where basked many of his companions similarly unshod. They greeted him gleefully. Every new recruit to the after-school barefoot tribe was a victory of boyhood and boy-nature over the stupid and cramping conventionality of the grown-up world and its ways. The boys didn't say this in this way, but they felt it somehow.

THE WEIR, THE BOYS' FAVORITE SWIMMING PLACE.

Oh, these first barefoot days! Who can forget them? Who can forget the first thrill of contact with mother earth? What a spirit of lightness and liberty took possession of the Average Boy, these days. To be barefoot seemed the next thing to having wings! He ran. He jumped. He attempted all kinds of acrobatic feats. A passion for athletics flamed up in him. To him indeed, as to Eginhard in Longfellow's poem, although in a different sense, "all things were possible."

In a certain low-lying field near the river, high jumps were erected, of willows — or sallies, as they are called in that part of the world — and the barefoot tribe performed prodigies of jumping there. They had no rulers or tapes to measure the height, but they measured it effectively all the same. Some boy who wore a vest was "commandeered," so to speak, and they used him for a measure. They decided the heights of the respective jumps by the buttons on his waistcoat. To jump a sally switch as high as the first button was nothing. The second was pretty good. Those who jumped the third and fourth were champions. And let it be understood that a champion was a champion in Erin, and not a "champeen," as he is so often known among boys in the United States.

A course was marked off in the same field — known to all the barefoot tribe as "the bog," though it was not a bog properly speaking — and many exciting races were run, to the accompaniment of much noise and an occasional fight. Each boy runner saw in himself a possible Pat Davin, and each competitor copied as closely as possible the manner and "form" of that fleet-footed athlete.

There were many, many other things to be done in those barefoot hours after school. But as the summer advanced they grew too strenuous even for young Celtic blood. Then the river began to sing

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RIVER.

its alluring song of coolness and delight to the perspiring boys. All the young hearts turned then to swimming. There was a rude verse which expressed the proper thing for swimmers. It ran:

"April, May
Keep out o' the say (sea).
June, July,
Swim till you die."

The last two lines were not of course to be taken literally (although the Average Boy could boast once that he went in swimming twenty-four times in one day). But "swim till you die" merely expressed in a vivid Irish way the great suitability for bathing of the months of June and July.

Ah, how wearisome was the long school session on those warm summer days! How drearily the school hours dragged their weary length along! How slow the clock seemed! How cruel appeared the poor, patient Brother, whose task of keeping the vagrant-hearted lads in order was far harder than any task *they* had to perform!

School began at nine o'clock; and, as the schoolmasters in those days believed in corporal punishment, the boy who came in a few minutes after nine was made to regret his tardiness, let the weather be hot or cold. Vacation did not come till August, and it lasted only a month. Meanwhile let June and July blaze as they would, the school day from 9 A. M. to 3:30 P. M., was not shortened a minute. It was a school of the Spartans, and effeminacy had no chance of surviving therein.

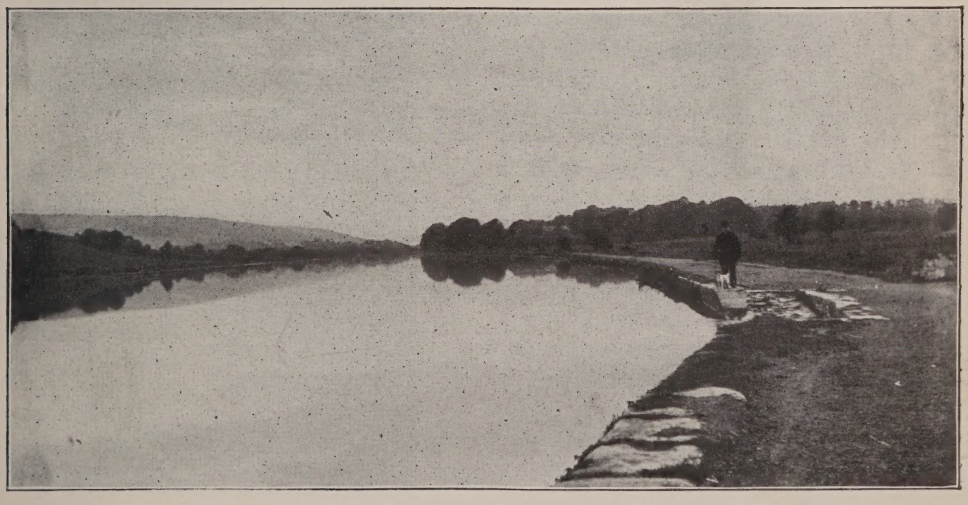
But through the windows the boys could see the distant hills, and hear the soft summer wind sighing in the trees. The songs of the birds penetrated even the hum of the school-room. The Average Boy raising his eyes could catch a glimpse of the winding river. No wonder there were accusations, trials, verdicts and punishments for inattention and apparent stupidity. The boyish hearts were listening not to teachers, but to the voice of Nature calling them to the delights of the wood and field and hill and river.

However, everything has an end in this world, and even the apparently end-

"ANOTHER FAVORITE SPOT OF THE BAREFOOT TRIBE"

less school session came to a close. Behold then, school ended and a hasty dinner disposed of, many lurking lads converging,— unknown to, sometimes, alas! contrary to, parental solicitude,— from various points to meet together at some safe place, and then hurrying along the sun-dried and dusty road which led to the Weir. At that famous place on the river, remote from the town, a dam and a salmon weir rendered the water deep and placid enough for the finest kind of swimming.

Stealthily and silently at first the bare-

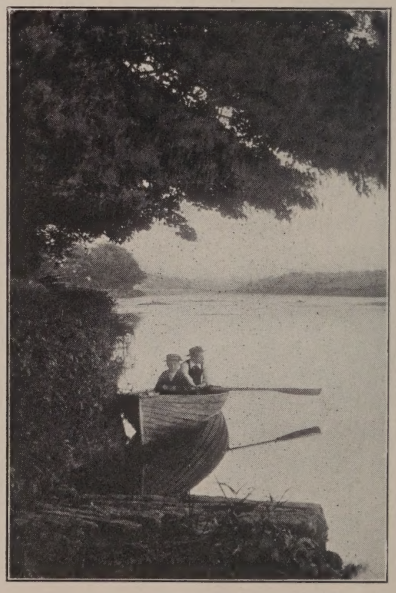


ALONG THE RIVER BANK

THE SCHOOL WHERE THE WILD YOUNG HEARTS WERE CAGED

foot band proceeded, with many a furtive look behind on the part of those who feared the pursuit of father or mother or some spying younger brother; but as they left the town behind they left care also, and their voices became louder as their hearts became lighter. Sometimes they took their clamorous way along the river bank, a course which had its own special charms for boys who were adept at skimming flat stones across the water, or who liked to show how far they could pitch a pebble over the same shining space. But the river bank was the longer way because of its windings. The road was shorter, and more shady, and there were chances of getting "lifts" or rides from good-natured farmer lads going home in donkey carts from the town. Then again there were orchards beside the road, and albeit the apple trees were behind high stone walls, and were reputed to be guarded by vigilant keepers, those walls were not too high for the barefoot tribe, and the vigilance of keepers is not eternal.

Naturally their talk in such excursions turned on swimming. A composite photograph, or rather phonographic rec-



Courtesy of Good Counsel Magazine.

A PLEASING SUMMER PASTIME.

ord of their conversation, would be something like this:

"That fellow can't swim ten strokes — I dived off the rock — he can keep his eyes open under water — Did you ever swim across?— If my mother caught me swimmin' — Did y'ever see me doing the cog-boat?— He hurt his foot because he didn't bless himself — I wasn't afraid to go out up to my neck"— etc., etc.

Every phase of swimming and cognate subjects was discussed by the barefoot tribe as they made their way toward the Weir. But there were times when a sudden hush fell upon them, when a boy stopped speaking in the middle of a sentence, and when a nameless fear gripped all hearts. And that was when a single magpie alighted on a tree in full view. A single magpie was the omen of all evil to the boys. No one could tell what might happen to him who saw a single, solitary magpie! The Average Boy, in such an event, if he were already feeling uneasy because his outing lacked parental permission, felt very much distressed indeed. The single magpie might be the augury, for instance, of an unpleasant interview with the family powers when he returned home.

But if a solitary magpie is ominous of evil, the appearance of a second magpie removes at once the impending horror. With what eagerness, therefore, the boys scanned the landscape for the sight of another magpie! And what shouts of glee greeted the bird which removed the the curse from their afternoon's sport!

Before arriving at the river bank there was a broad meadow to be crossed, and at some seasons when the hay had just been cut, this was rather a painful pilgrimage for the bare feet. The stubbles were short and sharp, and there were many exclamations of pain and annoyance and much walking on the sides of the feet before the river came in view. But that view was enough to make the boys forget all their troubles — even the stubbles. There lay the placid stream gleaming and glistening in the sun, smiling an invitation to the travellers from the sun-baked road to come to its cool and refreshing embrace. Over the low, rocky dam the flashing waters fell, with a continuous murmur most soothing to the ear — a murmur which the Average Boy, now grown a man, can hear to-day, even in the noise and bustle of an American city.

There was a shout of joyful anticipation as the swimming place came into view, and a mad race as to who should have the honor of being first in the water. Behind a convenient hedge-row the boys undressed, and then rushed for the water, arriving so tumultuously and simultaneously that the honor of being first was undecided, and usually remained a moot question to be wrangled about all the way home.

One or two of the most daring boys made a great show of plunging right in, (never forgetting, of course, to dip their right hands in the water and make the sign of the cross), but there were others who stopped short when the water reached their ankles, and who then proceeded cautiously step by step, with many a shiver and shake, while their more hardy companions yelled at them to "put themselves out of pain," and assured them that the water was really "lukewarm when you became used to it." (To put one's self "out of pain," it should be explained, was not, as might be supposed, an invitation to shuffle off this mortal coil, but was only another term for that operation which is known among American boys as "ducking under." In a river fed largely by cold springs, "putting one's self out of pain" deserved its heroic phrase, and the assurance that the water was "lukewarm" may be taken with a large allowance of salt).

When the last weakling had put himself out of pain, each one settled down to do the thing of which he was most proud. The few who could swim across the river, clear to the other side, did so, and received, as modestly as their boy-nature would allow, the homage of their fellows. For it always *did* seem to the smaller boys that the greatest feat in the whole world was this swimming to the other side. The little river seemed so wide in those days, that Leander's swimming of the Hellespont was nothing to swimming across the River Suir. To most of the barefoot tribe, the other side of the river, dark with woods, was as utterly unknown and unexplored a region as the planet Mars, and the big fellows who had been over there always returned bringing with them an atmosphere of mystery as of travellers who had come from a far country.

The fellows who swam a little swam that little over and over again, calling vociferously upon all the world in general and their companions in particular to witness when occasionally they did one stroke, perhaps, beyond their official record. For each one of this class of swimmers had a record. For instance, Tom Keeffe could swim nine strokes, Jim Butler's record was seven, Johnnie Hurley's was ten — and so on. And great was the joy of the individual who occasionally surpassed himself and broke his own record. The lads who could dive made up for their deficiency in other feats by remaining under water so long that the Average Boy often grew sick at heart thinking they would never come up. Those who could not swim at all had their heads held up, with much pretense of solicitude, by other boys — and were unceremoniously ducked as soon as the self-appointed assistant and teacher grew tired of his job, or desired a little fun to break the monotony.

When the barefoot tribe began to grow stiff with the cold they bethought them of their clothes and the nice warm sun on the bank; and they scrambled out of the water, walking gingerly to avoid the sharp jagged stones which lurked here and there in the bed of the river. Before dressing, each boy ran up and down the bank at as rapid a pace as possible, to get the blood in circulation. This race was never omitted. Every boy did it as conscientiously as he blessed himself before venturing into the water. Nobody could tell how this excellent custom arose. It was simply part of the ceremonial of swimming. Of course a crowd of surreptitious swimmers would not be troubled with towels. Each lad, therefore, simply rubbed his head dry with the back of his vest — dry hair being an important chain in the circumstantial evidence wherewith an *alibi* could be constructed — and let the remainder of his body dry as it might.

On the way home the stubble field was still harder than ever to travel for feet made tender by the water, but once on the warm, dry, dusty road, the declining sun warning them of the flight of time, the tribe usually divided itself into rival teams, and horse-raced each other back to town. Apprehension lent wings to the bare feet on the homeward way. Many a boy began to have a strange uncomfortable feeling that his mother might have been "wanting him" since he left. Some of the more timid would rub dust on their bare legs, and even on their hair, as a proof that no water had come in contact with them since last they underwent maternal scrutiny. Thus they essayed, not indeed to deceive their mothers outright, but to prevent embarrassing questions.

Going swimming was not all the fun the barefoot tribe had in these days, but it was of all things else the most alluring, the most satisfying. It had all the

fascination of stolen sweets. It meant often neglected school tasks and home duties, but there were some masters and parents who remembered their own childhood, and so remembering were lenient. For not all the lessons of life are learned from books or taught by word of mouth. Nature keeps a great out-of-door academy, a great summer school, whither she beckons and bids the child with signs and calls which are all too fine and subtle for the eyes and ears of the hard man of the world. She speaks to the boy in the "wood's low rustle." She appeals to him in "the meadows' kindly page." Such schooling is just as important for children — aye, and for men and women, too — as that system on which society spends so much time and money.

Many lessons learned within the four walls of a school-room the Average Boy has long ago forgotten, but he can never forget the lessons learned from meadow, river, hill and wood in those bygone summer days in Erin.

AN ISLAND FEUD.

BY NICHOLAS P. MURPHY.

Ethna O'Connor stood at one of the square-shaped windows of Rathconrath, gazing over the wild scene. Tall was she, and vital with the strong, sweet breath of the sea; but her eyes spoke of a soul, quiet and subdued, the soul of one constantly in the presence of Nature.

Savage indeed was the scene that Ethna regarded, savage yet mirthful. From under the cliff that girt the patch of lawn, bellowed the sea, coming in long rolling waves that laughed up at the sun, hurling themselves in rough play against the gray wall, to be scattered into surges and huge feathers of silver spray that curled in the air and were lost. Away to the left rose a green bluff, with a few trees, bent before the blast of the Atlantic, and beyond that the brown bog, stretching away to the far shore of the island. The side of the hill cut off from the view of the young girl all but an angle of a house belonging to the Burkes, her rivals in the ownership of Innisroe.

Ethna was of the Connacht O'Connors who, driven by the Burkes from the mainland centuries before, had taken refuge in Innisroe. But here also their foes had pursued them, establishing themselves on the island and claiming it by right of conquest. But as they could procure no charter sanctioning their ownership, from the English Governor of Connacht, the matter had remained in a state of suspense, both families maintaining their ground and their claims to rightful possession. The Burkes, however, had large estates on the far side of Galway and seldom paid a visit to Innisroe, their house there remaining in the care of a bailiff, who in his person kept alive their time-immemorial claim to the ownership. In the meantime, generations of the O'Connors had lived and died on the island, at deadly feud with the Burkes, and here was the last of them, left an orphan at an early age, now grown to womanhood, a beautiful flower in this barren spot in the sea.

Suddenly Ethna's attention was drawn to a boat that came skimming over the waves towards the Burke landing stage. It was not the rude *corragh* that plied

regularly between the mainland and Innisroe with provisions. On the contrary, it was as spruce a little yacht as Ethna had ever seen. The idea born in her mind by the sight of it was that one of the Burkes was paying the island a visit.

A pair of glasses which she levelled at the flying sails disclosed the features of the two men in the boat. One was a Liscar fisherman whom she knew, the other a young man, with a thoughtful-looking face. In the stern sheets lay two gun cases and a portmanteau.

"Apparently intends to spend some time here," she said to herself. "Shooting sea fowl I expect," and she wondered which of the young Burkes it was, he in the diplomatic service or the one who had joined the army. "This visit is by way of jogging my memory about the Burke claims, I suppose," she said, as she shut the glasses. Then she bit her under lip and frowned. "They haven't got it all to themselves yet," she added, "and they never will, while there's an O'Connor left." Suddenly her brow cleared and she laughed softly. "I didn't notice that little burst of anger coming on," she said. "I'm afraid the old spirit of the feud hasn't quite died out of the O'Connor blood."

She turned from the window to see Mrs. Moran, the wife of her man of business, standing in the doorway. The Morans and the Halpins were the henchmen of the O'Connors and Burkes respectively. Paddy Moran, his wife and their two lads, were the retainers of the O'Connor household, while the Halpins, with the same number in family, held to the Burkes.

Between the Morans and the Halpins the old feud was kept vigorously alive. They passed the time of day sullenly for a couple of weeks after each annual Mission in Liscar, but thereafter till the religious revival again occurred they only exchanged remarks for purposes of disagreeable candor, active strife being the normal condition of their existence.

The peculiar circumstances of the joint occupation of the island gave them ample opportunity to indulge their antagonism. Except for a small portion round each of the two houses, used for the cultivation of cereals and root crops, there were no fenced lands. The cattle and sheep of both families roamed at will over the wide wastes and it was the nomadic habits of these that gave the Morans and Halpins their frequent chances of contention. For instance, should Moran find some Burke cattle browsing near Rathconrath—a piece of impertinence intolerable even for an instant—there would be a wild chase of them, in the midst of which the Halpins would be encountered, and so willing battle joined. Ethna had done her best to discourage these conflicts, going so far as to hale Father Morrissy from the mainland to lecture the belligerents, but all in vain. A respectful ear was lent to his admonitions, but a determinedly deaf one.

"I came to tell ye that it's one of the Burkes that's in the boat coming, miss," said Mrs. Moran, regarding her mistress closely to see how she took the news.

"I thought it was," said Ethna, "and now, Mary, I do trust that you will try and keep Paddy quiet while the gentleman is here on the island."

"Gintleman, indeed!" snorted Mrs. Moran contemptuously, "is a Burke a gintleman, miss?"

Ethna suppressed a smile at the sneer that curled round Mrs. Moran's lips, and assumed an air of authority.

"I insist on my wish being obeyed for this once at least," she said. "We have our good name to consider, and I don't want Mr. Burke to carry away with him the opinion that we are barbarians."

"Well, all he has to do then is to keep

them disordherly Halpins quiet. Bright airly they were at it this morning. I saw Joe Halpin with my two eyes dhriving some of your cattle across the hill and down through Annaponta till he nearly had them in the say. And all the time there were a lot of Burke sheep aiting their heads off below in our Polcarty."

"I suppose Paddy had something to say to that," said Ethna, with a weary sigh.

"I don't know what he *said*, miss," returned Mrs. Moran, "but judging by his appearance I should imagine he *did* a good dale. Ah, here he is himself coming; he'll tell ye his own story. Paddy, up with ye here."

Paddy in another minute stood on the threshold with all the proud air of a conqueror. But if he was proud, he was also battered. There was a bandage round his head and he had temporarily lost the use of one eye, a mishap that forced him to turn his head askew in order to bring the sight that remained to him to bear upon his beloved mistress.

"You've been fighting again, Paddy," said Ethna, reproachfully.

"Fighting is it, miss?" said Paddy, casting about for an evasion. "No, but it's dhriving them sheep of Burkes out of Polcarty I was."

"But that wouldn't account for that bandage on your head."

"Thrue for ye, miss, but as I was dhriving them off, up comes me bould hayro, Joe Halpin. 'Where are ye dhrivin' them sheep?' says he. 'Anywhere out of this. They belong to a man named Burke who has no right here at all,' says I. With that he ups with his fist and gave me a *polthogue* in the eye, but I beg lave to say—" Paddy was given to courtesy of diction—"I beg lave to say, that he got a rael good one in return, sthraight from the shoulder—"

"This is too bad, Paddy," interrupted Ethna.

"But wait, miss, till ye've heard all. When he picked himself up he took to calling the O'Connors all the bad names he could lay his tongue to. What manner of man could stand that, may I take the liberty of asking?" and Paddy's eyes flashed lightnings. "Not Paddy Moran, at any rate, miss. I attacked him without a minyet's delay, and only for that little scorpion of a son of his, who came and thripped me up behind, Joe Halpin would have been left sick and sore for many a long day."

"More power to ye, Paddy," cried Mrs. Moran in vehement praise of the prowess of her spouse.

"I often wonder whether it is true that I am really mistress of this island," said Ethna with a hopeless air.

"It's just because the Burkes won't own to that that we have all this throuble," returned Paddy.

"But I mean mistress amongst my own people," said Ethna.

"Arrah, what could put any other notion into your head, Miss Ethna?" cried Mrs. Moran, with the air of one deriding a heresy. "Sure wouldn't we die for ye?"

"Well, then, if there's any genuineness in your professions, give up this senseless feud," said Ethna promptly.

"And mustn't we purtect our own?" wailed Paddy. "Is it that we're to let upstarts like the Burkes ride roughshod over us?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Ethna gently, "all you have to do is to exercise a little forbearance. Keep out of the way of the Halpins as much as you can, and—"

The shrill voice of little Larry Moran from below stairs, broke into Ethna's admonition.

"Mother, have ye e'er a bit of sticking plasther? That little Pat Halpin came at

me awhile ago with a peg of a stone, but I sent him off whistling tally ho with a flay in his ear, never doubt me."

Mrs. Moran, coughing loudly to drown this confession of strife, hurried away. Paddy, however, regarding Larry's achievement as further evidence of the invincibility of the champions of the O'Connors, beamed his satisfaction.

"Did ye hear that, miss?" said he proudly. "I make bould to say that Larry is the grandest little fella from this to Dublin. Musha, 'tis he that would die for ye. Aye, and so would every one of us. Sure the last dhrop of our blood is there for ye for the asking."

"I know that," said Ethna softly, and a mist came over her eyes, for she was well aware that Paddy's profession of fidelity was genuine to the last word. "I'm afraid it's little use to try and check you."

"No, miss," said Paddy determinedly, "not while the Burkes dispute a single square yard of this island with ye."

Meanwhile the little boat had drawn up at the Burke landing stage. Roderick Burke jumped ashore and cordially shook hands with a man whose head was bandaged and who had a limp in his gait.

"Met with an accident, Halpin?" asked Roderick with concern.

"Sorra accident, your honor. It was them thieving Morans that did it. Joey, take up the masther's bag to the house and do you Tim carry up the gun cases."

"You still keep alive the old feud then," said young Burke, pursuing the road to the house beside his limping bailiff.

"Sure we aren't going for to let the O'Connors take liberties with us, your honor," was Joe's evasive but explanatory response.

"It seems senseless to keep up a quarrel of centuries ago," said the young man.

"The raison for it stands the same today as when it began," returned Halpin, promptly. "Here we have them impident rogues of O'Connors living on the fat of the island, feeding their cattle here and doing as they plaze undher our noses, and all the time your honor the owner of it."

Roderick laughed.

"I'm rather dubious about that," said he. "You see, Halpin, the point was never legally settled."

"Well, then, until it is settled there'll be no peace or quietness here I'm thinking," was Halpin's rejoinder.

"You must try to be forbearing towards your neighbors. Keep yourself in proper restraint, you know," admonished Roderick.

"Resthraint is it, with that rogue of a Paddy Moran schaming night and day to rob your honor?"

Roderick laughed.

"You're a faithful fellow, Halpin," said he, "though somewhat too vigorous in your fidelity. But at any rate, try to restrain yourself while I'm here."

"Well, just to plaze your honor, I'll make a thrial," Halpin responded in a gloomy tone. Then came an afterthought that restored his good spirits. "But sorra notion Paddy Moran has of resthraining himself," he said cheerily. "Sorra much resthraint about that fella ye'll find."

"It takes two to make a quarrel," said Roderick.

"Not when Paddy Moran's about, your honor."

Roderick walked up to the house smiling while he shook his head ruefully.

The next day as he strolled along the edge of the cliff with his gun he met Ethna O'Connor. It was a moment of embarrassment for her, but the young diplomat, skilled in encountering difficult situations, quickly set the young girl at her ease. In fact so much so, that a moment after, she found herself informing

him with vivacity, of the sporting possibilities of the island, offering to send little Larry Moran to show him the favorite haunts of the wild fowl.

Roderick laughed at this proposal.

"I don't think it would be safe to trust myself to any member of the Moran family," he said. "There are cliffs, and crevasses, and bogholes, and the Morans I understand are not favorably disposed towards us."

Ethna flushed and bit her lip. In a moment, however, her annoyance was gone.

"This feud is deplorable," she said. "I have done my best to check it, but it's not the least use."

"The old tribal spirit is in them still," said Roderick. "And do you know, Miss O'Connor, though I gave Halpin a severe lecture about it yesterday, yet I can't help feeling a secret admiration for these fine fellows. In this age of selfishness and greed it is quite refreshing to meet men that serve an ideal, even prepared to give their lives for it. With Halpin and your man here, it is their unselfish devotion to our respective families that prompts this continuous strife. It were well for the world that there were more of such fine-hearted fellows in it."

Ethna had cast upon him a wondering look.

"But you surely don't encourage such conduct," she said.

"Not at all. It is the idea that prompts it that I like. In fact, so far from encouraging it I shall do my best while I am here to stamp it out, and I shall expect you to help me."

The two young people met frequently after this. Roderick soon discovered that the best shooting in the island was to be had in the vicinity of Rathconrath. Thither he proceeded daily with his gun and it would go hard with him if he did not encounter Ethna out walking, and receive an invitation to afternoon tea.

Presently the charm of Ethna's presence enfolded the young man, until the sporting interest waned utterly, became indeed but a miserable subterfuge for bringing him into the neighborhood of the woman he had grown to love.

Meanwhile the retainers by no means imitated the amicable attitude of their chiefs. In fact Roderick Burke twice personally intervened in pitched battles. On one occasion he had come up just in time to prevent a general engagement, wherein Joe Halpin and his two lads were about to make a concentrated movement upon the whole force of the Morans who were driving some predatory Burke cattle over the brow of the hill.

Roderick had refrained from mentioning these things to Ethna. With a timidity born of the knowledge of his love for her, he had come to regard the subject of the feud between the two families as a dangerous one, and he now took care to keep it remote from their conversation.

One evening, however, they were sitting together in the porch of Rathconrath, gazing along the path of gold that stretched to the failing sun, both filled with the sweet peace of the hour, when a loud cry rent the air.

"My poor Paddy! He's kilt on me. Wirrasthrue, that I should live to see this day."

Ethna and Roderick jumped up and ran round the end of the house to see Mrs. Moran wringing her hands, as she rushed to the road gate.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Moran?" asked Ethna.

"Oh, my Paddy's kilt. I was at the window above and I saw Halpin give him a *polthogue*, and now he's below in the road lying sthretched. Och, that I should live to see this day."

Ethna and Roderick quickly out-

stripped Mrs. Moran, only to find Paddy picking up his hat prior to advancing on Halpin, who stood a short way up the road, shouting defiance at his rival.

On the appearance of his master, Halpin disappeared, and Paddy was immediately taken in charge by his weeping spouse. As for Ethna and Roderick they walked back to the house deep in thought. When they were again seated in the porch, Ethna turned to the young man.

"What are we to do about this?" she said. "You promised when you first came here that you would try to put a stop to it."

Roderick gazed at the sweet face of the girl and his lips trembled.

"I know of only one way, but I think it certain of success if you will agree to it," he said at length.

"I will agree to anything," she returned.

"Then we must remove the cause of the feud."

"The doubt about the ownership of the island, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I don't see how it can be done," she said in a low voice. "One of us might of course arrange to buy out the other's claim, but I am not rich enough to buy yours, and I would not sell the home of my fathers for untold gold."

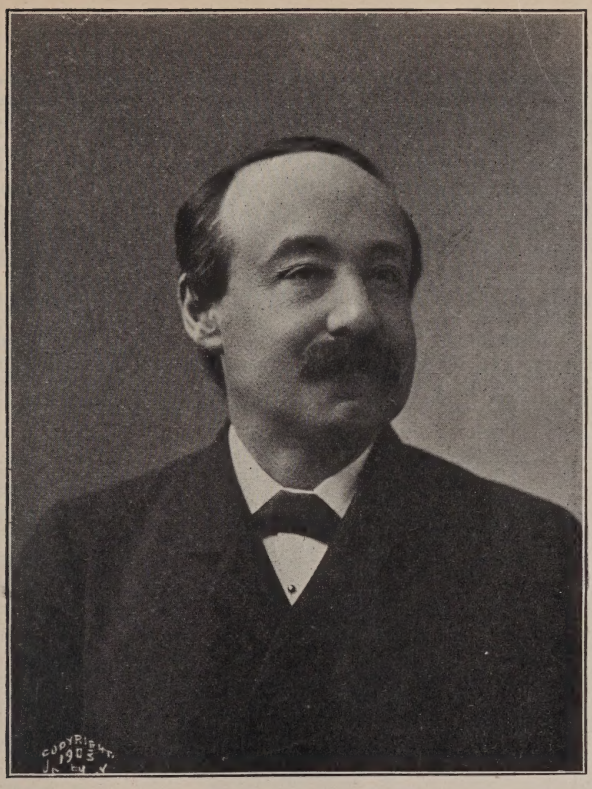
"But there is another way," he said.

She gazed at him with enquiring eyes.

"Well?"

"We could merge our claims," he returned in a tone of deep earnestness.

For a moment she did not understand, and she was about to ask his meaning when illumination swept in upon her. A sharp pang of doubt seized Roderick as he saw her head droop and her hands tremble. But when the head lifted he caught in her eyes that which told him that the island feud had become but a memory.



HON. CHARLES J BONAPARTE.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, the newly appointed Secretary of the Navy, lucidly defines the relation between the Church and the American people, in an article in the *Ave Maria*, entitled "Catholicism and Americanism." He says:

"We Catholic Americans should know and feel the full burden of duty and consequent responsibility cast upon us by the Church's growing greatness. To my mind nothing can be more certain than that the Church has greatly prospered in America precisely because America greatly needed the Church.

"A self-governing nation, of all others, needs the Catholic Church. She can remind the sovereign people, as one having authority over it as over all monarchs, that right and

MISS ANNIE O'BRIEN CHRISTITCH.

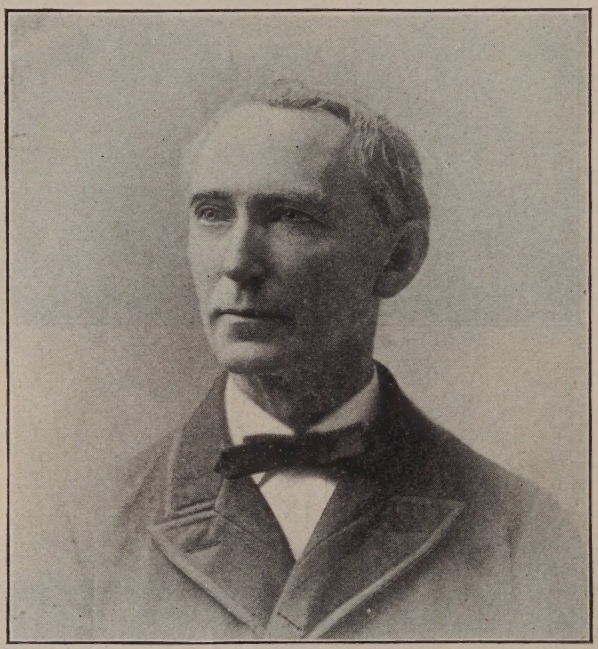
wrong are things changeless and eternal, not moulded by earthly fortune or fixed by its or any royal pleasure; that for her success never sanctifies a fraud; that for her as for her Founder, one man's guilt is but blackened when he finds to share it thousands of accomplices or dupes.

"True, the Church has no politics; she knows nothing of candidates or platforms, of administrations or politics, of tariffs or currencies. She is mute on every question as to which honest men may honestly differ, and no more tells her children what ticket they shall vote than what food they shall eat or what clothes they shall wear. But as she demands that they shall eat with temperance, that they dress with decency, so she requires of them to vote with an unclouded judgment, with an undrugged conscience, with the good of their country as their motive, with the fear of God before their eyes.

"Needed in all times and all countries, she is —or at least to me she seems— needed most of all in our day and our country, for today Americans are learning what burdens, what dangers, what temptations wait on national greatness. * * *

"If Catholic laymen are to act, what is the rightful sphere and what are the just limits of their action. I see no need to answer this question. The work God gives a man to do he is not forced to seek; it will seek him. He requires no telescope to look for it in Mars or the Milky Way, no microscope to find it among germs or bacilli. The fussy people who are always mistaking their vocations and getting into one another's way meddle in everybody else's business precisely because they will not attend to their own. There is certainly and always was work for each one of them to do, and it is certainly and always right before his eyes. But it may, it probably will be, or at least look, hard and dismal and uninviting, and so he tries not to see where it is, and searches for it painfully where he knows well it is not.

"To every suggested field of energy and effort I would apply the Gospel test—judge of the tree by its fruits, not by its branches or leaves, or flowers, not by outward bulk and show of foliage or promise of pleasure to the eye; but by the plain, practical consideration: Will its products be good to eat? Will your labors make your fellowmen stronger and braver and happier and more useful. If you are sure they will no matter in how small measure and after how long a time, you have found your appointed task. It may be a little thing at first; but if it deserves to live and grow, it will live and grow. Only one acorn out of a thousand becomes an oak, but that one was once as small as any among its less fortunate fellows.



DANIEL J. ROONEY.

"I ventured to point out how important—nay, how vital—it was to the success and credit of the Church to have her children truly believe and show forth by their lives how truly they do believe, that no man can be a good Catholic who is not also a good citizen; that the obligations of loyal obedience to constituted civil authority, of faithful and zealous fulfillment of the several duties imposed upon each member of the society by the law of the land—obligations which have been ever and everywhere unequivocably recognized and emphatically proclaimed by the Church—rest sacredly upon every freeman in a self-governing republic, and forbid any surrender to selfishness or cowardice or sloth, any compromise with iniquity or dishonor, in the work which his country demands of him. It is not enough that this doctrine be affirmed in our catechisms or declared by our preachers; it must be recognized in our lives. When there shall be no unworthy citizen who is also in name a Catholic, the Catholic Church in America will have no enemy whom any good man could wish to be her friend."

Miss Annie Christitch, of Belgrade, Servia, availing herself of the correspondence classes of Cambridge, England, prepared herself for matriculation, travelled to London to take the examination, and is now studying in the same manner for her B.A. Her translations from Servian and Russian have met with favor in the London magazines, and she has contributed some original sketches to *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Believing in the necessity of physical training Miss Christitch relieves the course of study by fencing, riding, skating and cycling — her devotion to these sports being almost equal to her love of study. This eighteen-year-old Servian girl, whose mother by the way is a Dublin woman, has proved that a University course is within the reach of every girl who has the pluck and perseverance to take advantage of opportunities afforded by correspondence classes.

Mr. Daniel J. Rooney is the oldest employee in the downtown post-office, New York. Postmaster William R. Willcox of the New York General Post-office sent for Mr. Rooney to congratulate him on being fifty years in the post-office, and to wish him many more years of service.

In the evening the clerks presented him with a gold-headed walking stick, Mr. Owen McDermott making the speech.

When Mr. Rooney joined the service the clerks sorted the Boston mail in five minutes. Once a week the newspapers, the Herald, Globe and Pilot from Boston swelled the mail. The office was in an old Dutch Reformed Church at Nassau Street and Liberty.

When the present Federal Building was ready for occupancy, Mr. Rooney, under Postmaster Thomas L. James' orders, brought the first mail from the old building to the new.

Franklin Pierce was President and Isaac V. Fowler, postmaster, when Mr. Rooney was appointed. For two years he was a carrier for the territory between Twentieth and Thirty-fourth Streets, on the east side.

The names of the postmasters under whom he has served are Fowler, Dix, Taylor, Wakeman, Kelly, Jones, James, Pierson, VanCott, Dayton, Van Cott again, and Willcox. He has lived in Union Hill, New Jersey, for the last forty years.

The Round Table of the New Century, Washington, D. C., is one of those alluring corners towards which the literary mind turns instinctively with pleasant anticipation. From week to week bits of interesting biography, bright comment on people and events, well-balanced criticism, and timely suggestions are presented in this department, so cleverly conducted by Mr. Charles J. Phillips, the managing editor of the New Century. The cry of the times that a young man can no longer inform himself on every part of a calling that he may wish to pursue is not true of Catholic journalism.

Mr. Phillips is a notable example of what ability and industry can do when they unite their forces. Though only twenty-four years old he has made his mark in Catholic journalism. In addition to his arduous duties as managing editor Mr. Phillips finds time to write occasionally for other publications, and has also written a play. He is a native of New Richmond, Wisconsin, and before coming to Washington filled an editorial position in St. Paul. Mr. Phillips attributes much of his success in his literary career to the advice and encouragement of Mr. James Riley of Boston.

Photograph by Harris-Ewing, Washington.

CHARLES J. PHILLIPS.

LARGEST PLAY-HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CIRCUS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Long ago I remember having been deeply impressed with the cry of the Roman mob to their leaders: panem et circenses! Bread and the circus! There is a philosophy of life for you. At first there seemed to be no parity between the two; one a necessity, the other a luxury. Time and experience have satisfied me that they stand on the same plane. Food and play are the two prime necessities of the child, and the human mob remains ever the child. Bread and the circus, these necessities were named in the Roman day. Each age translates the thing into its own language. In Spain it would be garlic and the bull-fight, in Italy macaroni and opera, in New York it is beef and baseball. The human animal is greedier of fun than of food, and he will go without the bread longer than without the circus.

In certain aspects and conditions this appetite for pleasure becomes terrible, as when a poor man gets suddenly rich and turns himself loose to play; or when a wild youth reaches his majority and his father's estate; or when the hard-worked country swain comes to town for a holiday. These strange spectacles are the daily entertainment of the metropolis, and keep the police busy. Say what you will, the Puritan was a poor politician, for the people *will* play because they *must,* and laws cannot hold them to se-

dateness. The Roman leaders were wise, in that while they robbed the world and stripped labor of its wages, they kept the mob supplied with bread and the circus. The mistake of our modern industrial system lies in forgetting that prime necessity of our nature: play. Carnegie is throwing his money away on libraries, when he should have built and endowed the people's show-house. The Rockefeller octopus squeezes the play-money and the play-spirit out of the multitude; for which one day the mob will skin the octopus and make sport of its death-agony, as it did in France under Robespierre.

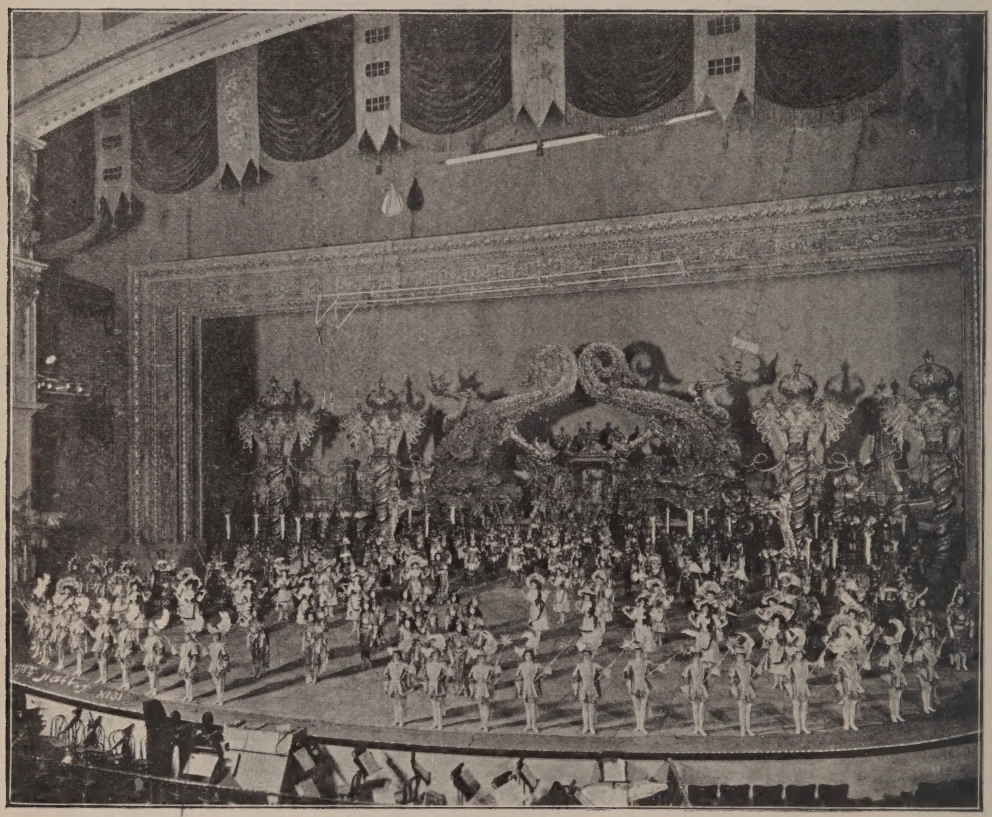
All this came to me with the thought and the spectacle of the Hippodrome, the new house of entertainment for the metropolis. The first permanent circus in New York is also the largest in the world. It will seat a little more than five thousand people, and entertain them twice a day with no more fuss and trouble than would a country tent-show. It is a marvel, but in this city no one marvels any more. The auditorium is built on four tremendous columns standing at each corner of a square; the roof-trusses make a single leap from these columns to the peak at the center; the seats in pit and galleries curve like a young moon from wall to wall; the boxes make imposing facades at either end; that part of the stage outside the

"A YANKEE CIRCUS ON MARS."

Bessie McCoy—Aurora. Felix Havey—King of Mars.
Olive North, Princess of Mars. Vernon Lee—The Astrologer.

proscenium arch lies under the view from the boxes, advancing into the curve of the moon. Never was there a proscenium and curtain like these which separate the auditorium from the building in which lies an immense theatre with all its modern appointments. The curtain may be one hundred and fifty feet long and half as high, but it moves up and down as easily as if made of gauze. A scene painted on it shows a walled chateau in a gloomy sunset, fierce red clouds on the sky reflected in a lily-pond that covers the entire curtain. White lilies, green flat leaves, fire-red water, black clouds all ablaze, and the lonely chateau between, half concealed by the wall and some cypress trees: a gorgeous mass of colors! The vast space and the fiery curtain give every boy the moment he enters, the feeling that already he has his money's worth.

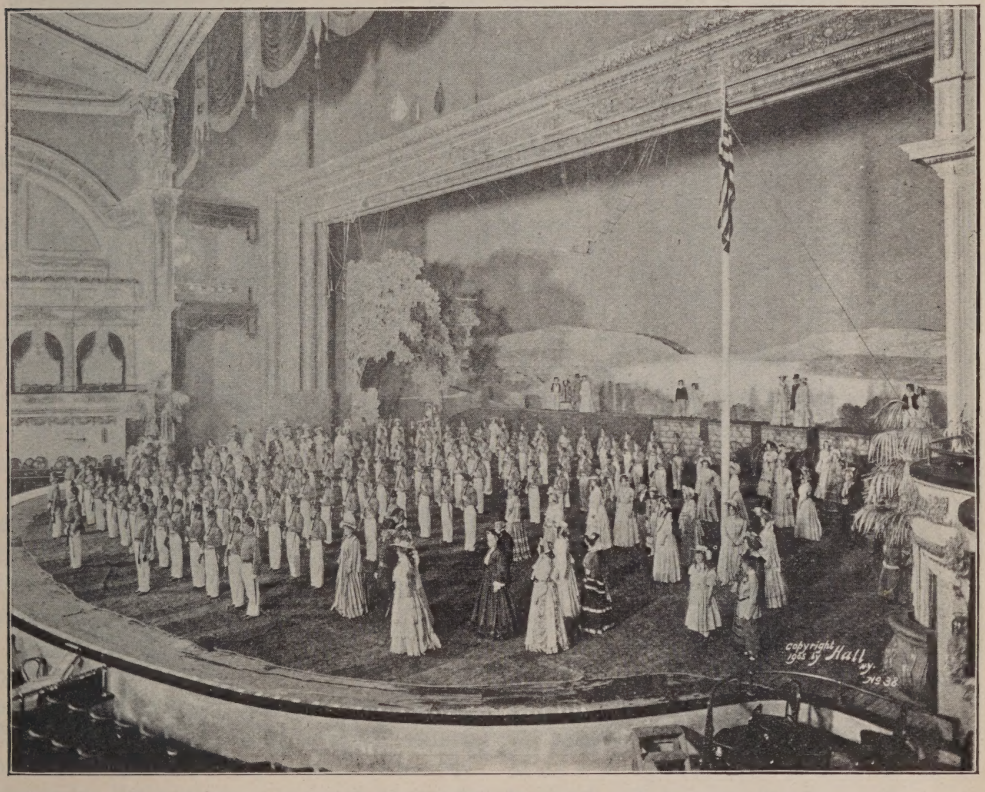
It is a spectacle in itself to see the audience enter and leave, five thousand of the human on pleasure bent; they flutter in almost noiselessly, and melt from sight in their exit, so little does their up-



"A YANKEE CIRCUS ON MARS," SCENE II

roar affect that vast space. The air remains as cool and sweet as the air of the forest, so perfect is the ventilation. The speakers and singers exert themselves somewhat, but they are heard by all from any position on the front stage; yet the ordinary speaking of the crowd in the intermissions is swallowed up, making only faint murmurs. The entertain-

ment is gigantic. Five hundred people rush on and whirl through their evolutions, and one imagines there may have been a hundred. There is no hitch, no interruption, no blundering. Yet the real marvel is not in these things. That the scheme should have been brought into existence at all: that ten thousand people can be coaxed into it every day: these are the real marvels.



WEST POINT SCENE IN "THE RAIDERS."

The appetite for fun is growing in New York. It has shown itself very clearly in the last decade in two forms, the multiplication of the restaurants and the popular shows. Think of that, students of history, who imagine the Roman time very far off from ours. Bread and the circus! Here is the cry resounding in New York twenty centuries after Rome! What a tremendous echo! Fifteen years ago one could count the famous restaurants from memory, and the cheaper places hardly existed; now the known and the unknown are simply legion, of every variety, to suit every taste and purse, from the quick lunch to Delmonico's. In 1890 I advised the young men and women seeking a career to establish news stands or restaurants or bootblack booths. The advice was accepted as evidence of a pleasant but unpractical temperament. At this moment the great capitalists have all three in their possession, and find more gold in them than Alaska produces. After the play the mob seek the restaurant, and feed the stomach, as they fed the imagination, with a great variety of pleasant

but not harmless concoctions. Bread and the circus!

But now the band is playing, the people are eating peanuts and milk chocolate, and the mammoth show is about to begin. A fond mother enters the nearest open box, and plants her two baby boys in front seats as the curtain goes up and shows the familiar sight of a country

ROYAL GUARDS OF THE KING OF MARS.

circus in full blast on the village green. The two babies take firm hold of the brass railing and fix wondering eyes on the scene. For ten minutes their attitude never changes. The spell has them. They have enjoyed their bread; here is the first taste of the circus. After ten minutes the spell is broken. The confusion has no meaning for them, and they ignore the performance, devote their energies to more comprehensible things, and spoil the circus for mamma. On the stage two hundred people are giving a good imitation of a traveling circus in distress. The tents are gaudy with banners and bunting, the country people are moving about breathless amid the splendor, the side-show men and lemonade merchants are shouting their business, and the sheriff is dealing kindly but firmly with the circus proprietors for the payment of past debts. It is life-like, stirs the old memories, reminds the Pierpont Morgans in the audience of that far-off day when they envied the boy bare-back rider, glorious in his spangled suit, breathless from leaps and tumbles,

as he sat on his fiery steed, which ambled around the arena at the breakneck speed of four miles an hour.

The circus proprietors get an invitation to give their show in Mars, from a messenger specially sent by the King. They accept the offer and are transported to the planet. As shown on the Hippodrome stage Mars seems to be a very habitable place, with a fondness for processions, a love of brilliant dress, and a tendency to drink; its King has an Irish brogue, and its prime minister is also the royal astronomer, his chief business being the discovery and steering away from other stars. For the royal pleasure the circus gave a performance with great vim and abounding variety. Evidently the Egyptians had been spoiled to minister to our pleasure, so many and strange were the incidents and the performers. There is nothing more artificial than a circus, and in one respect nothing more abnormal; yet the spectacle offers profound insight into the nature of the rational animal called man. At one part a clown walked into the general view, clad in a lady's cloak, which bulged around his form until he appeared four times the ordinary size. Head and hands and feet were visible and of ordinary proportions.

His approach to the ring was stopped by fear of some kind, and his head sank out of sight down the neck of the cloak. This garment was really of wood, stood by itself on the stage, and presently showed a little window in front, through which the frightened clown thrust his head and surveyed the threatening danger. Closing this window he then opened a good-sized door in the back of the cloak and appeared in the ordinary costume of his profession. The big cloak, relieved of his presence, took itself off behind the scenes. The clown then proceeded to entertain his audience with a number of grotesque musical instruments, which to describe would baffle the powers of any language. How he must have studied and labored to work up all the details of his speciality to that point of perfection which wins the long, warm, spontaneous applause of the immense audience. They gave it to him abundantly, accompanied with the bubbling laughter which so tickles the hungry ears of the artist and the manager. For laughing applause means fame and money to him who provokes it. This particular clown bowed his acknowledgments again and again, and one could see his willingness to gather in the harvest of plaudits to the last faint utterance.

As in art and science the aim of the circus artist is the impossible. Approach to it is by geometrical progression which means that the aim will never be attained. Nevertheless the advance interests you. A ladder is a form of bridge which carries you from one point to another, upward or downward, usually in a slanting direction. Like every bridge it must have at least two supports, the beginning and end of the journey and of the bridge's office. Considering this matter the artist of the circus conceives a ladder with only one support, therefore with only a beginning; a bridge which leads to nothing in particular. He proceeds to make it possible, with a success pronounced enough to warrant an exhibition in the kingdom of Mars. A light ladder is held by an attendant, who surrenders it to the artist when he is ready for his feat. The artist climbs it to the top, keeping it erect, without other support than the floor, across which it dances nervously in the effort to maintain equilibrium; a second performer climbs after him, and perhaps a third; and they cavort there ad libitum amid rapturous applause. After all the bridge has its second support — it is the favor of the audience.

Picture the long and hard labor to render the impossible a fact in this case. What is the nature of that impulse which urges human beings to feats of this kind? On its face it looks absurd. The Maloney boys, in our street long ago, exhausted their mother's stock of vituperation by their dreadful performances on a trapeze in the rear yard. The leisure of years was used by these three children in the pursuit of their favorite pastime. But for fifteen years past they have been earning a thousand a week in a tumbling play which shows off their acquirements. Mrs. Maloney wore diamonds many years before she died. Their splendor was discounted by her constant fear that one of her muscular darlings would be brought home with a broken neck, but the tragedy never happened. The ladder incident is duplicated in the marksmanship of a Frenchman, Col. Bordeverry, who tries to get as near as possible to killing a man without disturbing a hair of his victim's head. The Colonel rushes on the stage in the uniform of a French officer, and with the speed and heat of a brave man holding off a superior enemy fires at all kinds of targets without missing the bull's eye once.

He plays a piano by shooting at peculiar keys, and is accompanied by the orchestra; he takes aim on his back; and at times he employs human targets. It is his boast that in a career of fifteen years he has never missed or blundered. The human targets have perfect confidence in him. He shoots glass bulbs from their heads and their fingers, the ashes from a cigarette held in the mouth, and finally he shoots the clothes off a lady dressed in superb street attire, whereupon she appears in the simple robes of a Greek maid. It was whispered recently that the authorities objected to the Colonel's exhibition on the ground that one day there must be a fatality; and in consequence the marksman demonstrated to the objectors the impossibility of serious injury, as the bullets used would not penetrate the human skin. This whisper would explain the calmness of the people shot at by the gallant Colonel. They seemed to have the clearest certainty of eating their supper that evening.

Almost unnoticed in the mob of performers is a Hindoo juggler who plays all the tricks made famous by the books of travel fifty years ago: the seed planted in a flower-pot and growing into a beautiful rose-bush, and the man thrust into a basket which is then penetrated with a sword in all directions, the supposed victim coming out unhurt. They are cheap enough to-day. In this case the chief interest lies in the victim of the basket. The juggler is an ordinary Hindoo, plump and cheerful, the assistant is almost a dwarf, nearly as black as a Negro, of slender bones and tough build. His master crushes him into the basket, then jumps into it, sits in it, and treats it as empty. The slender assistant is all the time curled along the sides of the basket, as a blanket might be. What relationship exists between the master and the man I cannot say. The juggler treads him as dirt, and the Dirt accepted its place with indifference, except that it appeared to regard the juggler with the utmost reverence. A word of command or irritation sent the Dirt scurrying to its proper place, and the audience, scenting the situation, jeered both as if contemptuous of the far-off civilization which had made possible such a relation between men.

The chief clown is known as Marcelline the Droll, and his special business is to tickle the humor of the children. This may seem a descent for the modern representative of the court wit, who caught the shafts of monarchs and statesmen and sent them back steeped in wormwood, and sometimes in poison.

Yet on second thought one would rather tickle a child to laughter than make a diplomat squirm. Marcelline has the choice position in the circus. The mere sight of him sets the children laughing. What a revelation that laughter is to the grown-ups, so true and sweet and spontaneous is its silvery explosion. The sages have told us that man is the only animal which laughs; I offer an amendment with due humility. It is only the children who laugh. We grown-ups cachinnate. Laughter is with us a reminiscence, which brings tears to our eyes and soreness to our muscles; with the children it is the voice of their pure joy in just living, the sweet gurgle and bubbling of the brook on its way to the sea. We laugh at Marcelline the Droll because the children laugh, and we sigh for the enchanted time when the clown was the funniest being in the whole world. Just at present we wonder why he draws so fine a salary. There is an excellent reason for all things.

The entertainment closes with a bit of realism, consisting of two scenes from American life; a dress-parade at West Point and a lively skirmish of the Civil War. The reproduction of the parade-ground at the military academy is simply perfect; the spacious campus, the wonderful view of the Hudson northward, and the groups of officers, cadets and visitors. The time is the year of 1861, and the visitors are dressed in the flowing garments of the period. The cadets give their dress-parade in excellent style, the band plays, the ladies applaud. The sun is setting, and at the exact moment of sundown the beautiful ceremony of lowering the colors takes place. The news of the firing on Fort Sumter comes to spoil the pleasure of the day; the cadets take sides; the lovers part with a double grief of separation and of political hostility; for she is of the South and he of the North; and she throws a rose from her breast at his feet as she goes in tears. The second scene is in the Cumberland mountains and the war is on. The front half of the stage sinks fifteen feet below the level, and fills with water, until it looks like a mountain stream; at the back are roads and bridges, woods and shrubberies. Troopers ride across in pursuit of enemies, guns thunder across the bridges, infantry shoot from the woods and the shrubberies, men tumble dead into the stream and float away, and finally in the grand conclusion the escaping troopers one after the other take to the river and swim into safety. There is no sense of witnessing a sham-battle; it is the real thing, and the nerves tingle, the breath grows short, and little shrieks come from the audience.

Such is the new Hippodrome in part, but mere words give only a faint idea of its power of entertainment. The appetite for amusement is insatiable, however. The capitalists intend to make of the city and its environs a play-ground for the visitors of the nation. Coney Island has now its gigantic shows, and plans are being drawn for an immense affair at the extreme north end of Manhattan. Bread and the circus! History repeats itself over and over. These tendencies, universal, inevitable, and above all profitable, are bound to get a development in this country which never yet has come to them. The righteous express anxiety as to the final result. One fact must be remembered: that so far the public entertainment has shown an ever-increasing regard for public morals.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Songs and Poems, by Lizzie Twigg, with introduction by V. Rev. Canon Sheehan, D.D. Doneraile. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. 1905. 60 cents.

Very timely is this dainty volume of verse, singing of the flowers, and birds, and swaying grasses, and the music of rippling waters. It is restful to the wearied city dweller to get away even in fancy to the scenes here depicted with irresistible charm. Thus in "The Orchard" we see "green leaves quivering in the wind" and hear the song birds trilling out their joy.

"And, oh! the burst from the thrush's throat,
And, oh! the cry from its answering mate,
And, oh! for the blackbird's clear, long note
Down from the lilac near the gate.
Filling the air with melody."

Even more instinct with the gladness of life is "A Song of Joy."

"A green bank under a hawthorn tree
Sing, oh sing, right cheerily,
Violets blue and violets white,
Primroses yellow, and cowslips bright;
Lilt of a lark and the blackbird's note,
Thrush's trill on the air afloat—
A green bank under a hawthorn tree
And many a queen might envy me."

A more serious note is sounded in "At Sunset."

"How have we spent the closing day? Will the ending peaceful be?
Will the tide glide smooth as it nearer moves to the sea of eternity?
Yet fear we not though the day be short, though swiftly the shadows fall,
The sun will rise on a brighter day, and God watches over all."

No truer appreciation of this collection of verse can be uttered than is found in the introduction by Dr. Sheehan. He says, among other tributes spoken from the heart, "To every one who has the real, generous Celtic instinct, and a cordial appreciation of sweet, simple, yet melodious verses, this little volume will be welcome. But, we repeat, its great merit is that it is one of the thousand voices that are calling, calling to our countrymen at home and beyond the seas, to understand the greatness of their heritage; and the form and features and beauty of that motherland that has inspired so many generations of patriots and poets; and of that motherland in its closest kinship with the great heart of Nature itself."

A Daughter of Kings, by Katherine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1905. $1.25.

Following closely on the publication of "Julia" comes "The Daughter of Kings" to delight all readers who love a novel of home life. This story appeared first in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE as a serial and was widely read. John Corbett and his numerous family are very entertaining people to know, and when Anne and the Duchess, and Madam Daly and Judy, and Mrs. Perkins and the handsome artist, and the Armitage groups are added there is no thought of putting down the book until one knows what becomes of all the characters. How the master of Minster came into possession is in itself a pretty story that comes to a satisfactory end when the last of the Sachevarells wins the angelic young daughter of the house and thus unites their fortunes. Mrs. Hinkson is a born matchmaker and is never satisfied with one or two weddings. There are at least a half a dozen in this story, and it is a fascinating occupation to keep all the lovers' affairs in mind until the differences and difficulties are smoothed away, and the sound of wedding bells is heard from Castle Daly to the magnificent estate of Minster.

A Gleaner's Sheaf, compiled by a member of the Ursuline community, Sligo. R. & T. Washbourne, London. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1905. 30 cents net.

This collection of thoughts in prose and verse carries many an encouraging message, words of hope and consolation spoken by men and women whose lives exemplified their teaching. The gleaner has done her work well, and her efforts will be warmly appreciated by those whom the book is intended to help. It might have been more satisfactory to readers to know in all cases the sources from which the selections were taken, and we would suggest that a future edition include gleanings from another field of golden sheaves—"The Inner Life of the Soul," by Susan L. Emery. It is time that the holy counsel, uplifting thoughts, and crystal-pure inspirations contained in this book were finding their way into compilations such as the Gleaner's Sheaf.

Ballads of a Country Boy, by Seumas MacManus. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin. 1905. 40 cents.

"Long, long ago," says Seumas MacManus in the preface to his latest book, "there was a barefoot boy, frayed of garments, wont to scud the moors, and skip the hills, and

thread his way by the briary brooks in the green glens of Donegal, his pockets bursting with ballads, and his heart with love of Ireland." A number of these ballads are given to the public in the book recently issued, together with songs of a later day, when the boy had become a man who had achieved much in the world of letters, and had learned from life his lesson of grief and loss.

"The braes they are aflame with whin,
The glens with flowers rejoice;
In every bush a gladsome bird
Lifts up a tuneful voice.
Yet whin, and flower, and bonny bird
And each sweet melody;
But adds an ache to my sore heart,
A mhuirnin geal mo chroidhe."

This opening poem is perhaps the finest in the collection.

In similar strain is "In Dark Hour."

"I turn my steps where the lonely road
Winds far as the eye can see,
And I bend my back for the burden sore
That God has reached down to me.

I set my face to the grey wild wastes,
I bend my back to the load —
Dear God be kind with the heart-sick child
Who steps on the lonely road."

"When I was Twenty Wan," "The Coming of Owen Roe," "The Path Across the Moor," "Father Phil," and "The Hedge Schoolmasters" are among the poems that will linger in the memory, the human interest is so strong and true.

The country boy who could give voice to the thoughts expressed in this little volume was indeed rich, as he claims to be numbering himself among "the millionaire magnates of the earth, master of mines among his native mountains, gold and silver mines and diamonds, which sank to insignificance all the trove of over-sung El Dorado.'

Life Illuminated. By Ella Dann Moore. New York and Washington. The Neal Publishing Co., 1905.

The compiler gives us in this useful volume the gleanings of many years in the harvest fields of literature.

It was her practice, when reading the works of eminent authors, to jot down the pointed remarks and the brilliant expressions. These were afterwards carefully classified, and they now form a goodly volume of brave thoughts and of inspiring utterances. "Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Collingwood never saw a vacant place on his estate, but he took an acorn and dropped it in, so deal with your compliments in life. An acorn costs nothing, but it may sprout into a prodigious growth of timber."

Dorset Dear, by M. E. Francis. Longmans, Green & Company, London and New York. 1905. $1.50.

M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell) makes as close a study of humble Dorset folks as Miss Jane Barlow does of her lowly neighbors in Donegal. These idylls of country life have an interest all their own, depicting scenes such as "Dada's Home-Coming"; the young mother proudly carrying her little son through "The Heart of the Green," and the wooing of Martha by the aptly-named William Faithfull. The superstition of the peasant is demonstrated in "Witch Ann," the story of a kindly old woman who would have fared ill at the hands of her neighbors were it not for the sound good sense and devotion of her daughter Martha and the hearty support of Farmer Joyce.

The Senor Lieutenant's Wager and Other Stories. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1905.

These short stories make varied and pleasant reading for an idle hour. The contents page includes the names of Eleanor C. Donnelly, Maurice Francis Egan, Clara Mulholland, Anna T. Sadlier, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Margaret E. Jordan, and many other writers who have won their way into the hearts of the Catholic reading public.

The Transplanting of Tessie, by Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1905.

Tessie Neville, the little heroine of the story, is a convent school girl who puts into active practice in her uncle's home the training she received from the nuns, and by force of example brings about a change of heart in the people among whom her new life is cast. The story begins on New Year's eve and ends with Easter—and all the joy that holy season brings to practical Catholics.

The pamphlets distributed by the various Catholic Truth Societies in this country represent an output of Catholic literature the influence of which may not be measured by known results. Among the booklets issued by the San Francisco, Chicago, or Brooklyn offices are "A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms" by Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, S.T.L.; "God Exists" by R. F. Clarke; "The Popes in Rome"; "Catholicism and Reason" and "Why I Became a Catholic" by Hon. Henry C. Dillon; "Christ is God" by Rev. J. T. Roche; "The Catholic Church in Japan" by Rev. Dr. Casartelli; "The Inquisition," edited by Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S.J.; and "Agnosticism" by Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D.

The International Truth Society is making arrangements with all the Catholic Truth so-

cieties of the English-speaking world to circulate their publications over a widely-extended territory, and to expedite the work has brought out a select Catalogue of Tracts and Pamphlets. Twenty-five cents is the highest price charged, and many may be bought for five cents each. Special rates are made on large numbers. Any information desired in regard to this matter will be given on application to the headquarters of the Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The report of the sixth annual meeting of this society includes a paper on "Truth and its Responsibilities" by V. Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan.

"The Report of the Catholic Parochial Schools of the United States," by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, "The Report of the Bureau of Indian Missions," and the announcements of the Catholic University of America in connection with the School of the Technological Sciences are recent publications that will engage the attention of readers, who wish to know something of what the Church in America is doing for all classes of her children.

QUESTION BOX.

Please give a list of the Popes acknowledged by all Catholics.

The "Gerarchia Cattolica" gives the following as a correct enumeration.

1. St. Peter, of Bethsaida, in Galilee, Prince of the Apostles, who received from *Jesus Christ* the Supreme Pontificial Power to be transmitted to his Successors; resided first at Antioch, then at Rome, where he was martyred June 29, in the year 67, having governed the Church from that city for 25 years, 2 months and 7 days.

		Elected	Died
2.	St. Linus, M.	67	78
3.	St. Cletus, M.	78	90
4.	St. Clement I., M.	90	100
5.	St. Anacletus, M.	100	112
6.	St. Evaristus, M.	112	121
7.	St. Alexander I., M.	121	132
8.	St. Sixtus I., M.	132	142
9.	St. Telesphorus, M.	142	154
10.	St. Hyginus, M.	154	158
11.	St. Pius I., M.	158	167
12.	St. Anicetus, M.	167	175
13.	St. Soterus, M.	175	182
14.	St. Eleutherius, M.	182	193
15.	St. Victor I., M.	193	203
16.	St. Zephyrinus, M.	203	220
17.	St. Callistus I., M.	221	227
18.	St. Urban I., M.	227	233
19.	St. Pontian, M.	233	238
20.	St. Anterus, M.	238	239
21.	St. Fabian, M.	240	253
22.	St. Cornelius, M.	254	255
23.	St. Lucius I., M.	255	257
24.	St. Stephanus I., M.	257	260
25.	St. Sixtus II., M.	260	261
26.	St. Dionysius	261	272
27.	St. Felix I., M.	272	275
28.	St. Eutychian, M.	275	283
29.	St. Caius, M.	283	296
30.	St. Marcellinus, M.	296	304
31.	St. Marcellus I., M.	304	309
32.	St. Eusebius	309	311
33.	St. Melchiades	311	314
34.	St. Sylvester I.	314	337
35.	St. Mark	337	340
36.	St. Julius I.	341	352
37.	St. Liberius	352	366
*38.	St. Felix II., M.		
39.	St. Damasus I.	366	384
40.	St. Siricius	384	398
41.	St. Anastasius I.	399	402
42.	St. Innocent I.	402	417
43.	St. Zozimus	417	418
44.	St. Boniface I.	418	423
45.	St. Celestine I.	423	432
46.	St. Sixtus III.	432	440
47.	St. Leo I. (the Great)	440	461
48.	St. Hilary	461	468
49.	St. Simplicius	468	483
50.	St. Felix III.	483	492
51.	St. Gelasius I.	492	496
52.	St. Anastasius II.	496	498
53.	St. Symmachus	498	514
54.	St. Hormisdas	514	523
55.	St. John I., M.	523	526
56.	St. Felix IV.	526	530
57.	Boniface II.	530	532
58.	John II.	532	535
59.	St. Agapitus	535	536
60.	St. Silverius, M.	536	538
61.	Vigilius	537	555
62.	Pelagius I.	555	560
63.	John III.	560	573
64.	Benedict I.	574	578
65.	Pelagius II.	578	590
66.	St. Gregory I. (the Great)	590	604
67.	Sabinian	604	606
68.	Boniface III.	607	607
69.	St. Boniface IV.	608	615
70.	St. Adeodatus I.	615	619
71.	Boniface V.	619	625
72.	Honorius I.	625	638
73.	Severinus	640	640
74.	John IV.	640	642
75.	Theodore I.	642	649
76.	St. Martin I., M.	649	655
77.	St. Eugene I.	655	656
78.	St. Vitalian	657	672

*Pope during exile of Liberius.

		Elected	Died
79.	Adeodatus II.	672	676
80.	Donus I.	676	678
81.	St. Agatho	678	682
82.	St. Leo II.	682	683
83.	St. Benedict II.	684	685
84.	John V.	685	686
85.	Conon	686	687
86.	St. Sergius I.	687	701
87.	John VI.	701	705
88.	John VII.	705	707
89.	Sisinnius	708	708
90.	Constantine	708	715
91.	St. Gregory II.	715	731
92.	St. Gregory III.	731	741
93.	St. Zachary	741	752
94.	St. Stephen II.	752	752
95.	Stephen III.	752	757
96.	St. Paul I.	757	767
97.	Stephen IV.	768	771
98.	Adrian I.	771	795
99.	St. Leo III.	795	816
100.	St. Stephen V.	816	817
101.	St. Paschal I.	817	824
102.	Eugene II.	824	827
103.	Valentine	827	827
104.	Gregory IV	827	843
105.	Sergius II.	844	847
106.	St. Leo IV.	847	855
107.	Benedict III.	855	858
108.	St. Nicholas I. (the Great)	858	867
109.	Adrian II.	867	882
110.	John VIII.	872	882
111.	Marinus I.	[illegible]2	884
112.	St. Adrian III.	884	885
113.	Stephen VI.	885	891
114.	Formosus	891	896
115.	Boniface VI.	896	896
116.	Stephen VII.	897	898
117.	Romanus	898	898
118.	Theodore II.	898	898
119.	John IX.	898	900
120.	Benedict IV.	900	903
121.	Leo V.	903	903
122.	Christopher	903	904
123.	Sergius III.	904	911
124.	Anastasius III.	911	913
125.	Landus	913	914
126.	John X.	915	928
127.	Leo VI.	928	929
128.	Stephen VIII.	929	931
129.	John XI.	931	936
130.	Leo VII.	936	939
131.	Stephen IX.	939	942
132.	Marinus II.	943	946
133.	Agapitus II.	946	956
134.	John XII.	956	964
135.	Benedict V.	964	965
136.	John XIII.	965	972
137.	Benedict VI.	972	973
138.	Donus II.	973	973
139.	Benedict VII.	975	984
140.	John XIV.	984	985
141.	Boniface VII.	985	985
142.	John XV.	985	996
143.	John XVI.	996	996
144.	Gregory V.	996	996
145.	John XVII.	996	999
146.	Sylvester II.	999	1003
147.	John XVIII.	1003	1003
148.	John XIX.	1003	1009
149.	Sergius IV.	1009	1012
150.	Benedict VIII.	1012	1024
151.	John XX.	1024	1033
152.	Benedict IX.	1033	‡1044
153.	Gregory VI.	1044	‡1046
154.	Clement II.	1046	1047
155.	Damascus II.	1048	1048
156.	St. Leo IX.	1049	1054
157.	Victor II.	1055	1057
158.	Stephen X.	1057	1058
159.	Benedict X.	1058	1059
160.	Nicholas II.	1059	1061
161.	Alexander II	1061	1073
162.	St. Gregory VII.	1073	1085
163.	B. Victor III	1087	1087
164.	B. Urban II.	1088	1099
165.	Paschal II.	1099	1118
166.	Gelasius II.	1118	1119
167.	Callistus II.	1119	1124
168.	Honorius II.	1124	1130
169.	Innocent II.	1130	1143
170.	Celestine II.	1143	1144
171.	Lucius II.	1144	1145
172.	B. Eugene III.	1145	1153
173.	Anastasius IV.	1153	1154
174.	Adrian IV.	1154	1159
175.	Alexander III.	1159	1181
176.	Lucius III.	1181	1185
177.	Urban III.	1185	1187
178.	Gregory VIII.	1187	1187
179.	Clement III.	1187	1191
180.	Celestine III.	1191	1198
181.	Innocent III.	1198	1216
182.	Honorius III.	1216	1227
183.	Gregory IX.	1227	1241
184.	Celestine IV.	1241	1241
185.	Innocent IV.	1243	1254
186.	Alexander IV.	1254	1261
187.	Urbanus IV.	1261	1264
188.	Clement IV.	1265	1268
189.	B. Gregory X.	1271	1276
190.	Innocent V.	1276	1276
191.	Adrian V.	1276	1276
192.	John XXI.	1276	1277
193.	Nicholas III.	1277	1280
194.	Martin IV.	1281	1285
195.	Honorius IV.	1285	1287
196.	Nicholas IV.	1288	1292
197.	St. Celestine V.	1294	‡1294
198.	Boniface VIII.	1294	1303
199.	B. Benedict XI.	1303	1304
200.	Clement V.	1305	1314
201.	John XXII.	1316	1334
202.	Benedict XII.	1334	1342
203.	Clement VI.	1342	1352
204.	Innocent VI.	1352	1362
205.	B. Urban V.	1362	1370
206.	Gregory XI.	1370	1378
207.	Urban VI.	1378	1389

‡—Resigned.

		Elected	Died
208.	Boniface IX.	1389	1404
209.	Innocent VII.	1404	1406
210.	Gregory XII.	1406	‡1409
211.	Alexander V.	1409	1410
212.	John XXIII.	1410	‡1415
213.	Martin V.	1417	1431
214.	Eugene IV.	1431	1447
215.	Nicholas V.	1447	1455
216.	Callistus III.	1455	1458
217.	Pius II.	1458	1464
218.	Paul II.	1464	1471
219.	Sixtus IV.	1471	1484
220.	Innocent VIII.	1484	1492
221.	Alexander IV.	1492	1503
222.	Pius III.	1503	1503
223.	Julius II.	1503	1513
224.	Leo X.	1513	1521
225.	Adrain VI.	1522	1523
226.	Clement VII.	1523	1534
227.	Paul III.	1534	1549
228.	Julius III.	1550	1555
229.	Marcellus II.	1555	1555
230.	Paul IV.	1555	1559
231.	Pius IV.	1559	1565
232.	St. Pius V.	1566	1572
233.	Gregory XIII.	1572	1585
234.	Sixtus V.	1585	1590
235.	Urban VII.	1590	1590
236.	Gregory XIV.	1590	1591
237.	Innocent IX.	1591	1591
238.	Clement VIII.	1592	1605
239.	Leo XI.	1605	1605
240.	Paul V.	1605	1621
241.	Gregory XV.	1621	1623
242.	Urban VIII.	1623	1644
243.	Innocent X.	1644	1655
244.	Alexander VII.	1655	1667
245.	Clement IX.	1667	1669
246.	Clement X.	1670	1676
247.	Innocent XI.	1676	1689
248.	Alexander VIII.	1689	1691
249.	Innocent XII.	1691	1700
250.	Clement IX.	1700	1721
251.	Innocent XIII.	1721	1724
252.	Benedict XIII.	1724	1730
253.	Clement XII.	1730	1740
254.	Benedict XIV.	1740	1758
255.	Clement XIII.	1758	1769
256.	Clement XIV.	1769	1774
257.	Pius VI.	1775	1799
258.	Pius VII.	1800	1823
259.	Leo. XII.	1823	1829
260.	Pius VIII.	1829	1830
261.	Gregory XVI.	1831	1846
262.	Pius IX.	1846	1878
263.	Leo. XIII	1878	1903
264.	Pius X.	1903	

Is the Greek Catholic Church the same as the Russian Church?

No. The Greek Catholic Church or the United Greek Church is that part of the Universal Church which follows the Greek rite and, at the same time, acknowledges the authority of the Pope. The Russian church does not profess allegiance to the Holy Father. The Russians received their first notions of Christianity from Constantinople when that see was in union with the Roman Pontiff, but in the Greek Schism they followed the course of Michael Caerularius, and hence the union between Rome and Russia was severed. For a long time after this break with the Pope, the Metropolitan of Russia was nominated by the Duke and consecrated by the Patriarch of Constantinople. Once consecrated, the Metropolitan had immense power, even in secular matters; and it rarely happened that the Duke dared to resist him. But at the end of the Middle Ages the power of the crown was consolidated, that of the nobles and clergy declined, and the czars began to act more and more as the heads of the Russian church. The quarrel of the eminent patriarch Nikon with the Czar Alexis Michaelovitz ended with the deposition of the latter at a council of Moscow in 1667, and early in the following century the absolute subjection of the ecclesiastical to the imperial power was completed, for Peter the Great left the Patriarchal See vacant for twenty years, and then in 1721, with the consent of the Eastern Patriarchs, placed the whole government of the Russian church in the hands of the "Holy Synod," which depended entirely on the Czar. This synod consists of twelve members, though the number has varied at different times. The members are nominated by the Czar, who may remove them at will. From this description it will be seen that there is at present no bond of union between the Russian and the Greek churches.

Have there been any Catholics since 1500 who claimed a head different from the one acknowledged by the majority of Catholics?

No. As the world has grown older men have perceived more clearly the foolishness and sinfulness of schism.

Have there been any claimants to the Papal Chair outside of those on the regular list published by Catholic authorities, since A.D. 15?

No. The last anti-pope was Amadeus of Savoy, who took the title of Felix V. He was elected by the factious members of the Council of Basle on Nov. 5, 1439, and he resigned on April 9, 1449. In justice to him it must be said that, in the beginning, he was not aware of the wrong he was doing by accepting the proffered dignity. He was a layman, when he was unlawfully elected, and, since the death of his wife, he had lived in retirement on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, surrounded by the Knightly Order of St. Maurice which he had founded. Felix found only a slight recognition in Savoy, Switzerland, and among a few German bishops and princes.

Darras, in his History of the Catholic

Church, gives the following list of the anti-Popes: Novation (A.D. 251), Felix II. (A.D. 355), Ursinus or Ursicinus (A.D. 366), Eulalius (A.D. 418-419), Lawrence (A.D. 498), Dioscorus (A.D. 529), Peter and Theodore (A.D. 686), Pascal and Theodore (A.D. 687), Theophylactus (A.D. 757), Constantine (A. D. 767), Zizimus (A.D. 824), John (A.D. 844), Anastasius (A.D. 855), Sergius (A.D. 898), Leo. VIII. (A.D. 963), Boniface VII. (A.D. 974), John XVII. (A.D. 997), Sylvester III. (A.D. 1044), John, called Benedict X. (April 5, A.D. 1058-January, 1059), Cadaloüs, called Honorius II., (A.D. 1061), Guibert, called Clement III. (A.D. 1080), Albert, Theodoric, Maginulf (all three in the very beginning of the twelfth century), Maurice Bourdin called Gregory VIII. (A.D. 1118), Peter de Leone, called Anacletus II. (A.D. 1130), Octavian, called Victor III. (A.D. 1159) Guy, called Paschal III. (A.D. 1164), John, called Callixtus III. (A.D. 1168), Lando, called Innocent III. (A.D. 1177), Nicholas V. (A.D. 1328), Robert of Geneva called Clement VII. (A.D. 1378), Peter di Luna, called Benedict XIII. (A.D. 1394) and last of all Felix V. (A.D. 1439).

There is some little difference among various church authorities as to the exact dates, but they agree in the main, and hence those given may be taken as approximately correct.

Who was Bladud?

He was a mythical King of England, and father of King Lear. He is said to have built the city of Bath, and to have dedicated the medicinal springs to Minerva. Bladud studied magic and, according to the legend, attempted to fly, but he fell into the temple of Apollo, and was dashed to pieces.

What is meant by the Vinegar Bible?

An English version of the Holy Scripture which was printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1717, has the word *vinegar*, instead of vineyard, in the running head-line of St. Luke, C.XXII. It is on this account called the Vinegar Bible.

The Rev. Cortland Myers of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a recent lecture made the statement that the inhabitants of the Madeira Islands were in a state of deplorable ignorance and that this condition was the fault of the Church which holds that religion and ignorance go hand-in-hand. What do you say to this?

It is a favorite tactic with non-Catholics to accuse the Church of encouraging ignorance, whenever they want to arouse a certain spirit of antagonism among those who are thought to belong to the so-called higher classes. How utterly false and unjust this accusation is will be apparent from a little reflection. Who saved for us the treasures of the ancient learning? Was it not the Church? But for the old Benedictine and other monasteries not a trace of the Greek and Roman classics would be in existence to-day. Who founded the famous Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Bologna, Paris, Louvain, Cordova, Valencia, Naples, Padua, Salerno, Salamanca, Perugia, Pisa, Valladolid, Prague, Vienna, Cologne, Heidelberg, Erfurt, Wurzburg, Aberdeen, Poitiers, Barcelona, Treves, Upsala, Innsbruck, Frankfurt, Breslau, Dillingen, Parma, Paderborn, Grosswardein, and Lille? All these and many others were founded by Catholics, and the majority of them by churchmen. Surely this does not look as though the Church was opposed to knowledge. In 1179 Pope Alexander III., at the third Council of Lateran, had the following decree passed: "Since the Church of God, like a tender mother, is bound to provide for the poor, both in those things that appertain to the aid of the body, and in those which belong to the advancement of the soul; lest the opportunity should be wanting to those poor children who cannot be assisted by their parents, let a sufficient benefice be founded in every cathedral church and assigned to a teacher whose duty it shall be to teach the clerks and poor scholars of the same church *gratuitously*. In this way the support of the teacher will be assured and the way to learning will be opened to those who desire to study." Think of this . . . *free* education for all those who were unable to pay for the same. Consider, moreover, the tremendous sacrifices made by our bishops, priests, monks, brothers and nuns in order to spread the blessings of an enlightened education. Laing, a Protestant, in his *Notes of a Traveller*, says: "In Catholic Germany, in France, Italy and even Spain, the education of the common people in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners, and morals is at least as generally diffused and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body as in Scotland." This for the general charge in the gentleman's speech.

With regard to the island of Madeira, the American Encyclopaedia says: "By law all children at a certain age should be sent to school, but the law is not enforced, and only a small part of the children receive education." From this statement it appears that the lack of education there is due, not to the Church, but to the civil authorities who fail to urge the observance of the law.

What is a Cathedral Chapter?

It is at present and has always been the custom for members of the monastic orders to assemble every morning to hear a chapter of the rule read. Both the meeting itself and the place of meeting gradually obtained from this practice the name of *Chapter*. By natural application all assemblies of monks came to be known as *provincial* or *general chapters*, according as they were meetings of a province or of the entire order.

The use of the term *chapter* to designate other ecclesiastical meetings and bodies was hence very natural. A Cathedral Chapter is, consequently, the body of clergymen who are, in certain countries, officially attached to the Cathedral Church for the purpose of reciting publicly the Divine Office, of aiding the bishop in the government of his diocese, and of supplying his place, as far as is possible, during a vacancy.

What is meant by the symbolism of color?

It means that colors are taken to represent certain ideas or teachings. Thus *white*, the union of all luminous rays, is the color of divine truth, of purity, of light, of joy, of peace, of innocence. Hence white is typical of Our Lord, of Our Lady, of the angels, and of the saints who have not been martyred. *Red* is the color of burning love, of the Holy Ghost, of the Passion, of power, of dignity, of martyrdom. *Green* is the token of life, of hope, of immortality, of bounty, of prosperity, and of faith. *Violet* is a type of sorrow, of grief, of humility. *Black* is the symbol of intense grief, of humiliation, of penance. *Purple* betokens royalty and justice. *Blue*, the color of heaven, is the symbol of the Queen of Heaven, of piety, of sincerity, of godliness, of contemplation, and of love of the kingdom celestial. *Bright yellow* typifies splendor and faith while *pale yellow* betokens deceit. A very interesting article could be written upon this subject.

Are there any ancient sayings connected with the leading points of the compass?

We suppose you refer to the old assertion that the east is the gate of the prince, the portal of hope and of prosperity; the south is the gate of life and of healing; the west is the domain of the people, and the north as the source of the cold winds, is the abode of the devil. In some Cornish churches there is an entrance, adjoining the baptismal-font, called the Devil's door, which was only opened at the time of the renunciation made in baptism.

C. Y. M. N. U.—ITS PLANS FOR 1905.

Arrangements are already under way for the Thirty-first Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union to be held at Albany, N. Y., in the summer of 1905, and a strong sentiment has developed in favor of going south of the Mason and Dixon Line in 1906. The present indications are that either Baltimore or Washington will be chosen as the Convention City. Unusual activity is manifested in the work of the Union throughout the Atlantic States. Some eight or ten years ago it was especially active in the Southern States, but, during the past four or five years, little has been done in that section. Indeed, the Carroll Institute of Washington was the only organization from the South Atlantic States represented in the Convention held in Buffalo in August last.

The principle work and purpose of the Union is the organization of young men's societies throughout the country, and the establishment of libraries and reading rooms. In general scope, its work is somewhat similar to that of the Young Men's Christian Association, the main distinction between the two being that the Y. M. C. A. carries out its work through one or more large societies in the several towns and cities of the Union, while the purpose of the Catholic Young Men's National Union is to organize a large number of smaller societies in each city, town and village, bringing the clubs to the homes of the boys and young men, instead of requiring them to leave their homes and go long distances, sometimes surrounded by grave temptations beyond their years, to reach a club house situated at the opposite end of the city.

At a recent meeting held in New York City, which was attended by officers of the Union from Hartford, Brooklyn, New York City, Newark, Philadelphia and Washington, it was decided to make an active canvass, before the Albany Convention meets, with a view to increasing the membership of the Union, extending the field of its work, and widening the scope of its activities. Steps have already been taken for the organization of active arch-diocesan, diocesan, and local unions in Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Del., Wheeling, W. Va., and Richmond, Va., and, it is believed, large delegations from each of these cities will be present at Albany.

At Buffalo a special program was marked out for the present season, including an extension of the system of lecture courses heretofore inaugurated by the various societies affiliated with the Union, the establishment of night schools by such societies, the dissemination of Catholic literature in penal institutions, hospitals and alms houses, the advancement of the principles of Catholic Federation, the introduction of Catholic literature in public libraries, and obtaining substantial recognition by the state of the benefits bestowed by the parochial school

system educating over one million children annually.

Pursuing this policy, largely extended lecture courses have been or are to be inaugurated by the societies affiliated with the Union throughout the land. This is especially noticeable in the work of the Carroll Institute of Washington, D. C. For some years past it has been the practice of the Institute to give an annual course of lectures upon interesting and instructive topics, during the Lenten season. The opening date for the present year, however, has been advanced to January 19th, and the course will continue until about Easter.

Several night schools have been opened by the societies of the Union, and in this field of work the Philadelphia and Washington societies have been especially active. The Union anticipates the inauguration of a large number of such schools next fall, and, when the number justifies the step, a national educational and examining board will be established, for the purpose of rating the various schools, and awarding certificates and diplomas according to the degree of proficiency attained by the students.

Much has already been done in the line of disseminating literature in civil institutions of a penal or charitable character, and in the work of introducing Catholic literature in public libraries. The committee in charge of this work feels assured that it will be able to report a great improvement in this field when the Convention meets at Albany.

The officers of the Union are: President, Rev. Walter J. Shanley, Hartford, Conn.; Vice-President, Rev. Thomas J. Leonard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Second Vice-President, Hon. John J. Brady, Albany, N. Y.; Secretary-Treasurer, James H. Fitzgerald, Mechanics Valley, Pa.

Executive Committee: Rev. F. H. Wall, D.D., New York City; Rev. M. A. Cunnion, New York City; Rev. W. T. McGuirl, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles A. Webber, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Bernard M. Bogan, Rahway, Newark, N. J.

National Committee: Rev. T. J. Leonard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. C. Sullivan, Washington, D. C.; Rev. James J. Murphy, Peabody, Mass.; Rev. F. H. Wall, D.D., New York City; Rev. D. I. McGlinchey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hon. John J. Brady, Albany, N. Y.; T. George Fitzpatrick, Newark, N. J.

Committee on Night Schools: Rev. Walter J. Shanley, Hartford, Conn.; Rev. J. J. Murphy, Peabody, Mass.; Rev. D. I. McGlinchey, Philadelphia, Pa.; James H. Fitzgerald, Mechanics Valley, Pa.; Charles J. Dodd, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Joseph F. Keany, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edward J. Gleason, New York City; W. C. Sullivan, Washington, D. C.

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Press Committee: Daniel P. Toomey, Boston, Mass., and W. C. Sullivan, Washington, D. C.

A NEW LEO HOUSE.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRAVELERS.

The Leo House, a Home of the St. Raphael Society, for the protection of travelers, at 6 State St., New York, which for the last fifteen years has harbored and assisted more than 43,000 German immigrants, besides extending hospitality to more than 19,000 other travelers, is no longer adequate for the service to either class of guests demanded of it, nor is the location a desirable one for present purposes.

The Rev. Urban C. Nageleisen, rector of the house, has been authorized, therefore, by the corporation controlling the institution to take steps toward the purchase of a new site and toward the building and equipment of a new Leo House more centrally located and more commodious and up-to-date in its appointments than the house occupied at present.

The Archbishop of New York, as president of the Leo House Corporation, has approved the plan of the managers to raise the necessary funds. The saleable value of the present unincumbered property is $150,000.00. Another $150,000 is needed to carry out the project of the managers. To raise this amount they have issued 15,000 certificates, at $10 each, total value $150,000.

These certificates are made transferable and redeemable. Consequently the Leo House Corporation reserves the option to redeem these certificates, or any part thereof, either by meals or lodgings in the new Leo House, or by Cash without interest on and after January 1, 1910, or at any previous time, when the improved Leo House is once in operation.

The Corporation pledges itself to refund the money without interest to the holders of the certificates, on surrender of the certificates, should the managers fail to raise the required sum for the building and equipment of the house by January 1st, 1910.

In the fifteen years of its existence, bishops, priests, brothers and sisters and many prominent men and women of the laity have enjoyed the hospitality of the Leo House, while sojourning in New York City. The special wants of the clergy and religious will be amply provided for in the new building which will contain, among other desirable features, a large chapel with a sufficient number of altars on which the reverend clergy may offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass before embarking or after a successful voyage abroad.

The $100,000 necessary to establish the present Leo House was subscribed mostly by the German Catholics of this country. The institution has been a blessing in the community and for the West, and it is to vastly increase its field of usefulness that the new Leo House is projected. The plan proposed will not bear heavily on a single individual, and the rector feels confident that the scheme will meet the encouragement it deserves from the priests and laity of the country, whose interests have been so admirably served by the Leo House. Certificates are ready for delivery. Address: Leo House, 6 State St., New York City, N. Y.

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There is no toilet article in the selection of which greater care should be used than a toilet powder.

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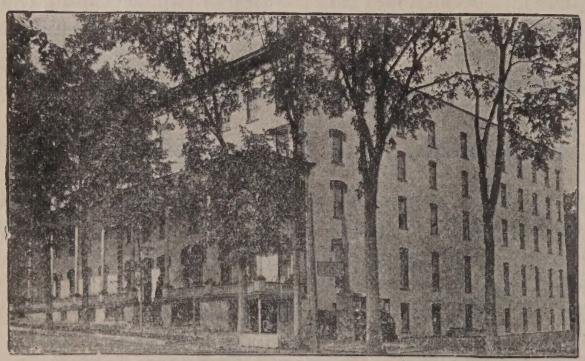

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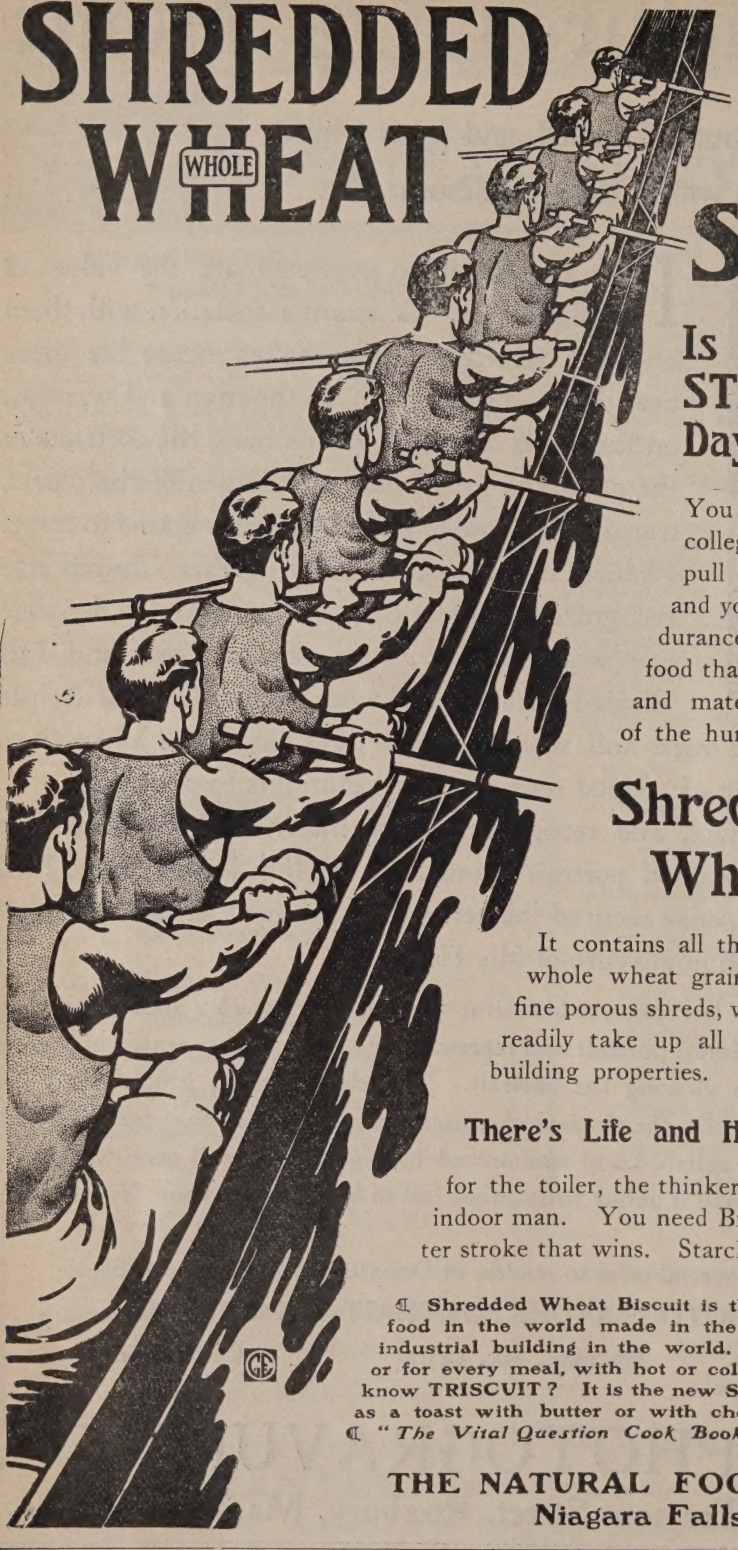

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We earnestly request the coöperation of our 100,000 readers in the following particular: It is sometimes stated that Catholics do not patronize the advertisers whose wares are displayed in the business pages of their magazines and weeklies, and the reason advanced for this erroneous assertion is that little or no reference is made in the receipt of mail orders by advertisers, to the fact of their card having been seen in such and such a Catholic publication. Of course the conclusion drawn by business men from this omission, namely, that Catholics do not buy their goods, is incorrect, but it is a natural one under the circumstances, and one from which Catholic fellow-feeling and coöperation with their struggling periodicals should at once remove the basis. The 10,000,000 American Catholics are buying and paying for as much of the standard merchandise proprietary articles, and goods of every sort on the market of the day as any other class of people. Of many things indeed they are the biggest patrons in the land. The one oversight they are in the habit of making is that they do not make known to sellers the medium through which they learned of the articles they are buying. It is very different with other classes of purchasers. If a bald-headed man in the remote hamlet of Smallville buys a 25-cent bottle of Scalp's International Head-wash of which he learned through the secular papers or magazines, he will almost invariably inform the proprietors of where he saw it advertised, and what a fine head of hair he has since been sprouting through its use.

This is something Catholic purchasers as a rule do not do. They may buy ten articles for the one purchased by the man from Smallville, but they are too conservative and modest to say so, and hence the advertisers do not know that Catnolics are among their best and largest patrons. Catholic publications, as advertising mediums, suffer in consequence of this custom, which should be changed by readers of Catholic publications who have the welfare of their favorite periodical at heart. We respectfully solicit the aid of our readers in effecting the desired result, and our appeal is meant to be broad enough to react in favor of everyone of our worthy Catholic publications. If you see something advertised in your favorite Catholic weekly or monthly, and you decide to purchase it, kindly mention to the dealer when buying, either in person or by mail, that you saw his notice in DONAHOE'S, or wherever it happened to be. These little communications go a long way in establishing the value of a periodical as an advertising channel, and moreover, tend to bring the twin branches of a publication's patronage, subscribers and advertisers, into closer touch and sympathy — a consummation which must obtain, if the Catholic publication is to fill its appointed aim and mission among the periodicals of the time. We hope DONAHOE'S progressive supporters will lead in bringing about this most worthy and easily effected result.

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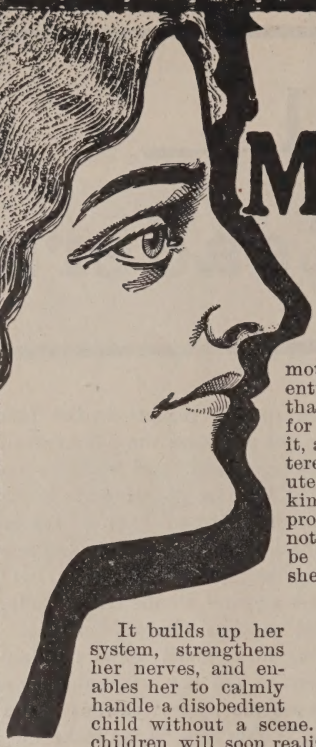

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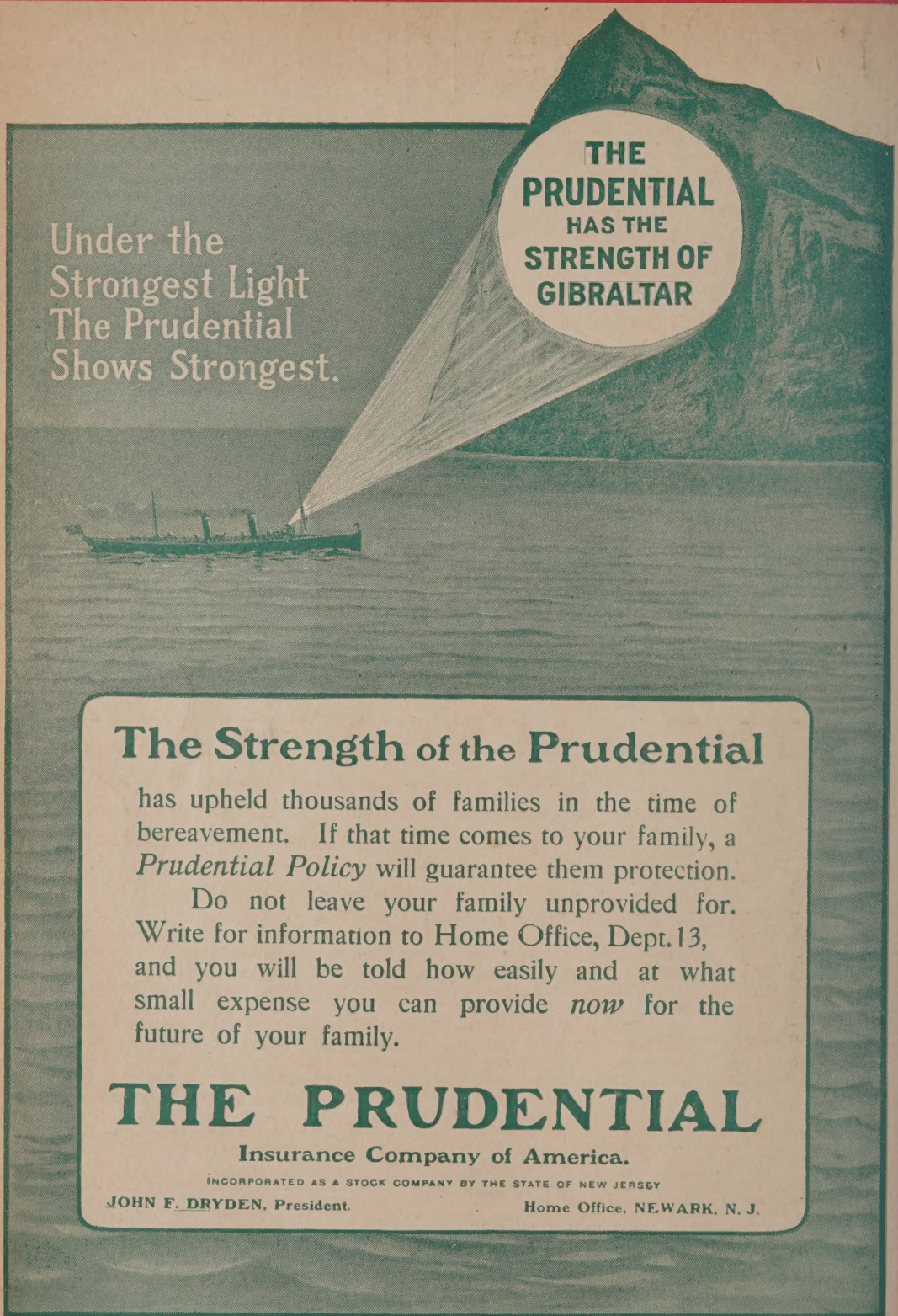
AUGUST, 1905



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August, 1905

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RUTH AND NAOMI.

WHERE FOLKS KEEP COOL.

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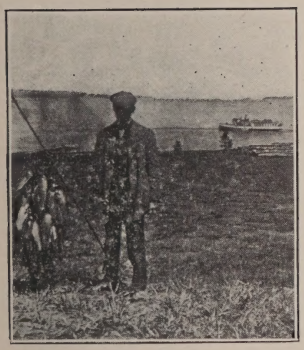
A VACATION AT HOME.

THE VACATION SPIRIT.

BY JOHN ROBERTSON.



The woman with the strident voice was piercing the twilight calm with grewsome details of a cremation ceremony at which she had assisted "through the courtesy of the superintendent."

"The old lady is enjoying herself," commented an athletic youth who was doing hazardous things on the piazza rail. "See the kids shudder! Nursie'll have the time of her life getting them to bed."

"They should have been there all day," growled a city man, dropping wearily into a seat by his wife. "This vacation business is great. The can of bait is gone, Billy."

"Gone!" There was a world of regret in the word, and the athlete on the rail dropped off on the green sward, appear-

IN THE WOODS.

ing presently on the front steps, "why dad, I hid it myself in the barn, back in the hay."

He glowered fiercely at two small things nestling in the folds of a prim gray gown, and immediately the possessor of the gown spoke up, to refute the unspoken charge.

"My Bennie and Chawley weren't near the barn," she asserted. "They spent the afternoon with me learning their Sunday-school lesson. Say your text, darlings."

They obeyed promptly, paraphrasing with a freedom and originality that restored Billy's good humor, and presently the conversation drifted to Sunday observance in vacation time.

"I hope we won't have Dean Podges to-morrow." The woman with the strident voice again had the floor. "I can't pray when he leads. He makes dreadful grimaces," she explained to a newcomer, adding hospitably, "I'd be pleased to have you sit with me if I go to church. O, a Catholic! Then you don't care anything about cremation?"

"Switch her off that track," implored Billy, and the newspaper man interrupted hurriedly. "The tally-ho takes all the Catholics over to B— to church. It's a great turnout. They are the only people here who go to church regularly."

"Father always respected Catholics for that," declared the crematory lady. "He had a Catholic girl, Julia Donovan, to keep his books, and in his last illness he got to think nobody could do anything as well as Julia. 'Keep your eye on her,' Aunt Naomi used to say, 'she'll convert your fa-

READY FOR A DIP.

ther. First thing you'll know Julia will be saying Mass over him.' And I said 'If she says Mass over him as well as she does everything else for him, why let her go ahead and say it.'"

The evening sky was magnificent — great banks of fleecy clouds upheld towers and castles jewel-encrusted and shining silver and golden in the setting sun, a prefiguring of the distant City whose walls are as of jasper. Presently the compelling influence of its beauty possessed the worldings on the piazza, and even the strident voice was hushed into silence. Night came on swiftly, softening the glory of the sunset, and merging its splendor of color into one vast darkly-purple canopy gemmed with stars. One by one the chairs were vacated; the innocents who had interpreted the Scripture literally according to their lights fell asleep in the gray gown, and were borne away by Billy—a truce gently accepted by the prim little mother; the city man and his wife walked down the path arm in arm, quite forgetting that they were stout, middle-aged people; and the newspaper man gave himself up to reflections on the vacation habit.

ON THE RIVER.

And a habit it is, affected by all classes, and knowing no age limitations. Even money limitations are set at naught. Nearly every one manages to lay by something—not for the rainy day but for "the good old Summer time" when the woods and the ocean call. The benefit derived depends on the good sense and good temper of the vacationist.

If the coming of the Spring makes "a young man's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of love," the advent of the warm weather incites mankind in general to seek a change of scene. Presently the tide of travel sets in; drays loaded with trunks are frequent obstructions to street traffic; carriages whirl their way to boats and trains; street cars are crowded to the running boards; children in the grasp of their parents are restrained from throwing themselves under the horses' feet; young men en-

ON THE ROAD.

cumbered with dress suit cases, coats, guns, golf sticks, cameras, and the other essential impedimenta of vacation time rush along, dexterously avoiding collision with women carrying wraps, bundles, lunch baskets, babies, canaries, parrots, cats in bags, and hideous pugs without which their happiness would not be complete. The methodical people exasperate the careless people who are always looking for their friends, or tickets, or purses, when the train is pulling out, but on the whole tranquillity and joyous expectancy reign supreme.

Conventions begin about this time. The convention is a mighty institution, combining the chief features of the synod and the junket. Dates are generally arranged to suit the convenience of intending vacationists, and thus the occasion becomes an outing as well as the meeting of a grave deliberative assembly intent on thought-provoking discussions and weighty resolutions. It is characteristic of the American mind to make business a basis for almost everything. Men love to deceive themselves with the thought that they are accomplishing marvels, revolutionizing the world, working themselves "to death," when they are really intent on getting out of life as much enjoyment as they possibly can. To make this purpose less apparent, or rather to provide a pretext for the open pursuit of pleasure, they invite their women folks to accompany them, and prepare — ostensibly for these lighter-minded mortals—a round of gaieties, excursions, receptions, etc., sandwiched between which the convention work moves tranquilly on to the culminating point of the vote of thanks, and adjournment. A big dinner is always a feature of the con-

AN EXCURSION PARTY.

vention. A sort of gastronomic kite to which they attach a tail of speeches, great and small. The kite follows the course of the eagle—as becomes an American product.

The side trips and unscheduled pastimes constitute the real vacation, together with the delays at the stations, when the men gather on the platforms, smoke, swap experiences, and tell fish stories, while the women contrast hotel fare with home cooking and exchange receipts for pickling and preserving.

The Summer School is another promoter of the vacation idea. Its inducements, though supposed to be of the strictly intellectual order, include hops, musicales, lawn parties, and other diversions dear to the frivolous element to be found in every gathering. The lecture courses engage the intellectual who delight in ologies and isms, and whose note books tell of summers profitably spent.

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THE STAGE COACH.

Some people must have a definite purpose in everything they do, but the great majority go on vacation for diversion only. They make up parties months ahead, and arrange to take their two weeks off simultaneously. They generally manage to have a good time. To begin with their appreciation of leisure is large, and the very fact that their days are their own contributes much to their enjoyment. For the rest they go through the prescribed round of sports, from rowing on the lake or river to potatoe races on the piazza, and whist and dancing in

the parlors, with all the lights turned on. If endowed with originality, and they generally are, they also carry out a program of their own between times, and go back to the city with a fund of pleasant memories to lighten the work of the coming year.

GOING TO A CONVENTION.

There is a marked contrast between the simple pleasures of the so-called middle class, and the luxurious entertainment of the wealthy. On one occasion the newspaper man had ventured into the casino of a mountain hotel where rates were fabulous. The piazzas of the hotel and surrounding cottages held groups of daintily dressed women and girls, reading, embroidering, sketching, or merely sitting idle, taking in the beauty of the scene spread out before them. Out on the golf links bits of color flashed in the

sunlight; white sails showed on the lake, and private carriages with automaton-like footmen rolled to and fro incessantly. Night in that resort of wealth was as something copied from fairyland. A dancing party for children was in progress in the casino, and conditions for enjoyment were ideal. The interior was vast and cool, the orchestra famous, and the floor spread out like a sheet of glass. But the little puppets moved to the music in a solemn, half-hearted way, with none of the spontaneity, grace, and abandon of the street child dancing to the strains of the hurdy-gurdy. All were arrayed in costly attire—the boys in linen and velvet, the girls in silks, and laces, and lawns filmy as cobwebs. They were too watched over and waited upon to be animated, and their steps were as perfunctory as their manners. No doubt, left to their own devices these children could be as merry and frisky and full of mischief as others of their kind, but under restraint they were shy and almost awkward. A little girl slipped on the polished floor, and lay there with limbs extended stiffly like those of a wooden doll. She made no effort to get up, nor did her partner offer to assist her, and the situation was becoming painful, when her nurse advanced from the circle of chairs, lifted her up, and set her on her stocky little legs. This done, it was a relief to hear her shriek as lustily as any other child of five years. It removed the impression that she was a stuffed figure.

The revolt of an eight-year old against the intolerable system of supervision that restrains the liberty of the poor rich child is cleverly described by Josephine Dodge Daskam, in one of her bright studies of child-life. Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler wore a white duck sailor suit with blue trimmings, and sat on the hotel piazza dutifully with his nurse in attendance. For a brief ten minutes every day he wore a little blue bath robe and played — closely watched — in the shallow water. The gruff old doctor declared that he "was white as a potato sprout," and The Imp, whose mother was sensible, pitied Algernon, and yearned to free him from bondage. It was a memorable day when the opportunity came and he lured him off to a perfect orgy of freedom in the wet sand. The emancipated boy sat down in it, spun round in it, rubbed it into his hair, and then, rolling up his tight little trousers as far as they would go, he waded boisterously into the water. Intoxicated with liberty he splashed and flung the water over his benefactor, becoming so riotously jolly that The Imp sought to restrain him. But he had gone beyond control. Grasping his rescuer he raced and wrestled and tumbled with him till both were tired, and rolling over they lay side by side, quiet for a spell, on the warm frothy seaweed. The touch of enchantment that closed the revel was a fire on the beach and a feast of potatoes roasted in their jackets. The hosts were a group of ragged, jolly, freckled fellows who treated their unbidden guests with royal hospitality, filling them to repletion with potatoes, dried beef, and licorice stick.

Algernon hadn't known that the world held such boys. This was life indeed. He could never return to the piazza and its tame routine while the beach stretched out before him with its allurements of boys, and dogs, and drift-wood fires.

The same chafing of the spirit that awakened the real boy in Algernon impels others of his sex, young and old, to seek the primitive joys of camp-life, to rough it in the woods, to spend days and nights trailing over the roads in improvised caravans, and to sit motionless for hours by brook or river waiting for the

fish to rise. Drinking out of tin cups, eating off tin plates, sleeping on boughs under canvas tents, or out in the open, wearing old clothes, and cooking fearful and wonderful things, fill their days with a glad content. When the vacation is over they return to civilization, shaved, clad respectably, and with enough tan and insect bites to bear out their boast of having had "a rattling good time."

Others look forward to a restful, somnolent vacation — long sleeps in the morning, frequent naps in the hammock, and rare wakeful half hours filled in with delicious lolling and loafing. They are the people who are "tired out," "half dead" and all the other inert conditions possible to the over-taxed. It frequently happens that they do not carry out their program. In the Autumn of last year, three city dwellers deliberately picked out a place where "they could sleep all they wanted to." "We shall not even talk," they agreed, "what we need is perfect rest." For two days they slept, waking only for meals; on the third day they walked down to the village, nearly three miles distant, and talked all the way back; that evening they appeared in the parlors and took a hand at whist, became acquainted, and learned of a number of lovely places that they "ought to see." They saw them, and found some more, thus using up several days; then a party was made up to climb Mt. Washington, and they readily joined it, climbing a sheer ascent to a camp where the night was to be spent; though the time was mid-September there was snow on the mountains, and on the height the cold was intense, a keen wind whistling through the very porous log cabin in which they slept. It was a relief to resume the trail the next morning. And such a morning! The path led up through a grove of trees, the branches of which bent down snow-laden, berries gleamed like rubies against the rime-frosted leaves, icicles caught the sun's rays, and a vein of silver on the mountain-side showed where a stream had frozen; between the ridge and the village every grade of vegetation was sharply marked, from the stunted, frosted shrubs at one's feet to the flaming maples, oaks, and elms shading the trim little homes in the valley.

As the party mounted upward the air grew colder, whirling snow obscured the trail at times, and the guide hinted at the possibility of a cloud descending. A few began to lag behind, as boulders and snow-covered brush proved more difficult at every step. For four weary miles they toiled on, but when within a half mile of the summit several of the party gave out, and were taken aboard the train, fortunately obliged to slow up at that point. Only one of the three friends made the journey to the top, on foot, and she was so disillusioned as to mountain climbing that her first movement was to find out how much money there was in the party. "We'll go down by train" she decided when stock had been taken of available assets. "But the carriage, and the guide, and we want the money for souvenirs," demurred another vacationist. "We'll pay for the carriage and the guide both ways," answered the manager. "The souvenirs you must go without—unless you want to walk back," she added menacingly. "You may spend a quarter for picture postals to mail up here, but not another cent. And don't forget to tell your friends that the ink is frozen. We must pay round trip rates for the privilege of going down by rail."

This exploit of the rest-seekers was followed by a quiet day, "wasting time," and then the long walks began again, the record reaching twenty miles on the last Sunday of their stay. Early in the morning they walked to church and back

again, five miles in all, then two miles after breakfast; the beauty of the Autumn woods led them five miles from home, in the afternoon, and the supper bell was ringing when they dragged their weary feet up the veranda steps. Then there were farewell calls to be made, packing to be done, and by bedtime they had completed the twentieth mile. An all-day journey ended the outing, and "You never looked better in your life" was the greeting of their friends, who afterwards heard with dismay of the form the "perfect rest" had taken. This experience goes to prove that what many who follow sedentary occupations really need is not rest, but action.

The piazza plays too large a part in many a vacation. Some guests rarely venture beyond it; conjectures in regard to the menu of the coming meal, or criticisms of the preceding one, together with desultory comment on dress, or mild gossip about the circumstances of other guests fill in their daily program. They are in their chairs when the carriage goes to the station and when it comes back, and can report on every arrival and departure. Between times the women knit zephyr shawls, and the men read aloud from papers that are at least a day old. Occasionally there is heated discussion, but as a general rule inertia reigns. There is always mild excitement over anything that promises to lead up to an engagement, but this diversion is becoming more rare as young women grow in independence and the art of providing for themselves. The mail furnishes engrossing occupation, between writing letters and receiving them. The exchange of home news and the explanations of home conditions necessary to put a stranger in touch with one's interests while away the hours agreeably. And then there is usually one guest whose peculiarities afford conversation for all the others. At one hotel the woman who whined over her health attracted much attention. She complained of her doctor and the restricted diet he enforced—and ate everything, in such large quantities that the waiters fought over serving her. She always wore her hat, and when she wasn't eating examined her companions at table, on their religious belief.

The man who condemned the "foreign element" was the recipient of much attention. He boasted of his descent from the "real Americans" until a pert young woman asked him to order some baskets for her if any of his relatives called. He owned a steam launch, and had a camp in the woods, and there were other extenuating circumstances — which accounted no doubt for the willingness to serve his meals at any time, while the traveling photographer who came in late was sharply reminded that "cold vittles" was all he had a right to expect.

Sunday is a great day. As the crematory lady said, "The Catholics always go to church." They are down on the piazza with their books and rosaries long before starting time, and have leisure to note the carriages whirling by before the tally-ho or mountain team draws up, and their co-religionists already seated make room for them. If the morning be fine the drive is delightful, the horses swinging along till the pure, fragrant air rushing by fills the lungs with the balm of clover blooms and trailing hedge flowers. The little church, generally on a hill, is the gathering place for worshippers from all the villages within a ten mile radius; all sorts of teams are tied to fences and trees, and, if there be time to spare, the drivers gather in groups to discuss the news of the week. At the sound of the bell all troop in, and take seats in creak-

ing pews that smell of varnish; the vestry door opens, the priest and his attendant come on the altar, and then the Catholic away from home feels that he is again among his own people. The drive back is even more enjoyable, and the day passes quietly, the one great event having taken place.

It is wonderful how men and women manifest in vacation time their dominant traits; the selfish mortal insists on getting the best of everything, and even the good rejoice when fortune refuses to favor him; the woman whose desire to rule is strong attempts to control all the other guests, and reduces the hotel staff, from manager to bell boy, to abject subjection; despite what may be said to the contrary the arrogant disposition secures more for its possessor than does the gentle, sacrificing spirit; the fussy person soon establishes a reputation for making others nervous and is studiously avoided; and the man who has one story and wants to tell it continually has difficulty in securing an audience; the guest "who doesn't mind" being imposed upon frequently knows it by heart, and newcomers are promptly put on their guard by the omnipresent individual whose sense of duty is rampant.

A class of vacationists apart are the beneficiaries of the fresh air funds. They enjoy their outing to the utmost particularly as it generally brings with it astonishing revelations as to how others live. A crippled child who was being prepared for a ten days' outing asked an accommodating friend in a near-by store to give him a box for clothes. She gave him a suit box, which he promptly returned. "Mrs. Johnson says it's altogether too big," he explained. A smaller box was offered, but again he came back, "This is too big, too," he announced. "Mrs. Johnson says that a stocking box will hold all my clothes—just a shirt an' blouse, you know." His friend did not know, but she complied with his request, and when his vacation was over he called upon her promptly. "Say! it was great," he called out. "An' the funniest part of it is a feller has to take his clothes off when he goes to bed."

The same day a small girl announced to her friends that she was going on a vacation. "An' I can stay all night if I want to." Even the very little children have caught the vacation fever. "Wherth John?" lisped a five-year-old boy to a younger girl, on a piazza. "Heth's gone on hith vacation," she replied. "Heth's wored out an' can't eat nuffin'."

The worn out youth was in his sixth year.

Truly "the vacation business is great." And yet there are among us a few who look with scorn upon the institution, the unchanging few who reject all innovations and will not take a vacation for the very insufficient reason "that they never did it."

IN OUR LADY'S HONOR.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

During the fifty years that have elapsed since the definition devotion to the Immaculate Conception has, if possible, gained in strength and fervor. But times and ways have changed in half a century; and now, even in the purely religious bi-centenary we recently celebrated, the need of social action and endeavor on the part of Catholics has been fully realized and adequately met; consequently not the least important feature in the Immaculate Conception celebrations of 1904 consisted of the "Marian Congress." By its means the largest possible number of the Catholic body—priests and laymen—were brought together to discuss the effects in the past and the ways and means by which in the present and future truly practical devotion to the blessed Mother of God can be made an actively elevating influence on Catholic social life. For this reason the bi-centenary festivals, without for one instant derogating from their religious character and high intellectual purpose, were of a practical nature, calculated to leave behind them desirable and fruitful results. The aims and aspirations of the Church in regard to her children have never varied nor deviated —religion first and the good of humanity, then the cultivation of all that is best and highest in human nature, and every influence which tends to develop the spiritual side. At the present day when materialism is more openly proclaimed and universally worshiped than at any period the crying need for spirituality is deeply felt. The war cry of "Sursum Corda" must be thundered in one's ears "lest we forget" the high destiny of our Catholic calling, lest we be carried away by the flood which is breaking down the barriers of principle, casting away the anchor of revelation. It is an age when a little learning is truly a dangerous thing, therefore a high standard of religion, learning and culture is necessary for Catholics. The three principal parts of the Immaculate Conception festivals must do much to promote this knowledge, and keep well in view the aims of the Church. They had long been thought out with watchful care.

Early in the year 1903, when the bi-centenary drew near, Pope Leo XIII, whose dearest wish was to live to celebrate the fiftieth Definition of the Immaculate Conception, ordered the formation of a cardinalatial commission consisting of their Eminences, Cardinals Vincenzo Vannutelli, Mariano Rampolla, Domenico Ferrata and Guiseppe Calsanzio Vives y Tuto. To these four Cardinals, aided by a competent executive committee, was entrusted the entire organization, direction, and supervision of the Jubilee festivals. On the lamented death of Leo XIII, Pope Pius X confirmed by pontifical letter the office of the cardinalatial commission, giving his assent, blessing, and full encouragement to every feature of the proposed celebrations. The first portion, the religious festivals, consisting of the Pontifical Mass in St. Peter's on December 8th, followed by the crowning of the Immaculate by Pius X, recalled to our minds the glorious definition of the dogma, leading to a revival and quickening of interest in the nature of that definition.

Secondly came the "Marian Congress," dealing with the devotion to the

Blessed Virgin, especially under the title of Immaculate, and the practical means of encouraging its spread. Thirdly followed the "Marian Exhibition" of art, liturgy, and numismatics, and the number of lesser celebrations which will be described later.

It is a far cry now to December 8th, 1854, but great as have been the moral and material changes in every part of the Catholic world since then, the outward appearance of the shrines of the Eternal City is the same. The basilica of "Santa Maria Maggiore" is the Blessed Virgin's more especial Roman shrine, the tribute of Catholic hearts in past ages to Immaculate Mother and Queen, erected at a time when the nations of the earth vied with one another in enriching Mary's peerless sanctuary.

St. Peter's, however, is essentially the latter day shrine of the Immaculate, and it was left to the Catholics of the present time to lay the grandest homage of the ages before the Mother of God, crowning all the faith that has gone before with the dogmatic crown of Immaculate Conception.

Within St. Peter's the memory of the dogma is written in undying marble and purest gold and it was to this spot where the "fiat" of "Ever Immaculate" went forth from the lips of the living Peter that the thoughts of pilgrims present in Rome for the bi-centenary naturally gravitated. Nor are the connections of St. Peter's with Our Lady Immaculate altogether modern ones. Early as the year 1479 Pope Sixtus IV dedicated the choir-chapel of the basilica in honor of Our Lady Immaculate, and successive ages enriched it till it became the gem of art we know to-day. Not until 1826 was it decorated with the altar piece of the Immaculate Conception, the mosaic picture upon which Pius IX afterwards affixed the crown. Standing before it in this anniversary year in our pilgrimage to the Marian memories of St. Peter's one recognized it to be the most celebrated shrine of the Immaculate in the world. Over the gorgeous bronze gilt altar, framed in a new frame of costly richness, the offering of the cardinalatial commission of the jubilee of 1904, hangs the exquisite mosaic picture, suffused with a soft refulgent light like morning sunlight, emanating from the countenance of the "Woman clothed with the sun" and reflected on the faces of the saints and angels who kneel around her. Under the altar, fittest tribute to the purity he extolled in silver-tongued accents, lies the body of St. John Chrysostom, who together with Saint Francis and Saint Anthony, are chosen to represent special devotion to the Immaculate, the former with his writings, the latter as belonging to the Order especially honoring Our Lady Immaculate.

One figure is wanting to complete the group, and it would seem altogether appropriate could the picture of venerable Duns Scotus, the champion knight of Mary, the herald of the dogma, whose tongue and pen were one life-long glorification of the Immaculate, be placed in this galaxy of Mary's devoted sons. Solemnly crowned in pontifical state by two pontiffs,—once while the echoes of the dogma still lingered in the mighty vaulting of the Apostle's dome, and again fifty years after its proclamation, —this picture of the Immaculate Conception will go down to posterity as an heirloom of precious value. Another spot ever sacred to the definition is the apse of the altar of the Chair of St. Peter, where the pontifical throne from which the dogma was proclaimed was erected in 1854. Near it a marble tablet in the wall, now become a site of historic interest, bears the names of the archbishops and bishops all over the world who assisted at the definition of

the dogma. Here on the same spot on the eighth of December, 1904, Pius X, amid the Sacred College of Cardinals, and an impressive gathering of the hierarchy gathered from even more distant lands than on the last occasion, (all the archbishops and bishops of the world having been urgently invited to come and those within a hundred miles of Rome commanded), renewed the Church's homage to Mary Immaculate.

With the mind still full of the memories evoked by this spot, it is well to go directly from St. Peter's up into the Vatican, straight to the Hall of the Immaculate Conception where Podesti's marvelous frescoes, covering the walls of the lofty chamber, make the eighth of December, fifty years ago, a living scene of to-day. All around is depicted the history of the dogma's definition, each fresco a wealth of color and portraiture. The series begins with the Council convoked by the Sovereign Pontiff to discuss the opportunity for its declaration —each religious Order being represented, together with the books of the Fathers from which their inspiration is drawn. Then comes the grand central fresco representing the solemn definition of the dogma in St. Peter's by Pius IX. So startlingly realistic are the figures and their background that one seems to be actually within the great sunlit spaces of St. Peter's, adorned and decorated as it was for the recent Jubilee feasts. Flanking the draperies of the papal throne are seen the mighty outlines of the bronze statues of the Doctors of the Church, supporting St. Peter's Chair. The Cardinal-Deacons and Postulators kneel at the foot of the throne, while all eyes in the vast assembly from the cardinals and bishops in their stalls, are turned on Pius IX. Above, the heavens open showing a vision of the Holy Trinity crowning Mary Immaculate, and the saints and prophets of the Old Testament and the New. From the symbolic figure of Faith, cross in hand, slanting rays of radiance fall full on the Sovereign Pontiff, a noble inspired figure, who proclaims "Urbi et Orbi," the "Ineffable dogma"—"we declare, pronounce, and define that the doctrine which affirms the most Blessed Virgin to have been preserved from original sin from the first instant of Her Conception through the merits of Jesus Christ, Saviour of men, is a doctrine revealed by God, and that for this motive all the faithful must believe it with firmness and constancy."

Every face in the fresco is a portrait, and at the time of its execution it formed a complete contemporary portrait gallery. Looking at the strong face of Cardinal Pecci (afterwards Leo XIII) one feels an overwhelming regret that the venerable pontiff should not have been spared to see the fiftieth anniversary of the memorable day of which he was the sole survivor in the episcopate. On another wall is a fresco representing the crowning and homage to Mary Immaculate in the choir-chapel of St. Peter's where Pius IX, surrounded by the cardinals and the papal court, is seen in the act of incensing the newly-crowned picture, precisely as we saw Pius X perform the same ceremony on December eighth, 1904. In the centre of the "Hall of the Immacolata," in an exquisite bronze gilt and enamelled case, is preserved a rare collection of illuminated missals, bound in gold, silver, and precious stones, presented to Pius IX by various nations on the occasion of the dogma's proclamation.

Still another memorial of the definition forms a notable architectural feature in the Eternal City of to-day, the Column of the Immaculate Conception. It is one of the few outdoor survivals of the essentially papal city, for in the thirty-five years of their occupation the

modern rulers of Rome have changed her face as they would fain change her character. In all the incongruity of newness the Column of the Immaculate, though one of the most recently erected monuments of papal Rome, appears altogether in keeping with the ancient city. It is erected in the busy Piazza di Spagna, opposite the Spanish palace, in the heart of the Stranger's Quarter of Rome, more a Promenade des Anglais perhaps than its namesake at Nice. Crowded electric cars flash by it every instant, the flower venders spread out their gaily-colored blossoms below it, while the babel of many tongues chatters on ceaselessly about it, but serenely beautiful the shaft of the noble column points heavenwards, crowned by the pure figure of the Ever-Immaculate, stretching out protecting hands over the city, that crowned it with Purity's imperishable crown.

By a happy suitability the monument was erected directly facing the College of Propaganda Fide, and as they pass under it, coming and going from their lectures, the ecclesiastical students of many lands, the world's missioners of the future, have constantly before their eyes the image of their heavenly Patroness, which in after years will remain with them as a daily memory of student days in Rome. The Column, designed by the architect Poletti, was erected in 1857, Pius IX personally assisting, from the balcony of the Spanish Embassy, at its unveiling and solemnly blessing the monument. The design is at once rich, yet chaste and classic in its form. At the base of the octagonal pedestal stand four marble statues of the Prophets who have prophesied concerning the Blessed Virgin,—Moses, David, Ezechial and Isaias,—with verses from their prophecies engraved beneath. Below this again on a second pedestal are marble bas-reliefs of the life of Our Lady, from which springs the Column with a Corinthian capital supporting the bronze statue of Mary Immaculate. Strange to say though it is a relic found interred in the soil of Rome this marble pillar had never been put to any previous use, as was ascertained from its state when discovered. Exquisitely graceful, the figure of the Immaculate Virgin rises above, crowned with the twelve stars, and resting on the globe, below which are grouped the symbols of the Evangelists. On the jubilee night of December eighth, 1904, the Column of the "Immacolata" brilliantly illuminated and standing out against the sky in exquisite architectural lines of light formed a centre of brilliancy amid all the illuminations marking Rome's devotion to the Immaculate Queen.

There are other shrines of the Immaculate Conception in Rome, some of ancient, others of more modern date, notably the grotto of Lourdes, erected in the Vatican gardens during the pontificate of Leo XIII, and amplified and restored in this jubilee year. Most valuable of all the modern shrines is the grand mosaic work, a school of art in itself, which decorates the tomb of Pius IX at San Lorenzo fuori le Mura in which the "Pontiff of the Immaculate" is seen kneeling at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, in the act of defining the dogma.

The jubilee memorials of 1904 have not taken the monumental form. Their tendency has been rather towards the constantly practical. The magnificent crown of twelve diamond stars with which Pope Pius X crowned the picture of Our Lady in St. Peter's, each star containing on an average 209 gems contributed by donors all over the world, constituted what might be termed the only ornamental memorial, the other permanent memorials being altogether practical in conception. Among these came the work of providing, in houses of

spiritual exercises, for the preparation for First Communion of youths and young girls of the people whose religious education and duties have been neglected, and who have almost reached their majority without having made their First Communion. Another work is the establishment in Rome of a complete library of exclusively Marian literature, to be offered as a jubilee gift to the Pope. Since December, 1903, this has been a year of constant activity in Rome, a year of preparation, concluded in November by a series of missions given in various churches all over the city, for twenty days, in immediate preparation for the jubilee festivals.

The brilliant inauguration of the bicentenary, however, was the opening of the International Marian Exhibition in the grandly spacious halls of the papal palace of the Lateran on November twenty-seventh. The president of the exhibition is Cardinal Ferrata, one of the four cardinals of the jubilee commission. The inauguration took place in the presence of several members of the Sacred College, a distinguished gathering of the hierarchy, clergy, and laity, notable laymen of various nations, and representatives of the scientific, literary, and artistic world. The high standard of and complete organization of this exposition is more than accounted for by the names on the jury of art critics, such as that of Rev. Father Ehrle, Prefect of the Vatican Library, the learned archeologist, Monsignor Wilpert, Commendatore Horace Marucchi, Director of the Christian Museum of the Lateran, Baron Kauzler, Director of that of the Vatican, Commendatore Galli, head of the Profane Museum of the Vatican, and Count Serafino, head of the Numismatics Cabinet of the Vatican, Commendatore Ameli, the celebrated Roman sculptor, and the general secretary, Cavalier Leonori. As the Marian Exposition serves as a complement to the Marian Congress its lines are followed as closely as possible, the result proving a complete pictorial illustration of devotion to Mary in every age and nation. The Exposition was divided into three parts, 1. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, 2. Marian Literature, and 3. Marian Religious Institutes and Associations.

Every credit must be given to the local executive committee and the jury for having gathered together in so comparatively short a time such a number of valuable objects and illustrations all bearing directly on devotion to Mary Immaculate in ancient and modern times. Contributions of great art value have been sent from various countries, and, beginning from the Vatican and the Basilica Chapters of Santa Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran, all Italy—that treasure-house of the sacred art of all time—sent precious treasures to swell the list. The Sovereign Pontiff lent from the Vatican Library the grandest private art memorial of the definition of the dogma—the "Decretal, Ineffabilis"—in the words of which the decree was given to the world. This is a truly marvelous work of modern illumination, every page a separate treasure of art, illustrating the history of the Immaculate Conception. This masterpiece of several Roman miniaturists took thirty years to complete, having only been terminated under the pontificate of Leo XIII, who set his seal upon it in 1882. A souvenir of great and precious antiquity lent by the chapter of St. Peter's is the famous richly embroidered cope of Charlemagne, said to have been worn by Charlemagne at his coronation, and worn since by emperors who have served as deacons at the pontifical Mass.

Still another valuable exhibit is a magnificent illuminated volume of "The Magnificat" whose text is in one hundred and fifty different languages, truly

a realization of "All generations shall me Blessed." Various loan collections were also offered—the valuable series of Madonnas in Byzantine and early Italian art shown at the exhibitions of Siena and Brescia; also private collections, such as Cardinal Vannutelli's art gallery of pictures relative to the Blessed Virgin. The collection of pictures by modern artists was varied and well-chosen, while an admirable feature was the series of paintings representing the famous shrines of Our Lady all over the world. The whole exhibition was a very feast of Marian art of which any serious art student might avail himself with immense profit, as a solid training for mind and eye.

From the inauguration day of the Exposition, almost each date in November and December was signalized by functions connected with the bi-centenary festivals, in which all the Catholic associations and pilgrimages took part.

On November 29th a solemn Requiem, with the assistance of members of the Sacred College and the Curia, was celebrated at the basilica of St. John Lateran, the mother and head of all the churches in the world, for the repose of the souls of Pius IX and Leo XIII.

Another most interesting feature of the jubilee celebrations consisted in the festivals held by the "Collegium Cultorum Martyrum," in the Catacombs, where the earliest pictorial manifestations of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in existence, are still preserved intact on the Catacomb walls. Masses were celebrated in the Crypts of the Martyrs and the litanies of the saints were sung processionally through the galleries of the Catacombs. Visits to these early frescoes of the Madonna, exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the second, third, and fourth centuries, will fulfil a double purpose not only in paying honor to the Virgin-Mother in her most ancient shrines hallowed by the tombs of the martyrs, but in proving to the world at large that devotion to Mary is no modern innovation in the Catholic Church, as so many still believe. Catholic archæological research alone can prove the contrary, and the lectures, given in French and Italian by learned archeologists, in the Catacombs, on the site of the actual discoveries, cannot but bear out to any fair-minded thinker the claims of the Church that devotion to the Blessed Virgin has existed from the very earliest ages. The faith of "The Church of the Catacombs" is the Catholic faith of today.

Music, the fairest tribute to the Immaculate, was not forgotten in these jubilee festivals, and musical compositions on the themes of the Church's hymns to Mary were admitted to the Marian Exposition, while one of the prominent features in the celebrations was the production in the halls of the Lateran Palace of the new cantata "L'Immacolata," by Don Lorenzo Perosi, director of the Sistine Choir. This event in the musical world was pleasurably anticipated by lovers of soundly-classical church music, ever since the gifted young priest-musician announced his intention of composing a cantata as his meed of homage to Our Lady Immaculate. This latest emanation from the brain of a genius is judged by musical critics to fully sustain his former reputation. Don Lorenzo has already shown us strength and majesty in compositions, now he gives us unutterable sweetness. It is a symphonic poem in which the music seems to rejoice in the heavenly purity of its theme, from the angelic choruses to the splendid orchestration of the final "magnificat," crowning as with a jubilee crown the infinite humility of the Virgin Queen.

On November 30th, perhaps the most important feature in all the centenary

celebrations, the Marian Congress, was solemnly inaugurated in the Basilica of the Twelve Apostles, under the immediate patronage and in presence of the cardinalatial commission, the members of the Sacred College, the hierarchy and prelates, dignitaries of the papal court and a representation of the Roman patriciate; also representatives of the scholastic and scientific institutes of Rome and a number of distinguished Catholic laymen, litterateurs, scientists, archeologists, journalists, artists, etc., of many nations—a memorable cosmopolitan gathering of the lights of the intellectual world. The first general meeting was ushered in by an exquisite chorus (rendered by a boy choir) of the "Tota Pulchea," while the last ended with the "Magnificat." All general meetings of the Congress took place in the vast Basilica of the Twelve Apostles, the various sectional meetings being held in various halls lent for the purpose.

The Congress lasted for four days, November 30th to December 4th, an enormous amount of important matter being crowded into the all too short period at the disposal of the Congress. The attendance proved even larger than was at first expected, Latin, Italian, French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese being the languages admitted. France, Spain, and Italy contributed on an average the highest number of papers, Germany and Poland following, while missions from the most remote parts of the world sent their adhesion to this truly international gathering.

The Marian Congress was divided into three sections which, according to the official programme, was as follows:

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The Marian Press.

Marian Institutions and Associations.

The resolutions passed by the Congress in regard to Religious Orders and Congregations are singularly valuable at the present day. They ran as follows: To render the Orders double honor the more they are persecuted, to show what they have had from Mary to increase the veneration of Catholics towards them, and of them to the Blessed Virgin, to publish their merits in cultivating and encouraging devotion to Mary and the imitation of her virtues, to spread the reign of Christ, also to demonstrate what part they took in the glorification of Our Lady Immaculate, before and after the proclamation of the dogma.

Afterwards, the second part,—Marian Confraternities, Companies and Associations,—was studied by the Congress, taking up origin, history, and works of protection for the care, education, and amelioration of the poor, the children of the people, soldiers and charitable associations in various orders of society; also the results, either already attained, or which could be attained by their action for the good of individuals, families, social classes, society and the Church at large. Respecting these Marian confraternities the Congress voted to maintain, revive, and develop in them true devotion to Mary, consisting in fruitful good works, devotional practices, and the apostolic piety which should characterize children of Mary.

As will be seen from the official programme no part of practical and essential devotion to the Mother of God was forgotten, the greater number of subjects having been treated in so masterly a manner by their learned exponents as to leave no doubt of the results of the Marian Congress of 1904. Thus these two features alone of the bi-centenary celebrations, the Congress and the Exhibition, form practical examples of the utility of the faithfully executed programme; nor would it be too much to say that in themselves they constitute a liberal education in religious literature and the fine arts. The celebrations should do

much to remove the clouds of error and prejudice concerning one of the doctrines of the Catholic Church more bitterly attacked than any other, and very often, through a misconception of its nature, proving a stumbling block against entrance into the Church. Thousands of intelligent visitors, not of the Catholic faith, come to Rome every year, and to them, as to all of us on a first visit, its many-sided treasure of religion, history, art, and literature proves a revelation, making clear much that was hitherto obscure, suggesting trains of thought altogether new. Thus when trained in the high school of Rome, they visit the Marian Exposition, perhaps even with much prejudice still remaining, or with merest curiosity for a motive, this pictorial illustration of the cult of Mary, from the antiquity of its beginnings down to the present day, must necessarily impress them with more broad-minded and liberal ideas of the real nature of Catholic devotion to the Mother of God. In after years this tiny seed may bear its fruit in the most unexpected circumstances, and among Catholics may tend to produce fresh love and confidence in Mary Immaculate, in hearts that have wandered from their faith's allegiance.

Celebration followed celebration in quick succession during the Marian bicentenary. The echoes of the last congress reunion had scarcely died away when immediate preparation began for the actual feast of the Immaculate Conception, with the solemn cardinalatial triduum in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, on the fourth, fifth, and sixth of December, as also triduums of preparation in almost every church of the Eternal City.

This solemn function could not have had a more imposing background than the grandest church of Our Lady, in the world. Every morning a cardinal of the Commission pontificated, and each evening after a panegyric on the Immaculate Conception, delivered by an archiepiscopal orator, a cardinal gave solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, the solemn act of homage to Mary Immaculate, performed by the princes of the Church in sight of thousands of the faithful crowding the vast basilica to its utmost capacity.

In the most glorious of Mary's sanctuaries where kings and emperors have piled their costliest tributes, gold-relieved mosaics of the early centuries glow in the radiance of electric lamps, flashing back the glitter of the gilded ceiling—Columbus' first offering from the New World to Our Lady's Major Shrine. In the Confession, before the papal altar, kneels the marble statue of Pius IX, with hands clasped, and a smile ineffable lingering on the carved features, as if before the aged Pontiff's upturned gaze had dawned the vision of the All Pure he honored so faithfully on earth. At any time this statue of Pius IX is a work of art most striking; in the present circumstances it is purely ideal.

After all these solemn preparations, leading up gradually to the great anniversary of the eighth, the great day when it dawned at last found all the world in St. Peter's. Romans, pilgrims and strangers of many lands and tongues, but Catholics all, linked together in the Church's wonderful universality, waited under the vaulting of the mighty dome, for the Pontiff coming to celebrate the fiftieth recurrence of a day ever joyful in the history of the Church.

He came at last, the Pontiff amid his people, heralded by the triumphant music of the silver trumpets, dying away into a religious silence more impressive far than acclamations. With solemnity unutterable His Holiness vested in full pontifical state, and crowned with the triple crown of sovereignty gave his benedic-

tion as he passed along amid the defile of the Church's hierarchy and the representatives of all the religious Orders in the world. Like a panorama of ecclesiastical history the sea of moving mitres swept up the nave. Not even the eighth of December, 1854, could have witnessed a more stately gathering than that assembled to do honor to Mary Immaculate in 1904. It seemed as if history repeated itself when Pius X stood at the papal altar to celebrate on its fiftieth anniversary the votive Mass of the Immaculate Conception, over the Apostle's Tomb.

Altar, sacrifice, surroundings, all were identical with the pomp and circumstance of fifty years ago. Only the personalities were changed, the Church remains the same. The pontifical proceeded with deep solemnity, accompanied by the music of the Sistine Choir, the Epistle and Gospel being sung in Latin and Greek, according to the rite of the churches of the East and West. It is ever a lesson in prayer to assist at the Mass of Pius X. His whole bearing is an embodied act of faith, the High Priest at the lofty papal altar, high in sight above the heads of the multitude, yet so utterly apparently apart in the Holy of Holies of his soul's communion, as if alone in that great basilica with his God.

When the pontifical ended, His Holiness entoned the Te Deum, and a mighty voice of thanksgiving shook the walls of the great cathedral, representing the Catholic world's deep debt of gratitude for the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Once more the procession reformed in the order it came, passing into the choir chapel, outside which in the quiet wall niche Leo XIII rests in the everlasting rest. It halted; and only the cardinals, the hierarchy and the papal court entered the comparatively narrow limits of the chapel, escorting the Sovereign Pontiff, while the music of the Tota Pulchea fell softly from above, sung by the Sistine Choir. Mounting a high crimson-draped platform erected before the picture above the altar, Pius X, reciting the beautiful and touching prayer composed by himself in honor of Our Lady Immaculate, placed the peerless crown of brilliants on the Blessed Virgin's brow, whence its diamond rays flashed out refulgent over the splendid scene. The strains of a triumphant Magnificat floated grandly upwards from the limits of the chapel resounding into the spaces of the mighty church beyond. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted them of low degree." Veritably the deathless triumph of the humble; and we of the twentieth century have once more fulfilled the prophecy, "All generations shall call me blessed."

It was over—the bulk of the crowds passed out through the wide-open doorways while many still lingered to view the basilica's splendid decorations, or paused to pray before the "Immacolata," with its starry-gemmed crown. All day long they came and went, for Rome, the mirror of the Catholic world, kept high festival. Finally the basilica's doors were closed, and the outside illuminations began in the softly-falling southern twilight. When the great façade and the colonnades stood out in lines of light all Catholic Rome took up the signal, "Evviva L'Immacolata!" flashed forth from the Janiculum in letters of light; "Evviva L'Immacolata!" flashed back gaily-lighted windows in every Roman home, to find an echo in millions of Catholic hearts far away at the ends of the earth.

The unutterable joy of the Immaculate Conception dogma brought aid and blessing to the Catholic world on its proclamation fifty years ago. That blessing is renewed to-day, even though we live still in the heart and stress of the struggle, needing more than ever

the help of Mary Immaculate to fight the good fight with faith's insidious enemies as they close ever in about us.

The jubilee year was not solely one of joy, but of effort and organization, a review and marshalling of forces in view of a federated social action which will help to render us impregnable.

This is emphatically the age for action, prompt, united, vigorous, so that, to use the words of our beloved Sovereign Pontiff, placed in the mouth of the Blessed Virgin, in his jubilee encyclical, "Let us not be of those who honor Mary with their lips while their hearts are far away from her."

AMOR VINCIT.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

A rush of wings upon the air, while here you sit and spin—
Give over wailing, O sad heart, and let the Summer in!
Love knocks without your guarded gate, your fire is burning red—
"I cannot let him in," she wept, "because of Love that's dead."

His wings are heavy with the rain, his curls are tempest-tossed,
He bears fair gifts to compensate for all the joys you've lost;
Your silent house hath need of him, your lonely ingleside—
"I gave Love shelter once," she said, "for this my heart hath died."

"But if I be the Love of old," uprose his pleading sweet,
"Say might I then have welcoming, and nestle at your feet?
I only slept, uncared, unsought, beneath the stress of tears,
And ashes of remembrance, piled by the passing years.

"Yet Love outlives—if Love be true—aught born of blind disdain,
Comes in the gladness of the Spring, and seeks his own again—
Aught born of wrath when speech rings free, and tried souls drift afar—
So Love be true, his benison can heal the deepest scar.

"Then let me in"—Her mournful eyes glow with their vanished grace
To see his drifted locks of gold, the glory on his face,
There's bloom in desert-lands to-day, there's singing in the sky,
Since Love remembered one sad heart, and cast his dreaming by.

THE POET AND HIS WIFE.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"Lamb without mint sauce is unendurable, but mint sauce without lamb is impossible."—*De Ritz.*

"I waited long, and no word answering came"
The young wife said, "I waited very long—"
"O love," he murmured, "voices swift as flame
Are whispering all around us, silvery song
Is in the twilight,—every word I speak
To you, O heart flower, airy spirits seek!

"Ah, I can hear the silences about,
And feel the message in the circling air
Of astral beings to us;—and can you doubt
The fineness of the senses poets share
With nature and the dumb things of the earth?
List! List! The air is full of woe and mirth."

"The min—" she said. "That minute, love, is *now,*
'Tis all we have." "It's half-past six," she said.
"Oh, count no time,—ah, darling, I avow
There is no time since you and I are wed,—
No minute or no hour; time is past,
And Life's an open book to me at last.

"The air's replete with still telegraphy"—
"The wireless kind?" she asked, with eyes intent,
"And you can read it, dearest! Oh, do see
Why stupid Jinks no leg of lamb has sent,
I waited long at that old telephone,—
The mint is wasted." Then he made a moan.

A HOLIDAY IN PERUGIA.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

The driver curled his long whip in the air. We were off at a breakneck speed, the spirited little horses bravely attacking the steep hill which led to Perugia. We had come on an early train from Assisi and the flowering valley was still wrapped in a veil of white mist, above which the sunlit towers of Umbria rose like great white birds, dauntless in their soaring. As we wound up the mountain side the mist slowly lifted; the grey olives thrilled and shivered in the morn-

ing breeze, unfurling their silver leaves in the sunshine. Far below, the Tiber made a gleaming curve across the vast plain.

"Who would ever think that tiny stream was once the great artery which connected these hill-cities with the heart of the world!" exclaimed Katherine, the Historian. " 'The Emperor Augustus' " she continued, glancing at her open guide book, " 'having conquered Perugia, once the most important of the twelve cities of Etruria, rebuilt it as a Roman colony. He had starved the citizens into submission, but one of them, Caius Cestius, hot with all the shame of the thing, got up at night and made a funeral pyre of his house. He set fire to its walls and as it burned he stabbed himself. The flames spread with such rapidity that when the Romans entered in triumph they found but the charred ruins of ancient Perusia. To-day the five Etruscan gates and the old walls alone remain to tell the story of that mysterious race.' "

"What about the exquisite Etruscan gold work and the wonderful carvings which you told us we would find in the Museum?" I asked.

"Oh, those were discovered in old tombs outside the walls. Listen to this—'The men who built these walls, thousands of years ago, lie buried in vast stone chambers which honeycomb the outer hillside. From carvings found there we learn that to the Etruscans death meant but the portal through which the spirit passes to life eternal, while mortal life for them was a continual striving to overcome evil that the soul might find an eternity of purest joy. That those who indulged in guilty pleasures feared death is shown by their *door of death* always carved by the Etruscans next the ordinary house door.' "

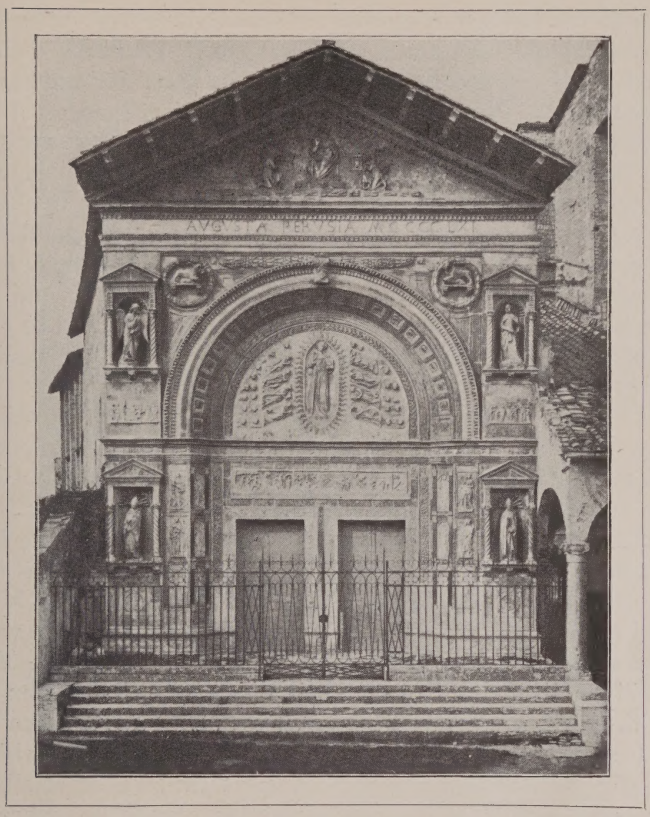
"Then the custom of walling up the door through which a corpse was carried has come from the Etruscans! Don't you remember the one we saw in Assisi where the man said it was bad luck for the living to use the doorway of the dead?"

"This intermingling of Etruscan, Greek and Roman customs with those of modern life, makes me feel like a resuscitated mummy," laughed Margaret.

"It is far easier for me to accept ancient customs," replied Katherine, "than it is to realize that the gentle, sweet-faced men and women whom we meet here are the descendants of the Oddi, Baglioni and Ranieri—those ferocious nobles who made the history of Perugia one of the most blood-curdling of medieval times. No foreign foe was ever more cruel, more relentless to the people of Perugia than her own sons, born and nurtured within her walls. Look at their stern old palaces. Don't they seem to frown down upon us as we enter this city gate that was once closed to nobles and Raspanti* in turn, as each party gained or lost supremacy in its native town? When in the 15th century the burghers gained power, they drove the nobles like swine through this gateway, while their wives and daughters poured boiling water and hurled huge stones upon them from the walls above, crying to the burghers to follow and annihilate the hated enemies of liberty. Horrible, was it not? But we must remember that the nobles were tyrants who had deprived them of that liberty which they so passionately loved, and which throughout the ages had inspired the Perugians to deeds of magnificent bravery. It taught them to fear no man, nor suffering, nor death, but only subjection!"

"It was fine, Katherine, from that point of view, but I prefer peace—and

*Raspanti — The rich burghers who represented the people's party.



ORATORY OF ST. BERNARDINE, PERUGIA.

luncheon. I am most unromantically hungry—suppose we close our eyes and ears to the vibrating echoes of that wonderful past and drive at once to Madame Brufani's."

Margaret's suggestion was unanimously accepted. We found Madame Brufani awaiting us in the hallway of her delightful hotel. An Englishwoman, her practical energy was a blessing, not only to American travelers, but to the impoverished nobility of the once powerful town. Many a proud contessa has slipped rings and jewels into her kind hands, to be disposed of to the wealthy Americani!

"Strangers think the Italians grasping, even dishonest in their desire to obtain money—that they have no thought but of gain. That is not true. They are the most generous, the most tender-hearted people in the world," said Madame Brufani when later we were talking of the Perugians. "Be good to them, do them some small service, their gratitude and love are boundless. They have the erroneous idea that all Americans are enormously wealthy — they themselves are often starving—here then is their great chance to make a fortune! They are all children and know absolutely nothing of practical business methods. Did you not tell me that Signor M.—was asleep when you called at his shop? That is just the way with them. His family is suffering for the necessities of life, yet he must have his afternoon nap, no matter how many customers he loses!"

"Have you seen the old silver in Madame Brufani's cabinet, Katherine?" asked Margaret. "It is ravishing. I must have some of it. No, it is not cheap, she knows too well the worth of such things — besides, the story which goes with it is pathetic, and she wants to get all she can for the owners. They live in that enormous palace that we passed yesterday and called our medieval prison! There is an old father and two young daughters. The only son was killed in that horrid African war. Madame Brufani says the silver was brought here at night by a faithful old servant who has lived with them all her life, and now refuses to desert them. She told Madame that they were actually starving! Of course the daughters could teach Italian to the English and Americans who spend their summers here, but the Count is too proud to permit them to work. Nor will he listen to their entreaties to sell the old furniture. In despair they sent some of their silver to good Madame Brufani, begging her to dispose of it at any price. She told me that they had some very valuable rings, left them by their mother. I have asked permission to see them."

That afternoon Madame Brufani sent for us to come to her private sitting-room. "La Signorina Contessa has herself brought the jewels. Old Marguerite went to the country this morning, and she had no one else whom she could trust." Turning, she introduced us to the young girl by her side, who blushed deeply as she shyly returned our greetings. Evidently she was unaccustomed to meeting strangers. But our enthusiastic admiration of her jewels soon made her forget her surroundings and with the sweet naiveté of the Italians, she began to tell us the history of her family heirlooms. "This ring with the strange colored stone was once worn by Pope Boniface. When he visited Perugia in 1392 he gave it in token of friendship to the Ranieri family. I have heard my mother say that this sapphire was the betrothal ring of Zenobia Sforza and the brave Grifonetto. Do you know their story? How the good Grifonetto was led to betray his people through jealousy of his beautiful wife and then fell a victim to those who had so cruelly deceived him? Gianpolo Baglioni thus became the ruler of our city. To accomplish this, so many were murdered in the cathedral that he had the floors washed with wine and consecrated anew to the service of our heavenly Father."

"Are you fond of the history of your city, Contessa?"

"It is my passion. My sister and I would be very lonely were it not for Count A., the librarian of Perugia. He is one of the few whom our father invites to visit us. When we were children he fascinated us with his stories of ancient Umbria, especially that of Noah and his sons, who, when they left the Ark, wandered over the earth seeking the most beautiful country in which to found the new world. When they came to the mountains of Umbria they were satisfied to look no farther. Nothing could be more beautiful! They founded their first city where Perugia now stands. The many arrowheads and other stone implements found in our hills prove that some prehistoric race lived here before the Etruscans. I do not vouch for Noah as their leader," she smilingly added— "tho' the old chronicler Ciatti evidently believed it. After all, we know no more of the origin of the Etruscans. Were it not for their arts, we could guess but little of their history. The Count says that art is the greatest and truest of all historians. I am glad to believe that, because the written history of my dear old

Perugia is very dark and depressing!—But I tire you. When I find those who love our dear town I talk too much."

"No, no!" exclaimed Margaret, "We love to hear of your past grandeur."

"Would she not make a delightful guide?" I whispered.

"Oh, that would be entrancing!" and the impulsive Margaret offered the astonished Contessa twenty lire a day to show us the treasures of her beloved Perugia! "I would be enchanted to go with you, to show you our pictures, our churches. I would accept no money for what would be to me much pleasure. But alas, my father would never consent that I should be with strangers. The Signorina cannot understand—one must give up many things when one belongs to a princely house. We women of Italy are not free to live our own lives, as are the beautiful Americane." Tears filled her soft, grey eyes as she leaned forward and kissed Margaret's hand.

"Would you be willing to part with some of your queer old silver rings?"

DETAIL OF THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

Fortunately Margaret had that morning received a generous check from her father and so could indulge her sympathy for the young girl by arranging with Madame Brufani a price, otherwise prohibitory. The girl's gratitude was pathetic. "Father can have meat every day and white wine for the Count! You are too generous, too good. I will ask

ANGELS IN SCULPTURE.

the Madonna each day of my life, to protect and guard you." A bunch of white roses were fastened at her belt. "Take them, Signorina, and may our dear Saviour bless you. You have brought much peace to an anxious heart."

We never saw her again, though we eagerly scanned the windows of her somber palace, as we passed it each morning on our way to the Cathedral. Evidently her father did not approve of unknown Americans, and we were forced to explore for ourselves the dark streets and darker stone stairways that led to church or palace. Madame Brufani loaned us an autograph copy of that delightful little book "The Story of Perugia." But what writer can translate the mysterious charm that clings about those old walled towns of Umbria! these cities of the past that seem to possess a throbbing, palpitating soul which reveals itself only to its lovers! To be a seer of visions in Perugia one must drink deep of her history. Then when he lingers on the steps of the Palazzo Publico or in the solemn silence of the old cathedral, scene after scene of that passionate past rises before him. "I can almost hear the clanking of armor and the shouts of the people," said Katherine, "when I think of that glorious day in 1358 when the beautiful women in their stiff broidered gowns, gathered here to receive the proud conquerors of poor, broken-hearted Siena. They rode in triumph to this piazza, forty-nine painted banners of that humiliated city tied to their horse's tails. See—here they come to lay the chains of Siena's Palace of Justice before this rapacious old Griffon that for centuries represented Perugia's power! Isn't he a fine specimen of medieval carving? How they loved the old monster, emblem of their independence! Even Assisi was compelled to hang the keys of her city's gates at his feet! How many scenes of carnage he has gazed upon, when the furious nobles would rush to this piazza to avenge their murdered friends or relatives! The Pope himself could not calm the frantic passions of the rival Baglioni and Oddi!"

Yet while the old chroniclers of Perugia were telling of deadly feuds, of brother armed against brother, a fairer, sweeter history was being written by her artists. From their testimony we know that not every day was one of bloodshed, that there must have been many peaceful, happy times when men worked in joy and faith, weaving for our entrancement stories of heavenly singers, of the Madonna, of Christ the King. Taine says "Fra Angelico was happier here than in his Pagan Florence. Looking at his work one seems to be reading in the 'Imitatio Christi,' for on the golden background the pure, sweet faces breathe a quiet stillness, like the immaculate roses in the gardens of Paradise." He painted for the Church of St. Dominic that exquisite picture, the Madonna and

Child enthroned, surrounded by young angels, their baskets filled with flowers—of which later Charles Eliot Norton wrote "The air of heaven fans the bright wings of his angels, the peace of God is in their countenances, no spot of earth dims the shining splendor of their robes."

During the most turbulent days of Perugia's history the young Raphael painted in the studio of Perugino, leaving no trace in his work of the broils and feuds of those warlike nobles whom St. Bernardino alone had power to tame. From the steps of the Palazzo Publico one can see the little pulpit clinging to the outer wall of the cathedral, where this saint preached to the surging crowd in the vast piazza, conquering them by his burning eloquence, by his one great weapon, God's love. He prevailed upon the people of Perugia, as later did Savonarola upon the Florentines, to make a bonfire of "Vanities," where "books of superstition, of necromancy and astrology were burned, together with fashionable follies, packs of cards, obscene pictures, forbidden weapons, and ornaments of female luxury, instruments all of iniquity and delight." After one of his powerful exhortations proud nobles and Raspanti knelt side by side on the stone pavement, to receive his blessing, following the people into the dark cathedral for the evening service. Then as now, the sweet Madonna on the side wall, her

DETAIL OF LUNETTE OVER CHURCH DOOR.

ANGELS, CARVED ABOVE CHURCH DOOR.

hands outspread to bless, smiled down upon them as they passed toward the main altar. Many stories are told of this early painting. Some say that it is the work of one of the first Christians in Perugia, and that Perugino, who loved it as a child, drew from it his highest inspiration.* "Our Lady stands against a crimson arras, her gown is of faded pink, her mantle blue lined with the green of early spring. She is so calm, so young and smiling, one does not wonder at the crowds which linger always round this shrine."

In 1461 the Perugians sent to Florence asking Agostino Ducci, the sculptor, to come and decorate for them the façade of an oratory which they were building in memory of St. Bernardino. We had read of The Heavenly Choir with which he surrounded the doorway, and we had planned to give a day to the study of this great work. But no written words could prepare us for the thrilling power of its beauty when suddenly it burst upon our startled vision. We had been wandering through the narrow twisted streets, darkened by fortress-like buildings of Baglioni and Oddi, when through a long vista of grim palaces the sunny piazza of St. Francesca with its oratory of San Bernardino, gleamed like a bit of heaven. Perhaps it was coming so suddenly into the sunshine, with the scent of white blossoms in the keen mountain-air which wove about us one of those intoxicating Italian *spells* to mark that morning with a shining stone among the many happy days of our stay in dear old Perugia. Upon the façade of the little oratory* "wrought in clay and marble, blue and white and rose, and colors more grave yet no less tender, the movement of wind fluttering the light drapery . . . the half shrinking beauty of face and limb suggesting in color and line faint delights of form and sound and movement strangely understood by those for whom Ducci created his masterpiece in memory of the sweet-lived saint."

With consummate skill the artist has used the rosy tints of his marble and terra cotta to give warmth and life to his exquisite sculpture. A circular arch surmounts the two entrance doors, around which runs a band of finely-carved ornament in low relief. Over these doors a carved frieze represents the noted events in the life of Bernardino. About the figure of the saint float angel forms, chanting hymns of praise or playing on musical instruments. There is marvelous grace and beauty in these angelic beings. Their faces, turned toward heaven, are full of celestial peace as well as the mystery of eternal love. Surrounding these angels are the most exquisite baby heads, cradled in their cherub-wings. So human is their tender beauty that we know the artist modeled them from the little children playing in

*The Story of Perugia.

*R. G. D. Sketchley.

the streets of that grim old Perugia of the 15th century. "Perhaps the loveliest figures where all are lovely," we are told in the story of Perugia, "are those of the six virtues—Mercy, Holiness and Purity, Religion, Mortification and Patience—on either side of the entrance doors." There is a mingling of grace and quaintness in these figures signif-

THE STATUE OF OUR LADY.

icant of Agostino's handling; but their power to hold the heart lies much deeper. In the pure soul of this artist burned an adoring faith and love; this he has expressed in the lovely forms of his angelic choir, writing for posterity one of the fairest pages in the dark history of that warlike age.

That Agostino Ducci was but one of many artists of that time is proven by the slight mention of his great work. Even to-day, comparatively few know of its existence, yet in pure sentiment, in the enchanting loveliness of the upturned faces, the grace of the flowing draperies, it deserves to rank among the highest achievements of the 15th century sculptors, of whom Walter Pater wrote "their works share with the paintings of Botticelli and churches of Brunnelleschi that intimate impress of an indwelling soul which is the peculiar fascination of the art of Italy in that century. One longs to penetrate into the lives of men who have given expression to so much power and sweetness." But of their daily lives all trace has passed away. The spiritual

significance, however, of the work of both painter and sculptor, is but accentuated by this fact. Many of the most beautiful pictures, of the most exquisite sculptures of that early time were never signed. The most glorious name of the early renaissance is *Ignota,* found so often in the pinocateca of Perugia. It embodies the living spirit of faith in which those men labored, not for earthly glory but through love of God. Calm, sweet, holy, this art is absolutely at variance with the records left us of battles and street broils, of the mad orgies of passionate men and women, wildly extravagant even in their penitence.

To those who love Italy her artists have bequeathed most precious documents folded away in the quiet cloisters, the churches and art galleries of her small towns. A recent writer on Perugia says, "of the art contained in her galleries and churches it is impossible to speak. It is only sometimes in Italy that cities are more real than art and if one could write in any terms of actuality the art within its walls must be left unconsidered!"

True if one wishes to give only the atmosphere created by her written history, the art of Perugia must be left unmentioned! The deeds of nobles and warriors alone claimed the pen of the historian, while the art within her grim walls tells of the daily life of the people. Thank God that it stands as a living witness to bear testimony to the faith and purity and beauty that existed in the darkest days of her dark history; that the Heavenly Choir of Agostino remains to speak to us of the spiritual life of the children of Umbria; as well as of the man who executed with such loving tenderness the work entrusted to his genius.

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER XIV (Continued.)

"Sure, an' she wanted to be left, sir. An' when Mollie Farrell wants a thing she generally gets it. Besides, 'tain't the first time she's sat up alone with Mrs. Baker. The whole world knows—" alas, for poor Mollie and her desire for concealment!—"that she's been supportin' the woman and carin' for her ever sence she's been able to scratch one penny over the other. She told Mrs. Baker it's Dan's doings—but that's on'y half-likely, for the haporth a wan of us knows where Dan is, or what he does be doin'. You never heard yourself, now, did you, Dr. Rollinson?"

No idle curiosity prompted the question—rather the true feminine spirit which seeks to avoid an unpleasant or unanswerable argument. But the young man frowned.

"I don't know where Dan is and I don't care. It strikes me as being rather peculiar that I should hear of Miss Farrell and Mrs. Baker now when it is too late to remedy it. You people did not want to tell me; that's it," irritably. "A sensible woman like you— Well, well, let's say no more about it."

He caught himself up quickly, for Mrs. Reilly's face, seen in the light streaming from the open door out into the hall-way, had flushed, and her eyes opened wide. Dr. Rollinson was the most good-natured of men—and what was in this to exasperate him now—

"I suppose Miss Farrell will have to make arrangements for the funeral also?" he continued, much more mildly. "You know Mrs. Baker's going to die, don't you?"

"Yes, sir— any wan wid two eyes in her head would know that. An' as for the funeral, I haven't the least knowledge. You see, Dr. Rollinson, you don't understand. It's a while back—a matther of three years or more, that Mollie's took charge of Mrs. Baker. The ould lady herself has been mighty uppish about it, an' as for Mollie— Well, Mollie'd give you her heart's-blood, but don't come next or nigh her with questions. No wan dast interfere with that girl, nor go contrary to her, nor ask her what she'd be goin' to do. Her own mother told me she never so much as—"

"Why, Mrs. Reilly, you seem to think I've been blaming you in some way," said John Rollinson, with his pleasantest smile. He had, indeed, been blaming her, but he saw that she was hurt, and he did not want this conversation to reach Mollie Farrell's ears—as it would, he knew, with embellishments, if it were carried much further. An idea had come to him while he was speaking. He resolved that pecuniary outlay, as far as Mrs. Baker was concerned, was over for Mollie Farrell—despite what satisfaction she would take in still farther making a martyr of herself.

"We will forget all about it," he continued. "I understand just how you feel—and I see now that you couldn't interfere. Not knowing the facts—and knowing *you*, Mrs. Reilly, and how good-hearted you are, I thought it strange that you would allow her to stay alone all night — under the circumstances, of course. Let the matter drop. Some people are born to have their own way in this world, Mrs. Reilly."

He was one of them. These words, accompanied by that pleasant smile of his, sent the warm flush to Mrs. Reilly's face once more. They made her resolve

never to disappoint him again in his expectations of seeing her wherever help was necessary. We are all children in our desire for praise and appreciation. Some strange and stubborn natures there may be who strive the fiercer against heavy odds, and in the face of condemnation and disapproval; but the great majority of us do our best work when we feel that it will be scanned by friendly eye.

John Rollinson went home and wrote to Parsons, the undertaker, instructing him to take charge after the woman's death; telling him also that he would defray all expenses only on condition that his name was not made known. When the note was sealed and addressed, he sat quite still, his eyes fixed on vacancy for a full five minutes. Then he threw his head back, and a look of resolution deepened and hardened the grave lines in his pleasant face.

"That's over," he said. "There's a chapter in my life turned down. The page is marked through; more than that, it's torn out: I do not know why you came across my path, Mollie Farrell—or having once gone out of it, why you came back again. I am disturbed when I see you or meet you. Therefore I shall not see you or meet you, for I am a busy man with my life's best work to be done, and to do it I must feel at peace with myself. You and I are as far away from each other as the two poles, yet you are a source of discomfort; you make me dissatisfied. A very beautiful character—that, doubtless. But we are strangers and shall remain so."

He made the resolution for himself alone, of course. He did not have to try to avoid Mollie Farrell, for never would she willingly come in contact with him. In the days and the weeks and the months that followed he heard of her often—with unconcern, for he had resolved that the influence she exercised over him must be broken, and having a strong will, he succeeded in banishing her. By-and-by another name began to be coupled with hers—the name of Sister Raphael. And once Mrs. McCabe gave voice to the rumor that Mollie, when her mother no longer needed her, would go with Sister Raphael altogether. John Rollinson was glad when he heard this. It would be a good life for the girl. She was above her station in so far as the subtle "self" was concerned; she was pure, brave, noble of heart and sentiment—yes, the religious life was meet for such as she, who understood trial and sorrow so well.

He did not linger more than he could help—had he not resolved to put her entirely out of his mind?—on his self-communings on that night when he had anticipated her marriage with one of her own class; of her future with a man who would not appreciate her. No. If he thought of marriage in connection with her during these days, it was rather with a feeling of relief that she would not have to face the dangers of that state of life; that she would live up to the splendid grace of pure womanhood that was hers in an eminent degree.

And what of Mollie herself?

A girl on whom people in sore trouble leaned. Never of many words, the touch of her hand was ease. She was one to profit by good example, and Sister Raphael, who moved among Father Laurence's people like an angel of light, taught the girl a great deal. The lessons were given in silence, and they were learned in silence.

And yet, although her people cared for her, and relied on her, they did not realize her worth. She was no saint, this Mollie Farrell. She was human as the saints were before they eliminated, by discipline, fasting, and prayer, the torments of self-will and self-love. In her own way she held her people in affection-

ate regard—but she knew one thing: She did not love them with the love that Sister Raphael had for them—Sister Raphael, who could look through the grime of earth down into a man's very soul. They were her people and she clung to them. But the great sympathy and feeling that were the actual Mollie Farrell never came to the surface, and they, who gave love impulsively, could not look below the surface for what was not apparent. She knew all this—she felt it; she knew that while she was necessary to them she could drop out of their lives without causing them more than a quickly vanishing pang.

And yet there was so much for her to do—so much for her to unlearn as well as learn. Before she could win the love of her people, she must let down the barriers of her own great heart and allow its affection to pour forth. And to her nature this would mean torture. No—she held to her self-repression; she held her own emotions well in check. She would clasp still farther the band of immobility about her soul, and keep it there.

When John Rollinson thought of her now it was with a sensation of the most profound respect—as of a being set apart—satisfied that she had made up her mind to her future, pleased that she would be free from all cares save those she undertook voluntarily or by obedience. True, the memory of that silent vigil of hers persisted in returning; the memory of that night when he had clasped those thin hands, and spoken her name, fascinated by the glowing light in her eyes. After a while even that memory began to fade, so emphatically can we impress our will upon the secret longings of our heart. If we tell ourselves a thing often enough, we will eventually become convinced of the truth of it. She would, most certainly, always occupy a singular position in his mind—and yet of what interest were her words, her actions, to him?

He believed all this. John Rollinson was almost persuaded that the strangely fascinating Mollie Farrell had been a dream, when an event occurred which tore the veil from his eyes forever.

Yet interesting as this event is, and exciting, things of importance to others of our story were transpiring in the interval. We chronicle the beginning of them in the next chapter: the beginning of the marvelous workings of the will of God. Anxious as we may be to continue Mollie's farther history, we will take up this other for a little while.

CHAPTER XV.

PAIN AND PATIENCE.

"Say, Edith, John was telling me an awfully fine story about that Mollie Farrell we met some days ago—the one that was here, remember?"

Edith Selleck looked up from the piano. She was trying a piece of new music, and Mac had wandered into the room to listen. She smiled at him now, but kept on playing: very softly, so that he could continue the conversation if he so desired. He leaned against the instrument, watching her fingers.

"You know when he left here the other night?"

She nodded.

"He was called to an old woman he's been in the habit of attending. The girl—"

Edith stopped and swung around on the stool. An expression of childish amusement crossed her lovely face.

"O Mac, O Mac, write a story, and call it 'My Paragon—and the Lady!' Do, do! It is the girl again? Dear, dear me! Of course, she was there! Of course she was with the poor old soul! An angel of mercy! And John

Rollinson is charmed anew. Mac, why don't you put your Chevalier Bayard, your Sir Galahad, upon the right track? Discover to him his heart. Don't you know he's in love with Miss Farrell?"

"Oh, come off, Edith," said Mac. "Why do you talk like that?"

"Don't you believe me?"

"No, I don't."

"That's queer," carelessly. "Well, men are not observant as a rule." She turned back to the piano.

"Would you like to hear the rest? I thought you might be interested, seeing that you know her."

"There is more?"

"Yes," said Mac. "There is more." And then he told it, simply as John Rollinson had told it to him. Edith Selleck, with her elbows propped on the music rack, her chin on her upturned palms, listened without interruption to the story of Mrs. Baker and Mollie Farrell which included, as well, the story of Dan Farrell's unlucky blow. She listened to that brief tale of Mollie's sacrifice, and made no comment. When he had finished she sat up straight and looked at him, her eyes shining.

"And yet you say John Rollinson does not love this girl?"

"Edith, it is impossible. He—"

"Is a fool," said Edith, sharply.

"But—" began Mac, astonished. He did not know what to make of her, she looked at him so strangely. She rose and left the room, and a short while afterward the house. She felt that what she needed was space and air — to be alone on a boundless desert somewhere —to feel herself alone with some greater power—some force above her.

Where would she go? There came, following close on that impulse for freedom, a wish to see Mollie Farrell. Yes, if she could but see her and apologize to her for the very thoughts that had, in depreciating the girl, belittled herself. Apologize to her? For what? She had done nothing, said nothing for which apology was necessary. But she was suffering, and she felt that Mollie Farrell's face would alleviate the suffering; there was a discord in her brain that Mollie Farrell's deep tones could sooth into harmony. Oh, if she but knew her better! A girl like her, a girl who could make such quiet, silent sacrifices and endure so much, must have taught herself a great deal that no modern education can give. She had learned in the school of life! The school of life! Those words had always been meaningless to Edith. Was she entering that school now?

And suddenly there seemed to stretch before the girl two paths. One she knew well. She had already tasted of its pleasures. The world of homage, and satisfaction of sense, of estheticism, delicacy, refinement, evasion of serious thought. She had had it all—but some tiny, hungering voice within her protested. Where did the voice come from? It was not that of conscience, surely. She had never wilfully wronged a human being; even in the trifling things of life, if she were betrayed into irritability or unkindness, she had striven always to make amends. It was this sweetness of character that made her father's young brother look upon her with such admiring eyes.

And why not be satisfied? Who or what could give more than her life offered her? John Rollinson? A half-mocking smile parted her lips. John Rollinson—at best a fancy! She knew it. She wanted his affection, because, in the very fulness of her existence she had not learned self-denial. She wanted this because she wanted it—a sufficient reason for getting anything heretofore. And if she did not get it—well, in a short

while, probably, another and newer attraction would supersede it.

John Rollinson's love! No, it was *not* that. It was the hungering voice again—the longing for those days filled to the brim with serious, calm enjoyment, those days which John Rollinson tasted in their completeness. It was his larger life, it was his elimination of self that she craved. Work, he would tell her, work, work, work. True, but on every side she was frustrated. What would the people of whom Mrs. Martyn and Miss Partridge talked, think of her? They would look at her with strange eyes, with suspicious eyes. Why should she work among them? To be like the good women whom she knew — content to talk fairs and circles and meetings and bazars and exchanges, and relate soul-harrowing tales of this or that unfortunate— They did good. That was not what she wanted. If the mere doing of good did not please her, what was it she desired? A motive?

A motive? She turned from the contemplation of that upper world, that pleasure-filled life of hers; and of the underworld with its misery which she did not care to enter. There was something encompassing these two worlds; a living mystery that she could not understand.

"Make me to see!" her heart yearned. "Why can I not see?"

A voiceless prayer—the longing of her soul.

She had turned east, setting her face toward Mollie Farrell, in the direction of the thoughts here set down, word for word, as they came to her. She reached Second Avenue at last and hailed a passing car. It was going down town. She walked its entire length before she found a seat close to the front door. People looked at her curiously. She was very beautiful in her rich attire, with her face shining out like a flower above the dark-brown of her dress, the pensive expression of her delicate countenance making it only the more interesting. She was utterly unconscious of the covert scrutiny of her fellow-passengers. And so from block to block went the car. Men and women reached their destination and others took their vacated places. But whether they came or went, the girl sat quietly erect, her eyes staring out of the opposite window, her small hands folded passively in her lap.

What roused her first she did not know. Perhaps the sudden stopping of the car or the lurch it gave when the motorman started it too quickly. Edith turned her head. The car was well-filled. A form clad in black came slowly up the aisle. Edith glanced at the woman casually, wondering at her strange garb, and as she dropped into the seat opposite her their eyes met. They held each other's gaze a moment, and then the woman looked away.

It would be hard to paint in words the calm face that shone from under that encircling black coif with its white headband—a face that had brought love and joy and hope and tenderness to many an aching heart. Here was no self-seeking; here was no ignorance of the world and its evils which makes the features of very young women in religion as the white petals of a blossom, unwritten on, unmarked, uncomprehending. It was a face that told a story of knowledge and strength and innocence. Edith Selleck felt a quiver vibrate through her entire body.

What was the secret of this woman's soul?

And yet how to describe her? Who could describe such a woman as this was? A woman who had spent thirty years among the poor and lowly and ignorant, who had opened her great and

generous heart to suffering humanity? Words fail. One cannot see features when the soul shines through, and so there are no words to describe that face which Edith Selleck looked at, and turned her eyes from, and glanced at again, and away, and back, the hungering, tiny voice within her suddenly clamorous in its questioning, in its protest.

One by one the passengers left the car. Edith did not know where it was bringing her, she was unconscious of her surroundings. They were going through the downtown business streets—on the way to City Hall, past the Tombs. As they neared the big gray building the nun rose, and for a moment Edith felt, with a sickening sense of disappointment, that she was going to get off. But no. Some impulse had moved her to cross the aisle, so that she could get a better look at the prison. There was no one near. Edith moistened her lips with her tongue, and her face flushed a little as she leaned across the space that separated them.

"That is the Tombs, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," said the nun.

She had, in spite of the quiet gravity of manner, a peculiar expression of the lips when she spoke, the upper going up at one corner revealing the white teeth before her mouth returned to its calm lines. Edith glanced out of the car window.

"I don't believe I have ever seen it before," she said. "And that is the Bridge of Sighs?"

"That is the Bridge of Sighs," answered the other.

"You—you do not mind me speaking to you like this?" asked Edith in an embarrassed manner.

"Oh, no!" and she smiled. "People often speak to me. I am always glad to tell them anything I can."

"I wonder if it is from the same reason that I have done so," said the girl, impulsively. Her acquired indifference, her self-possession left her. The realness of this woman, with the calm face, the young, sweet smile, called to the realness in her. So do we change by the company we keep.

"I have often been asked if that is the Tombs," said the Sister, quietly.

"Oh!" said Edith. "That is not the reason I spoke—to find out that. You are a Catholic nun, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Will you believe that you are the first one I have ever spoken to in my life?"

The Sister looked at her critically.

"It does not seem as if our lines were cast in the same places," she said.

To Edith, these words, coming upon her harsh communings and self-condemnation, seemed a reproach. The delicate color left her cheeks.

"If you knew how true your words are!" she murmured. She stared straight before her and began to speak rapidly. "You have been where people needed you; you have been where you have made people glad. The shame of it that I have never in all my life lightened another's burdens, or helped one single soul! There is no one on earth who can say, 'I owe her a thought of gratitude.'"

Intense feeling were in those last words. The religious glanced at her keenly. It was a glance that spoke volumes. It questioned. It challenged. It questioned the girl's sincerity, it challenged her honesty. It was doubtful and it was believing. Just a second that glance lasted—odd because of the mildness of the eyes that gave it forth.

"Yet you are a good, and as I take it, a cultured girl," said the nun, then. "You exaggerate, very likely. Are you in trouble?"

"Yes."

"Trouble that you can tell a stranger

—one whom you will never see again—one who hears hundreds of worse troubles than you can possibly dream there are in the world? One who perhaps can help you? I merely ask. I do not want to force your confidence."

"No—you will not. I cannot describe it. I want to see another life. I want to know people. If there is a God I want to find Him round about me—in the lives of the people I know. I don't want to feel that He has made me rich and you poor; that He has given me money to keep or throw away as I please, and deprived you of it and made you suffer for its lack. There is a deeper meaning to classes and masses than I am capable of solving. Where is the answer?"

She fastened her eyes upon the religious.

"In your own heart," was the reply.

"In my own heart!" echoed Edith. "But my own heart is tormenting me—it will give me no rest. I am not satisfied. I want something very much, and yet I wonder, if it were given me, would I be satisfied. I have had everything I ever wanted — everything, except one. It is denied me now, but I daresay I could get it if I desired it greatly." She spoke with the supreme confidence in herself that comes with the gratification of worldly wishes. "I do not know whether I want it or not, and at least I realize that it is too great a thing to be taken lightly—that is, I could not give it back once I accepted it." She looked at her once more and strangely. "You have the answer to my question in your face. The mystery of life is in your eyes. What is it?"

"If you are free to come with me I shall show it to you," said the nun, gravely. "But one thing. You spoke before as if poverty made for wretchedness, wealth for happiness. That the fact that you had money to throw away and I suffered for lack of it was an unjust distinction. My child, if you knew how sorry we, who see so much, are for the poor rich people of the world! Poverty and riches! The first is God's own country; the second— It must be a great temptation to take those pleasant things that lie on every side when one is rich."

"One gets tired," said Edith, wearily. "That is no answer to my question."

"Ah, your question! Can you spare an hour or two to learn what you desire to know?" She glanced up at the big clock on the City Hall. "It is now half-past one—"

"If I reach home by seven this evening," began Edith. Her voice had an undercurrent of relief in it. "You will permit me to go with you?"

"If you want to come," and again she smiled. "I cannot say that you will see pleasant sights, but come if you honestly wish an answer to your question."

"I do honestly wish it," said Edith Selleck. "I shall go."

She did not ask where—she simply placed herself under the control of the stronger nature—or rather the hand of God directed one and led the other. It was a long journey. First, they crossed the Brooklyn Bridge; then there was a seemingly interminable trolley-ride, with transfers so numerous that Edith lost count of them, and at last a walk through a bare country road. By this time the religious had led the conversation into more easy channels, and Edith Selleck was happy. She was no longer proud, self-sufficient; instead she was enjoying the domination of a superior. She listened to her, so calm, so unruffled by the petty cares that fret those of the outside world, and at last she commented upon it.

"You remind me of a saying I once

heard," she said, shyly. "The beauty of the King's daughter is within."

The Sister looked at her without answering—and Edith felt that possibly she had no right to say the words.

"That is what you are, isn't it?" she asked, hastily. "A daughter of the King?"

"His spouse as well as His daughter," answered the nun, briefly.

"Don't you—please tell me—don't you ever regret anything?"

"Yes—that we have but one life to yield in His service."

Edith was silent.

"You will understand this better in a little while," went on the Sister. "That big building in front of us is the City Hospital. I visit here once a week—every Friday afternoon. There are many Catholics among the inmates, who are of all creeds and colors, as you can imagine. And here, in this building—look at it, my dear— you are going to learn the mystery of life." She paused with her hand upon the iron door and glanced half-sadly into the beautiful face. "You and I may never meet again. It often happens that I come in touch with people in this way—people speak to me, stop me on the street to ask me questions. I never see them afterward. But in the future, when you are very happy, try to remember the poor souls you will meet to-day, and do good where your hand may find it to do."

They passed on and in to the well-kept hall. An attendant led them through four or five connecting rooms, and left them, with a few smiling words, at the foot of a flight of narrow stairs. The nun, of course, took precedence, and as her head became visible to those on the upper landing, a low murmur of voices reached Edith Selleck's listening ears.

"How do you do, Sister Raphael?"

"You're early to-day, Sister. Have you brought my prayer-book?"

Edith caught the flashing of a row of white teeth, the glimpse of a figure in light-blue. Another figure with the same attire was moving rapidly down the hall. These were some of the nurses, then. She waited while Sister Raphael dove down into the capacious recesses of an enormous black bag she carried and handed the expectant girl the book she had asked for. There was a pleased murmur of thanks. Then Sister Raphael turned to Edith.

"Here is a young lady come to take a look at your hospital," she said. "This is Miss Evans, one of the nurses."

Edith bowed her acknowledgments. The young nurse took in Edith's appearance a little wonderingly. What a beautiful face! What a high-bred bearing! And—being a woman—what an exquisite gown!

"You will find it different to visit a hospital with Sister Raphael," she said, in a friendly manner.

"I have never been in any sort of a hospital before," said Edith, almost indifferently. She was thinking of the nun's words. "In the future, when you are very happy." In the future . . . when she was very happy. In the future—"

"If I can show you anything, if there is anything you care to see," said Miss Evans, addressing Sister Raphael, "I will gladly do so."

Sister Raphael nodded. They were going through a beautifully clean, light dormitory now. The white beds were all occupied, and as Edith Selleck walked behind the Sister one thing struck forcibly through her indifference, and roused her to keen attention. She became alive, receptive, observing. Every one looked at the religious so eagerly—old and young gazed as the nun approached, not

with the curiosity of people who have little to break the monotony of their lives, but it seemed to Edith, with pleading. She spoke to all—only a word or two, but they seemed to be waiting for that word and to grow happier for it. Edith watched, puzzled. What was the reason? Surely they did not anticipate the receiving of treasures from that unsightly black bag. The girl noted the objects that Sister Raphael produced; a tiny religious picture, a scapular, a pair of wooden beads—things of no earthly value—Edith had solved that much if she had known it — things of no earthly value.

"I want you to see this child, my dear," began the Sister, in a low voice. "Hers is a sad case—I will tell you of it later. This is my little Annie!" she said aloud, in a loving tone. "My dear little Annie!" She took the frail hands—claw-like, rather, in their extreme attenuation —they were thrown out as she approached, and held them. "Tell this young lady how old you are," she went on.

"Fifteen," said the child. But "the young lady" had no charms for Annie; her pale-blue eyes transfigured her sallow, sickly face; they were fastened on Sister Raphael with a look of deepest joy.

"And she has been here almost two years and a half, with a lame back. And she has prepared about twelve little children for their first confession and as many more for communion and confirmation. Isn't she a brave girl—doing all that with her back aching away trying to keep her from accomplishing anything? And now, in a little while, God is going to cure the lame back—"

"For Easter, the doctor says," said Annie, in a weak voice.

"So very soon? Isn't that splendid? Isn't it beautiful. No more ache or pain, no more suffering; nothing but joy, and you will see the dear Lord face to face, Annie—"

"Yes," said the child. She drew the hand she held close to her breast. "Yes," she breathed again. "And mamma—I shall see my own, own mamma! *I shall see my mother, Sister.*"

The last words belonged rather to heaven than to earth, because of the rapture in them. And after they were uttered, a quiet hush, almost one would say, a holy hush, fell upon that dormitory with its burden of suffering humanity, as if the wing of an angel had swept aside the sounds of earth, as the heavenly messenger carried that sentence and all it meant to the throne of God. The silence lasted only a single instant, but it had come, and it touched in its coming more than one heart. The nun stood looking at the child and the expression on her face would be hard to read. She had learned to control her expression, but this time she found it difficult. After a while she turned away and her eyes encountered Edith Selleck's averted face. She had not heard the few low-spoken words of the Sister before she left the child's side.

"One of the saddest cases I ever knew," said Sister Raphael, then. "A bad fall when she was a baby brought on spinal trouble, which was neglected until a few years ago. Her own mother died when she was an infant and the house is full of her stepmother's children. The woman was good enough to her, I suppose," went on the nun, "but where there are so many others— Annie is a little saint."

"She suffers?"

"Agony! Think of it! And not one wish, not one regret, have I ever heard from that child since I have known her—until to-day." The tremor in the low voice showed how deeply she was affected.

"Imagine how that wish must have lived in her heart all these years, and now that the appointed time is come for its fulfilment she cannot keep it to herself! She will see her own mamma — her *own* mother! How that longing and yearning must have been burning in her ardent little soul."

"It is pitiable," said Edith, in a hushed voice.

"It is beautiful," said Sister Raphael. "Beautiful. We can readily suppose that the poor mother, detained in purgatory, has found release through these years of prayer and pain which her little daughter has endured, and will await her at the door of the heavenly kingdom—" she broke off hurriedly. Edith laid her hand upon her arm.

"Do not stop now. I so want to understand."

"You are learning."

"Give me some holy water, Sister," said a very old lady, a convalescent, coming up to them. She was a queer little toothless old lady, with sparse white locks cut short about her ears. She bowed down as Sister Raphael sprinkled holy water on her from the bottle she carried, and made the sign of the cross.

"God's blessing be about you, Sister dear," she said. And then she turned, smiling, ingratiating, to the beautiful young lady. "The sight of Sister Raphael makes the heart sing like it used to when I was young, and went down along the lovely roads of dear old Ireland to meet my bouchelleen bawn. Ah, them were the days! When the heart is young, but the world is green and gold—the very colors of my own sweet land!"

"Some of us never grow old," said Sister Raphael. "And in heaven we'll be young forever."

"Glory be to God!" said the old lady. "You'll hardly be knowin' me then, Sister. 'Twas I that was as handsome a colleen as ever stepped from me own place home."

Sister Raphael smiled in her pleasant way.

"We'll know people there by other things than looks," she said, and passed on. Another old lady stopped her to tell how badly her rheumatism had been the past week. A small picture made her happy. And then Miss Evans came back to them along the corridor, her arms full of towels which she was putting away.

"You were to see Annie, Sister?"

"Yes, poor child—she will not live much longer."

"A month—maybe two. I see Nancy was telling you her woes. Isn't it surprising how hard it is to bear a little pain, and when the big pain comes it is so much easier," she smiled. "When one thinks of Annie's suffering, and then of Nancy's small aches—"

"Well, well, each one's discomfort is a mountain," said Sister Raphael.

"Until the mountain comes," answered Miss Evans. "I wished particularly to catch you before you went into the next room. You might just try to get at the woman in the first bed. She's to go under an operation tomorrow, and she's a hard case, but she won't look at a soul or speak a word. The chances are all against her, too."

Sister Raphael found the woman, who lay staring with sullen dark eyes at the ceiling, and would not speak when the nun addressed her. Edith Selleck stood at the foot of the bed. Sister Raphael asked her a few questions. She would not answer, but her eyes left the ceiling, wandered downward, fell on Edith Selleck's face, lingered there. It was such a lovely face, and it was so softened now, and the blue eyes were so tender and pitying. The woman stared at her. Her lips parted.

"Who are you?" she asked, in a whisper.

Edith moved nearer, until she stood beside Sister Raphael. She put her ungloved hand, that dainty, delicate hand—"imagine these doing work like that!" she had mocked to Miss Cairns—upon the woman's forehead. The movement was spontaneous.

"Once I was like you," said the woman. "Once I looked like you—like a flower, they said. And now—"

Her face began to work pitifully. Sister Raphael glanced straight into Edith Selleck's eyes — and moved back. Her expression said plainly: "This is your work—do it." Edith shrank from the task, even while something urged her on.

"They say you are quite ill," she said, gently.

"Oh, yes."

"You are to undergo an operation to-morrow? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You can talk to me—let me hear your voice. I'm not such a lost creature when a girl like you can talk to me."

"Oh, do not say that!" cried Edith Selleck. "Do not! And indeed, I shall love to talk to you. Is there no one I can see?—have you people—tell me something I can—"

"There is no one to see. I broke my mother's heart. My people have forgotten me. Those who do know me now call me by the nickname they have given me. I am a woman with a soul as black as your hand is white."

"No," said Edith Selleck, "not if you are sorry."

"Who cares?"

"God."

"God has forgotten me, like the rest."

"God has not." Her eyes began to shine. Sister Raphael listening, watchful, knew that Edith Selleck was no longer self-conscious or abashed. "God has sent me here to ask you to come back to Him."

The woman caught her breath sobbingly. Edith leaned over her.

"I did not know I was coming—until this very moment I did not know why I came. Now I know. It was to see you. Let me help you—*do* let me help you. God is so good to those who are sorry from their hearts. And He has said He will forgive every one—He will forgive you. You don't want to die without being truly sorry?"

"No," said the woman, "without Him—I won't die without Him. Tell me—"

Edith Selleck put out her hand and caught at Sister Raphael's dress as if for help. It was indeed a mute plea for assistance, and Sister Raphael responded to it. The woman gazed up at her peaceful face with a new look in her eyes.

"My dear child," said the nun, "are you a Catholic?"

"I—was."

"Then you are one still at heart. I shall send a priest to you to-night. You will see him?"

"Yes, if you tell him, Sister, not to scold me—"

"Is it likely God would scold you if you are sorry and want to do better? The priest will not, either."

"Send him then," she said; "send him quickly."

Another half-hour completed the round. It was five o'clock when they reached the gate. Edith Selleck, the society belle, the queen of fashion, the proudest beauty of her circle, was no more. With the eyes of a child she placed her hand on Sister Raphael's arm.

"I thank you for letting me come," she said. "Shall I tell you the mystery of life?"

"Yes."

"It is pain."

"And its solution?"

"Patience. Pain and patience—pain and patience! Patience, the greatest passion in the world!" She lifted her young face. "I do not know what has happened to me—it is a change of heart in truth. One thing I would ask: Let me come again. Let me come next week with you?"

"If you care to."

"May I meet you here?"

"Yes."

"Your name is Sister Raphael. Mine is Edith Selleck."

"Selleck? Gregory Selleck's daughter?"

"You know my father?"

"Very well. He is a good man."

"I am glad you know him," said the girl, fervently. "We will not be strangers."

"We were never strangers," said Sister Raphael—"not from the moment your eyes questioned me."

"I am so happy," breathed Edith. "My feet scarcely seem to touch the ground. I was not happy until that woman spoke to me, and then I felt what you must feel, always. Glad—not for myself, I had forgotten myself—it is more like a gladness of spirit." Her eyes were gleaming. "Everything seems of no consequence but just this gladness. The pain and suffering have not made me sad—on the contrary, for I see the reward of endurance."

Sister Raphael smiled.

"To-morrow, my dear, your mood may have changed. Do not regret it if it has. If you cannot come next week, come when the impulse moves you. Oftentimes this lightsomeness of spirit dies away, and leaves a sort of soul *ennui*—"

Edith looked straight into her eyes.

"If this feeling that is in me dies away, I shall not come. And if it *can* die away, believe me, I shall regret nothing, for I will not have been worthy of it."

CHAPTER XVI.

HEROIC SUBTERFUGE.

"It was just this way," said Mrs. Farrell. Her face was flushed, her eyes were misty, and she looked up at John Rollinson, transformed from the invalid she had grown to be to complete appearance of healthfulness for the time being. "I never was allowed to tell you, never. Mollie's been that odd all her life, docther dear. It don't seem natural that a young girl—"

"We cannot all be alike," interrupted John Rollinson, absently. "Many people to make a world, Mrs. Farrell."

"A thruer word you never spoke," said Mrs. Farrell. "But listen to me now, docther, for I'm so full of it that it'll kill me if I don't tell some one how it happened. You mind the time that Danny got back afther servin' his sentence? An' how down on him every wan was but yourself? Well, what did that girl o' mine do, d'ye think, but put it into his head to go away for a sojer. Sure, that's what he is now, my boy Danny!"

She chuckled to herself, well-pleased.

"He went undher another name for fear it id be found out that he'd been in the reformatory. You see, we didn't know nothin' about the law, Mollie nor me, an' we thought maybe they wouldn't take him for a sojer if he let on what he'd done. An' we didn't want to ask nary a wan at all, or we'd 'a' asked you the first."

She looked at him anxiously. He understood the mild bit of flattery and nodded.

"So Mollie med it all right an' fixed it up—he was twenty-one, then—an' sure ain't he been four years away now, docther, sojerin' in the Philippines."

Her face was a study. All the glory and pride and joy of a mother in her first-born transfigured her.

"Jerry Phelan his name is, docther—me own dead father's name, Lord 'a' mercy on him. Arrah, don't I mind the day he bade me good-by! He put his two arms around me neck, an' he cried—for he was a soft-hearted lad, not like Mollie, who wouldn't shed a tear over me coffin, I'm thinkin' (not that she ain't a fine, good girl, docther, but so cold-hearted, it ain't natural she is). Me dear lad put both his arms around me, an' asked me to bless him—as thrue as you're sittin' there that was his word.

" 'Bless me, mother,' he said, 'for God knows I need a blessin'. Pray for me, too, that I may come back a hero—Mollie says I will—or die like wan.' That's what he says to me, docther dear."

The tears were flowing at the recollection. She rocked in the chair a moment. Even John Rollinson's eyes saw dimly—but not for the mother, or the boy who had gone away.

"That's what he says to me—my blue-eyed laddie who was my on'y comfort in the bitther, dark days long gone, thank God. 'Come back a hero,' says he to me. Faith, docther, don't you think he had the makin' of a hero in him, don't you, now?"

"Mollie thought so," said John Rollinson, evasively. He had never considered Dan Farrell in the light of possible heroship.

"Well she might. Wasn't she the lad's own sisther. An' didn't she value him? Didn't she know his worth, didn't she? Faith, when he turned to bid her good-by afther me, not a dhrop did she cry—not wan dhrop, an' me that worried an' put about that I couldn't see for the tears that blinded me. No, sir. She kissed him that solemn-like—right on the forehead, an' thin on the lips, an' 'twas awesome so 'twas. An' what was it she said, docther dear?"

(To be continued.)

THE BLACK POPE.

HIS IMPORTANT POSITION.

BY COUNT FRANCESCO VANNUTELLI.

The people of Rome, with that remarkable aptness for vivid expressions which is so marked a feature of their social life, are wont to speak of the *White* Pope, the *Red* Pope, and the *Black* Pope. The White Pope is, of course, the Father of the Faithful, and the appellation *White* is added because his official robes are of a white color. The Red Pope is the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, whose influence is second only to the Holy Father himself. As the color of a cardinal's garments is red, there is a certain appropriateness in the epithet. The Black Pope is the General of the Jesuits. His power is very great, and as he wears a black habit the title has been well-chosen. At the present time there is deep anxiety in Rome, and, indeed, throughout the Catholic world, for the Black Pope has been stricken down by what seems to be a fatal sickness.

Heaven has been stormed by batteries of prayer, and the most distinguished medical experts have been summoned to the relief of the illustrious churchman, and although there has been a temporary pause in the sickness, it is deemed wise in ecclesiastical circles to be prepared for the worst. The Very Rev. Luis Martin, General of the Jesuits, has really never enjoyed robust health since his elevation to his influential post in 1892. No one, however, regarded his troubles as at all grave, even when, last November, he was chained to a bed of sickness by a severe attack of influenza. But a change came in January when a large tumor appeared and the physicians began to suspect that they had to deal with a case of the dreaded *sarcoma.* Two apparently successful operations were performed, one in January and another in February, but the appearance of a third tumor, almost immediately after the second operation, caused the medical attendants to suggest the Röntgen-ray treatment. Accordingly during the month of March Father Martin journeyed to Pisa to try the result of this powerful remedy. For a time there seemed to be a steady improvement, but suddenly the hopes of his friends were dashed to the ground by the announcement that a virulent form of gangrene had set in and that it was absolutely necessary to amputate the arm, if the patient's life was to be prolonged beyond twelve or fourteen days. With characteristic courage Father Martin returned to Rome, where on Passion Sunday, April 9th, the highest medical skill of Italy labored for two hours to cut away every particle of diseased flesh from the sufferer.

Great was the joy of these physicians when the sufferer rallied and they were able to proclaim a triumph of the surgeon's scalpel. Up to this the patient has so far recovered as to be able to receive a few visitors and to transact urgent business, but a final cure, unless Almighty God especially intervenes, seems rather doubtful and it looks as though the Jesuits may be summoned in the near future to elect a new head for their wonderful organization. They will feel keenly the loss of their present leader, for Luis Martin is a man of striking gifts and his career has been a source of many blessings to his Order.

This eminent religious was born on Aug. 20th, 1846, in Melgar de Fernamental, a small Spanish town, some twenty miles distant from Burgos, and near the romantic river Pisuerga, which is formed in the northern part of the province of Palencia by several streams which descending from the Cantabrian mountains unite near the village of Piedraslenguas. Luis' father was a prosperous farmer who, noticing the boy's love of study and inclination towards the ecclesiastical state, determined to give his son every possible opportunity for advancement in letters. Accordingly, in 1855, Luis was sent to the famous Seminary of Burgos, where he distinguished himself by his studious habits and his brilliant college work.

Here he remained six years. In his eighteenth year Luis, to the surprise and grief of his parents, announced his intention of joining the ranks of the chasubled soldiers of Ignatius Loyola. The good old father had been counting upon an important Church position for his gifted son, when these hopes were rudely blasted by the announcement that the boy intended to cut himself away from all earthly dignity and to be enrolled as a member of the Society of Jesus. For a long time the father refused to sanction the young man's project, and it was only after a prolonged and intense entreaty that consent was

finally given. As soon as this permission had been secured Luis lost no time in seeking admission among the Jesuits, and on the 13th of October, 1864, he was welcomed to the Novitiate of the Society at Loyola. Father Pedro Portes, a man of saintly life and very skilful in the guidance of young men, was then the Superior. Two years were spent in the varied and trying duties of the noviceship, after which, in 1866, Luis Martin pronounced the first vows of religion. Immediately after the completion of his noviceship he began to review his classical studies under the illustrious Father John de la Torre, a scholarly man and especially known for his oratorial ability and for his knowledge of the classics.

It was during this review that the remarkable poetical and oratorical gifts of the youthful Jesuit became known to his Superiors who soon perceived that he was destined to be a most valuable member of the Order. With a thorough knowledge of the classics and of Spanish literature at his command Luis Martin was sent in 1868 to the famous city of Leon to apply himself to the study of Philosophy. In that year, however, the outbreak of the revolution occurred in which Queen Isabella had to fly for protection to France, and the Spanish people declared in favor of the uprising. In the general disturbance which followed this political crisis, the Jesuits had to leave the kingdom, and Luis was despatched with many other Spaniards to Vals in France where there was a large Jesuit college for the higher branches of learning. The success which marked his earlier studies was repeated here, and the tests to which the earnest student was subjected served to bring out the variety of mental gifts with which he had been dowered. The two years thus spent in the cloistral life of Vals were followed by a more strenuous life, for in 1870 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric to the younger members of the Society. Three busy years passed in this delightful occupation and then, in 1873, the summons came to the happy professor to return to the quiet of student-life again, and this time to the important mastery of Theology.

In 1877 Luis Martin was promoted to Holy Orders, and thus the crown of a lofty dignity was placed upon the head of this ardent admirer and follower of the masters of Catholic Theology. He remained in France until 1881 when the adjustment of matters in Spain rendered it possible for the exiles to return home. Immediately upon his home-coming he was appointed Rector of the College of Salamanca. This city has been justly called the Oxford of Spain, for it has always been the home of many educational establishments. Its famous university could boast of 12,000 students, while as late as 1812 it had twenty-five flourishing colleges. Foremost among these halls of learning had been the college of the Jesuits which had been founded in 1547. Time, revolution, and suppression had wrought strange vicissitudes with the Order's possessions in this academic centre, but the fame of these remarkable teachers had never been dimmed and the Spanish nobility counted it a privilege to place their sons under the care of men so able and so devoted to their youthful charges. Father Martin had, in consequence, a heavy burden to carry when he assumed control of the college at Salamanca, but he was fully equal to the task and his four years of reign brought the college to a condition of unparalleled prosperity and glory.

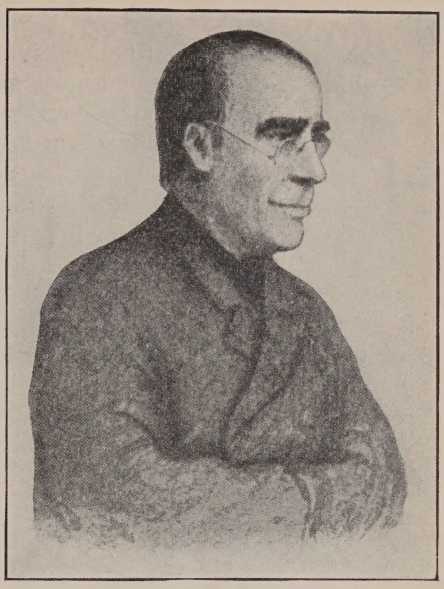
Thanks to the solid plans and energy of Father Martin in this critical moment the college now numbers over seven hundred students. Relieved of the cares of

the Rectorate in 1885, the indefatigable worker took up a new line of labor, that of editor of the periodical known as the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, a publication, which like the ably-conducted American Messenger, has great weight both with the clergy and with the laity. Not long, however, was he permitted to enjoy the life of a litterateur, for we find him in 1886 taking charge of the studies in the then unfinished college of the Jesuits in the neighborhood of Bilbao. It was about this time, I believe, that he came on business to Fiesole, where the General of the Society, Father Anderledy, was residing. Father Anderledy, whose intuitive reading of character was proverbial in Church circles, saw at a glance the manner of man he had to deal with, and he showed his appreciation by appointing Father Martin, Provincial or Superior of one of the portions into which Spain had been ecclesiastically divided. It would be impossible to enumerate within the limits of this article the numberless important works either inaugurated or completed by this prudent and zealous apostle. The Spanish clergy even at this day speak of his incredible activity, his suave and conciliatory manners, and, above all, of his earnest efforts for the spiritual and intellectual betterment of his countrymen, in terms of unstinted praise.

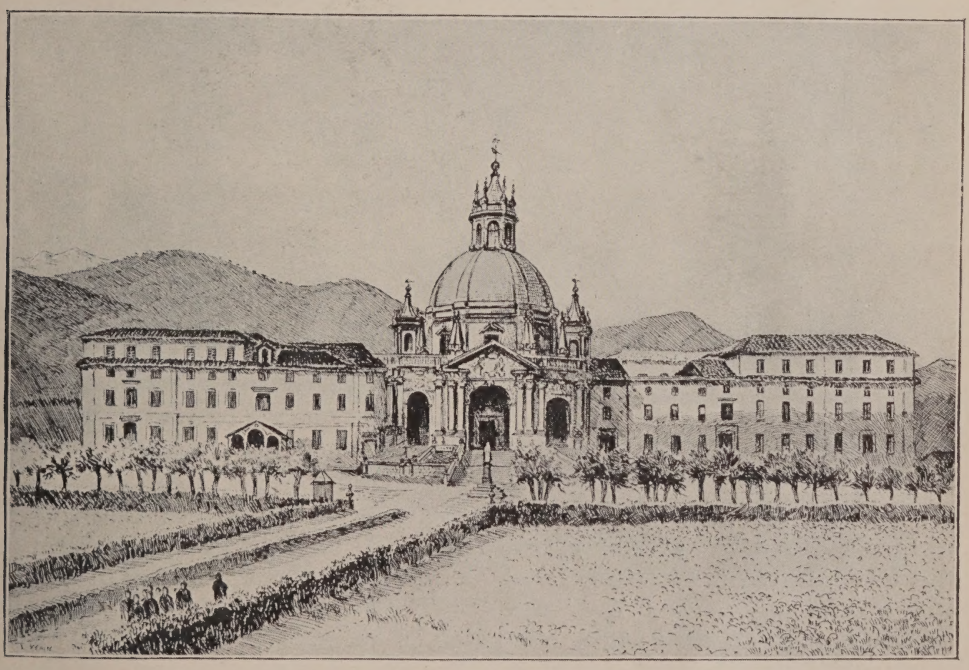
With wonderful foresight Father General Anderledy called, in 1891, Father Martin to Italy, in order that the entire Order might receive the benefit of his sage counsels. When Father Anderledy died in January, 1892, it was discovered that he had assigned to Father Martin the difficult task of governing the Society until the electors could meet and choose a new General. This seems to be a custom with the Jesuits—that the General during his life place in a sealed envelope the name of some one who shall thus be a provisional head until the wishes of the entire body can be ascertained. Certainly a wise arrangement. So well did Father Martin acquit himself of his delicate task that when the electors finally met in the autumn of 1892, he was chosen to be the head of the whole body. Spain will not soon forget that memorable occasion, for owing to many circumstances the election was not held in Rome as is usual, but in Loyola. As the new General was well known by the people of Loyola and of the neighboring town of Azpeitia they determined to celebrate the event in truly Spanish fashion, and a magnificent procession wended its way to the ancestral home of the hero of Pampeluna in order to express the joy his countrymen felt over the signal honor that had been conferred upon one of their number. Since assuming charge of the Order, Father Martin has continued to show that same foresight, prudence, and consideration which have been the leading traits of his previous administration. He has had to deal with many thorny problems, some of which are not yet settled. The most perplexing question which confronts him is undoubtedly the conditions of the exiled French Jesuits and the present anti-religious persecution in France which presses upon this organization with redoubled fury. It is on account of these and of similar difficulties that the Holy Father and prominent churchmen are anxious that Heaven should grant the Church the benefit of his experienced judgment for many years to come, a prayer which will find an ardent echo in the hearts of all those who know personally this unselfish follower of Christ.

Here in Rome the unflagging activity of the Jesuits is always before us in the presence of their two churches, that of the Gesu and that of San Ignazio, and of their two great educational establish-

ments, the Gregorian University and the German College, not to mention a number of small buildings, as for example, the South American College. The Gregorian University or Roman College was built by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582 on land purchased by the Generals of the Society. Even in the days of their Founder the Jesuits had a college in the Holy City, but the quarters were limited and the influence necessarily circumscribed until Gregory XIII. erected the magnificent structure which bears his name. Its roll of scholars includes the names of ten Popes, Gregory XV., Urban VIII., Innocent X., Clement IX., Clement X., Innocent XII., Clement XI., Innocent XIII., Clement XII., and Leo XIII., and of innumerable cardinals, bishops and other prelates. When the Piedmontese seized Rome, they, with unexampled contempt for even a semblance of justice, took possession of this magnificent property and converted it into a public lyceum. Upon the return



VERY REV. LUIS MARTIN, GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.



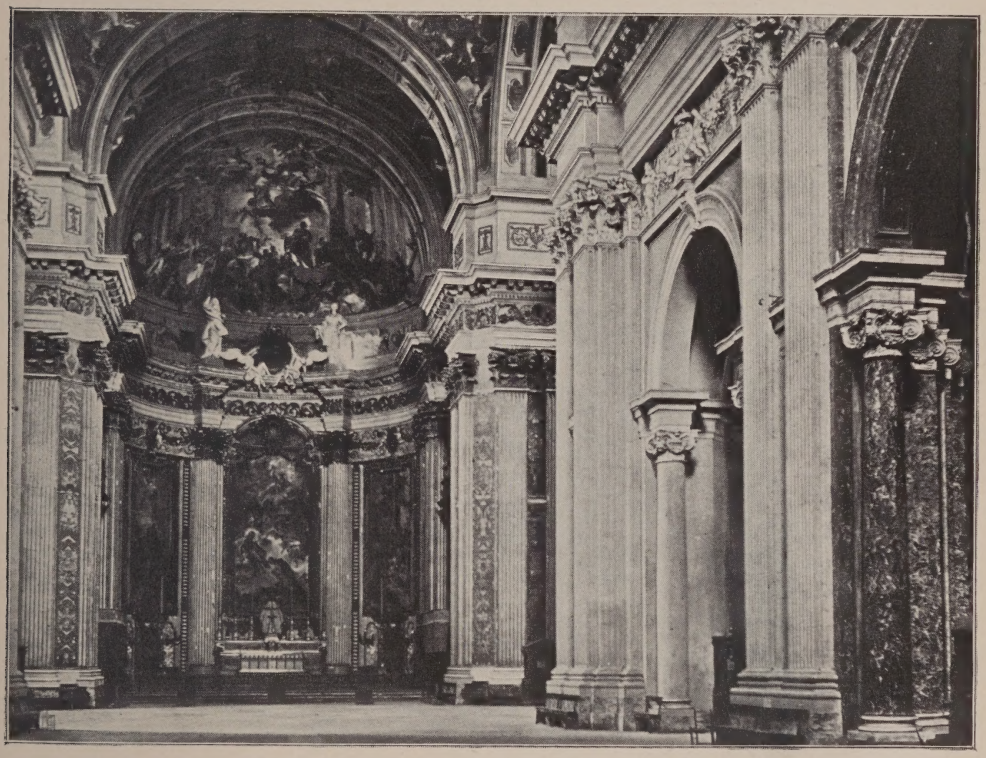
CHURCH AND COLLEGE OF LOYOLA, SPAIN.

of the Jesuits a place was secured for their college in the Plaza Borromeo on the Via del Seminario. Though this building cannot, for architectural beauty, be compared with Ammanati's splendid edifice, yet the work done there and the eminent corps of professors keep up the glorious traditions of the old home. The Gregorian University has always been noted for its courses in ecclesiastical and scientific branches. Here have been heard during its existence, Bellarmine, Suarez, De Lugo, Toletus, a Lapide, Pallavicini, Kircher, Boscovich, Tarquini, Perrone, Franzelin, Mazzella, De Augustinis and others equally famous. Nor must we omit the name of Father Secchi, whose discoveries in the field of astronomy have made the observatory of the Roman College one of the most celebrated in the world. As it stands to-day it is really one of the most efficient and useful working establishments of the kind on the continent of Europe.

ST IGNATIUS LOYOLA, FOUNDER OF SOCIETY OF JESUS.
From a photograph of an original portrait at the Gesu, in Rome.

The German College on the Via S. Nicola da Tolentino owes its origin to Ignatius Loyola, who, seeing the havoc wrought in Germany by the outbreak of

Luther and the difficulty of securing properly trained subjects for the ministry, determined to found a college for German students in Rome where they could be furnished with the intellectual and moral training necessary for those who had to grapple with the difficulties which then beset the Catholic priest in the north of Germany. The college has wonderfully flourished, and its student body is always one of the most attractive in Rome, not only from the scarlet dress worn by the student members, but because they comprise in their ranks the most brilliant minds of the Fatherland.



INTERIOR OF SAN IGNAZIO

The Church of *San Ignazio* was built in memory of the illustrious Loyola by Cardinal Ludovisi, nephew of Pope Gregory XV. The massive front by Algardi is extremely rich in elaborate decorations. The rest of the building was planned by Domenichino and Father Grassi, while the striking paintings of the roof and tribune were due to the bold conceptions of good old Brother Pozzi, whose skill in perspective was singularly remarkable. On the vault of the nave the triumph of St. Ignatius is portrayed with an exuberance of color and design which rather startles those who are accustomed to the quiet art-schemes of northerly climes. The frequented chapel in the right hand transept contains the body of St. Aloysius, the young prince of Gonzaga who surrendered an earthly estate in order that he might devote himself with greater freedom to the service of God. The elaborate decorations of this shrine and the exquisite bas-relief of the apotheosis of the saint are by the re-

nowned Le Gros. Beyond, at the extremity of the aisle, is a finely executed monument to Gregory XV. by the same artist, with that of his nephew, Cardinal Ludovisi, below. On the massive piers of the cupola which, owing to the lack of further help from the Ludovisi family, was left unfinished, the famous Observatory of the Roman College, mentioned above, has been erected. It is a strange

ALTAR OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

place to put an observatory, although it serves to show the close connection which, in spite of calumnies to the contrary, the Church has always established between the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation.

The other Jesuit Church here in Rome is known as *Il Gesu.* It is situated in the Piazza del Gesu, near the northern foot of the Capitol, and is one of the most frequented in the Holy City. It was erected through the munificence of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, between the years 1568-1584. The general plan was designed by Vignola, but the façade and cupola were added by Giacomo della Porta. It is a temple upon which no expense has been spared in order to make it a fitting dwelling-place for the Most High. The quarries of Italy have contributed their richest marbles, while the ceiling, dome and apse gleam with the bright frescoes of Baciccio. The high altar was designed by della Porta and it is adorned with splendid bronzes, while over it is a much-admired painting of the Infant Saviour in the temple, by Capalti. There is a fine painting of the death of St. Francis Xavier, by Carlo Maratta, in the right transept. The greatest feature

PAINTING REPRESENTING FERDINAND OF CASTILE COMBATING THE MOORS

of the church is undoubtedly the altar-tomb of St. Ignatius Loyola in the left transept. It is probably the most elaborate in Rome. The altar steps are of rich porphyry; the predella is exquisite tessellated work composed of a variety of the rarest and costliest marbles; while bronze, lapis lazuli and other precious ornaments give the sanctuary the appearance of a choice collection of the world's fairest treasures. The summit of the altar is crowned by a marble group of the Trinity; between the Father and the Son there is a large globe of lapis lazuli, once thought to be the largest piece in existence, but now judged to be made up of several pieces skillfully joined together. The visitor cannot but be impressed by the beautiful statue of St. Ignatius in a niche above the altar. It is the design of Le Gros. The original statue was of solid silver, but it was taken by the enemies of religion and melted down to pay the French after the treaty of Tolentino, A.D. 1797. In the bronze shrine beneath the altar rest the remains of the great soldier-saint whose faithful legions are scattered over the world, battling valiantly for the cause of truth and for the advancement of Christianity. Under their present leader the old-time fervor has been fanned to brightest flame, and the heroic deeds of the brave band in the frozen regions of Alaska are an abundant proof that the same spirit still lives and is still vigorous, the spirit which, to use the words of Macaulay, sent the pioneer Jesuits, to the depths of the Peruvian mines, to the marts of the African slave-caravans, to the shores of the Spice Islands, to the observatories of China, and to all the lands which the maritime discoveries of the preceding age had laid open to European enterprise.

CASE ROOM IN THE "ARGUS" OFFICE, DROGHEDA, IN WHICH JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY SERVED HIS APPRENTICESHIP AS A PRINTER.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

GLIMPSES OF HIS BOYHOOD.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

THE 'ARGUS" OFFICE, DROGHEDA, WHERE JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY COMMENCED LIFE AS A PRINTER.

"A dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day."

We were driving home from Mellifont, my friend and I, and we had little inclination to talk, for our minds were filled with strange thoughts and dreams, awakened by sights we had seen and tales we had heard during the day. Passing through King William's Glen, where the brambles hide a singing stream fifty feet down from the road on one side, while on the other the tall trees shoot upward until they seem to touch against the blue breast of the sky, we turned to the right, away from the obelisk which marks the defeat of a brave Irish host commanded by a shivering, coward king,

and, occupied with gloomy thoughts of that disastrous event, we allowed the horse to jog quietly along the road which stretches between the noble woods of Townly Hall and the shining, calm-flowing waters of the Boyne.

When we arrived at the cross-roads, my friend said, pointing to a narrow shaded road on the left hand side, "That is the way to Dowth; we might as well go there now, as you wish to see where Boyle O'Reilly was born, and the monument that has been erected to his memory. 'Twon't be very much out of our way going back to Slane, and the road is a beautiful one."

UNVEILING THE MONUMENT TO JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. THE LATE FATHER ANDERSON, O'REILLY'S BOSOM FRIEND, MAY BE SEEN IN FRONT OF MONUMENT.

So it was beautiful, as I learned before we had traversed very much of it—a smooth winding avenue, shaded on both sides by noble beeches, whose friendly shelter was comforting on a summer evening. To the left of us was the hill of Donore, and away in the distance the spires of Drog-

DOWTH CASTLE, SHOWING PORTION OF A MODERN BUILDING—A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION—WHICH STANDS BESIDE IT.

heda's churches, rising out of a blue haze: to the right the storied hill of Slane, and miles upon miles of green plains, stretching away to the borders of kindly Gælic Breffni.

Up the hill we went, drawing nearer at every step to silent, old-fashioned Dowth with its memories of a great man. And then the thoughts *would* come as our eyes looked dreamily along the vista formed by the double row of beeches. On this road he romped, and played, and prattled in the golden years of innocent childhood; perhaps he stood close to that old gate and shouted lustily to some companion in the fields below; or gazed away towards the West, and wondered in the depths of his poet-mind what beauties and delights lay hidden from him beyond those green, gently-sloping hills.

Down this road he went on that first day when the voice of the world called him away from his boyhood haunts, and bade him walk the ways of men. Little did he think then that the dreamy unpretentious spot nestling up there against the breast of the hill would one day be famous in many lands because of its association with his name.

MONUMENT TO JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY IN DOWTH CHURCHYARD.

A break in the line of beeches on the left, near the top of the hill brought into view a wide field with an avenue running up the centre of it, and at the upper end

two buildings—one dismantled and covered with ivy; the other painfully fresh and modern—the former the remains of Dowth Castle where John Boyle O'Reilly was born, and the latter a charitable institution which takes the place of the fine school in which the poet's parents taught in the old days. We walked slowly up the avenue and passed between the old building and the new, to the little cemetery which lies beyond. Near the spot where in his boyhood he carved his name upon a stone, a monument has been placed as a token of respect to his memory. The inscription is wholly in Gælic and, for the benefit of my readers, I append a rough translation:

"John Boyle O'Reilly, Champion, Poet, Orator; a true loving, noble Gael. He suffered persecution from the Preachân Mór* for sake of Ireland. He expected always, in his heart, to be buried in this exact spot among the hills and the plains where he was reared, and to which he gave the love of his bosom. O God, give eternal rest to his soul, for he increased the fame of his country."

We knelt for a few moments on the grassy sod, and with full hearts repeated that simple prayer. Then we passed out through the old gateway and down the avenue to where the car awaited us on the road. We did not speak; it would have seemed like desecration to do so in a spot hallowed by memories of such a noble, lofty life.

There are cozy little cottages and comfortable farmhouses close to Dowth, and there are courteous homely people living in them who love John Boyle O'Reilly's memory and who take pride, as by right they should, in the fact that they knew him, and talked with him, and played with him, when he was yet a boy. One old woman, with whom he was an especial favorite, told us many little stories of "poor John" as she tenderly ca[lled] him ("Poor" when spoken by Irish pe[o]ple does not indicate pity, but affection.)

"Often an' often," she said, "he'd come into our house here of a night, an' sit there beyond in the corner, listenin' to the talk that'd be goin' round, but sayin' hardly anythin', even to gossons of his own age, until by chance, my father —God rest him—would say somethin' about Cromwell, or about '98, or maybe begin to tell some old story about Finn an' the Fenians. Then poor John 'd put his elbow on his knee an' rest his head on his hand, an' start question after question to my father about this an' that, an' he lookin' up into the old man's face all the time. He'd never be tired listenin' to talk about Robert Emmett an' when my father 'd stop talkin' the question 'd often be, "Will there ever be a risin' again, Tom?" "Maybe there would, avic, maybe there would," is what my father'd always say to him, an' then the lad 'd begin looking into the fire the same as if there was no one at all near him, an' sorra word he'd say the whole night.

"But as quiet-lookin' as he was, he had his mother — God be good to her — always frettin' about him. If you saw him climbin' you'd think he was a monkey. He'd run up the highest tree in the place while you'd be lookin' about you, and he'd sit out on a branch that you'd think wouldn't keep up a robineen. An' he'd come down as quick as he'd go up. I often shut my eyes an' I out there at the end of the house, thinkin' that if I kept lookin' at him, I'd see him dashed to smithereens on the ground. Every Saturday the father and mother used to go into Drogheda, an' that's the time he'd get for climbin' an' swimmin', an' all kinds of tricks, 'till he'd hardly have a stitch of clothes on him. One day they were after coming home an' the Mistress

*The Big Crow — A Gaelic name applied to England.

ve used to call her) was lookin' for n everywhere, but couldn't find tale tidin's of him. She was just begin-in' to think that somethin' was after happenin' him, when there came a cheer down from the sky, an' when we looked up, there was the lad swingin' over an' over, an' up and down, on the very top of the highest pine-tree about the place, an' he laughing down at the flurry his mother was in. All at once, he gave one duck an' down he came, swingin' and slippin' and slidin' till he landed with a jump at his mother's feet. Then he looked up in her face with a smile an' said—an' 'twas he had the grand soft voice!—'Did I frighten you, mother?' An' she didn't say a word to him only put her arms round his neck an' kissed him. Poor John, 'twas in him the kind warm heart was, an' no mistake."

How he must have loved that old place, and how it must have pained him to leave it, when, as this woman told us, he ran home from Drogheda on several occasions, while he was serving his apprenticeship as a printer, for no other reason than to ramble through the lanes, and the woods, beside the Boyne, and to live over again, even for a short time, the free glad life of a few years before. No wonder that in after years he longed for it, and cried out for it, and fain would exchange for its peace and happiness the hollow falsehood and jarring turmoil of the noisy world. So did he sing:—

"From the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river
And be loved for the dream alway
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day."

We had the good fortune that same evening, of coming across one—a fine, healthy, intelligent, smiling old farmer—who knew O'Reilly from childhood, and who was a close comrade of his all through the early years, until the breaking that is inevitable in all our lives came, and then he saw him no more. When we spoke of him the old man's eyes filled with tears, and he shook his head in a way that was suggestive of sweet memories.

"Ah, indeed I did know him," he said, "no one knew him better or loved him better either. It's many a brave day we had together over there along the Boyne, and up through the woods, and everywhere. He was that sort that no matter what he'd ask us to do—there were five or six of us that used to be always together—if it was to jump into the river with our clothes on, or to play a trick on anyone—we'd have to do it. All the same you'd never think he was wild. He'd be sittin' along the edge of the river-bank, reading a book out loud for us—it would often be a 'History of Ireland' and he'd always read or tell us something about Sarsfield, or Emmett, or Wolfe Tone—when up he'd jump of a sudden, and say 'We'll go for a swim, lads' or 'Come on 'till we see who'll be at the top of a tree the soonest" or something like that, and off we'd go, without a second's thought. I think it was his voice that used to put a charm on us. I don't know how it is, but I think nobody ever had a voice like his. I can remember the sound of it whenever I like, and that's often enough.

"I'll never forget the day he played the trick on the new priest that was after coming to the parish. I forget his name now, he was only a little while here. In any case I'm not as good at remembering things as I used to be. Well there was an old woman lived about these parts at the time—Mrs. Dan Henry—just over beside that sally-tree at the end of the boreen her house was — and she

used to be teaching John an odd word of Irish, for she had it better than English. At any rate the new curate was going one morning to Mrs. Dan, as we used to call her—she was old and feeble at the time — and he met us below there at the turn of the road. He was chatting us for a while, and when he was going says he 'Can any of you tell me how I'll say "God save you" in Irish to Mrs. Henry?' We all knew how to say that much anyhow, and I was just about to give him the information when my brave John spoke up and said, 'Oh, yes, Father, that's easy. The way to say it is * "Droch rath ort, a bhean a' tighe" — that is "God save you, woman of the house." ' The young priest was very thankful, and kept repeating the salutation, but we found it hard to keep from laughing when we heard what the boy was after telling him to say. As soon as his Reverence was out of sight, John cried, 'Come on, lads, across the fields to the back of Mrs. Dan's, and we'll be in time for the fun.' We cantered across the field and stationed ourselves at the back of the house, near the little window which was open at the time. Soon we heard the sound of the priest's cheery voice as he stepped across the threshold. 'Droch rath ort, a bhean a' tighe.'* The first sound we heard after that was the sound of broken delft, where Mrs. Dan had let a cup or something fall from her hand, in amazement. Then we heard her voice raised in wonder and fear, 'Musha, glory be to God, Father Jewel, what did I do to you at all, at all, for you to curse at me like that!' 'Curse at you, Mrs. Henry, why what have I said?' 'You said, "Bad luck to you, woman of the house," Father, an' if that's not a curse, I don't know one.' His Reverence said nothing but a few moments, and then he began to laugh. He explained how it had happened, and told her he'd come the next morning to hear her confession. We watched him go back the road, but you may be sure we didn't let him see us. John had to keep clear of him for many a long day after, but when he met him at last, his Reverence only smiled and called him a 'nice little rascal.'

"Ay indeed, John could make us laugh when he'd like, as you are laughing now, but he could nearly make us cry, too, when he'd recite a poem, and he had dozens of them off by heart. 'Tis he could roll them out until you'd think every tree and flower along the Boyne were repeating the words after him. Any little knowledge of Ireland, and any patriotism I have, I owe to him, and I think all his comrades would say the same if they were here. God be good to all that's gone, some of them are dead like himself, and some of them are alive, but far away from Ireland.

"I have a photograph of him below in the house that he sent me home himself, and maybe you'd like to see it."

We would be delighted, of course, and he brought us down the lane, and into the cozy little parlor, where in a prominent position, hung a portrait of the poet, taken in America. It was fixed so that the brave dark eyes might look upon the face of the poet's boyhood friend whenever he entered the room.

"That's himself," said the latter proudly, and yet a trifle sadly, "as good and true a man as ever lived. Here's something you never saw before," he added, pointing to a manuscript, written in a clear, round hand, and headed "John Boyle O'Reilly," which hung on the wall in a frame, just underneath the portrait. " 'Twas a Meath lad too,—a young fellow—that wrote it. He was round here one day last summer, and I brought him

*("Bad luck be on you, O woman of the house.") (Literal translation.)

over to the churchyard to see the monument. He took down a copy of the Irish inscription—he's a Gælic leaguer—and he said he'd write a poem on it and send me a copy. That's what he sent me and I am proud of *it* too."

We went over and examined the manuscript more closely. At the top was a copy of the Irish inscription on the Boyle O'Reilly monument, and underneath the following lines.

"Champion Orator, Poet, Gael"
And they called him "a foolish dreamer,"
Thank God, there is minding in Innisfail
For those who would fain redeem her,
From the withering curse of the Preachân Mór,
Whose wings have been drawn around her,
Whose claws have wounded her, deep and sore,
Whose chains like a slave have bound her.

'Twas the wish of his heart that his bones might rest
In the soil of the land that bore him
With the shamrocks 'twining above his breast
And the breezes crooning o'er him
Alas! for his dreaming —'twas God's decree
That he and his love be parted,
That she should gaze o'er the bounding sea
Towards the grave of the noble-hearted.

Woes he endured from the Preachân Mór
For the sake of his grief-bowed mother:
The blood of his breast he would freely pour
To free her,—like many another,—
And O, she will think on her freedom day
Of that brave heart's pure devotion,
And will gratefully turn her eyes away
To his grave, o'er the pulsing ocean.

O God! let his soul to Thy fold be drawn
In the halls of eternal dreaming,
Where the souls that have battled for Freedom's dawn
Like fadeless jewels are gleaming
And give to his native land, O Lord,
(Laid low by the stranger's spoiling)
For the woes she has borne—a just reward—
The fruits of her children's toiling.

"He promised to send me a book of his own songs home from America" said the old man "but it never came. And he said I'd be the first man in Ireland he'd visit when he'd step across here himself, but he never came either. Poor John! he went the long hard journey instead. May his bed be soft in Heaven this night!"

We left him alone with the memories and dreams we had awakened and passing along the boreen where the birds were singing we reached the road, and turned towards the setting sun, and home.

Champion, Orator, Poet, Gæl! fifteen years ago the friendly American soil opened to receive you, and to give you a grave in its bosom. You have won a place—an honored place—in the generous heart of America, and in the hearts of America's children. But there is a green, old, wave-washed land, separated from your dust by a thousand leagues of ocean, that loves you with that great intense love, which is part of her nature. She is proud of your name and of the fame which lives around it, and will forget it, and your devotion, only when the sun shines no longer on the woods around your childhood's home, when the grass ceases to grow green in Dowth, and the waters of the beautiful Boyne flow no more. God rest you, Boyle O'Reilly!

HOW RÉNÉ WON THE GRAND PRIX.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

It would be difficult to say just when the great idea first presented itself to Réné Vinet's mind. It may have been at the very moment of his reading the hand bill in Moïse Lapointe's store, for stupendous plans often form themselves in such lightning-like flashes of inspiration. It may have been in the still hours of some succeeding night when, going over in imagination the details of the approaching festival, he suddenly saw himself a factor in its fascinating programme. Or it may have been while drudging at his prosaic tasks about the farm that the possibility of combining a yet untasted diversion with monetary gain came as a ray of sunshine to enliven his monotonous toil. However that may be, no sooner was this same idea clearly conceived in Réné's active brain than it became a fixed determination, and all his faculties from that moment concentrated on the carrying out of his scheme.

For more than a year Réné had caught glimpses, now and then, of various red-coated gentlemen mounted on swift horses, who in company with baying hounds, were accustomed to dash recklessly across the fields and over the fences of the surrounding country. He knew the riders were members of a Hunt Club from Montreal and that they were persuing a fox. Once indeed some hunters, returning from the chase after a mishap, had stopped at the farm for rest and refreshment, and he had had an opportunity to examine and admire their wonderful coats and caps and boots. He, Réné, could ride a horse—could he not! But he possessed no trappings such as these—not that he secretly considered them of any real assistance. When he rode he flung the old bridle on his steed, mounted with a single bound, and was off at a speed few could equal. He had broken his father's colts since he was a mere child and there were a couple in the barn now that could bear testimony to his skill as a trainer.

It was the announcement of a grand autumn fête to be given by this association on the grounds surrounding the club house that Réné had read with so much avidity at the store. Such a list of attractions as were set forth! Polo, hurdle-riding, racing, and many other games and exercises, the names of which bore no meaning at all to him. One item, however, stood out clearly, distinctly among the others, and that was the brief statement that at the close of the exhibition of fine horsemanship by the regular members of the club there would be a race open to "*cultivateurs*" riding their own horses, for which would be offered three purses, one of twenty-five dollars, one of fifteen dollars, and one of ten dollars. This announcement it was which had set Réné's blood tingling and his eyes sparkling. Was there an animal in all St. Lambert that could beat either of his favorites? No, assuredly not. Then he himself would choose the better of the pair and enter the race, and if he did not win the first prize he was absolutely sure of the second.

Now, although this laudable ambition seemed on the outside easy enough of accomplishment, Réné knew that there were several obstacles looming large and serious in its path. To begin with it was out of the question to think of asking his father's permission for any such adventure. The mere thought of facing

the old man with a request for the use of his best horse in order to run a race in public made Réné quail with terror. Clearly, if he succeeded in entering the lists at all it must be without the knowledge of his parents. But before plunging his country-bred champion into the excitement of the course, there must come many trial runs. How was he to absent himself from the farm unobserved? how reappear upon a panting steed without offering an explanation of his singular movements? These questions were not to be answered at once. But Réné though baffled was not disheartened, and at length after profound cogitation a light came to him, a light which was to be literal as well as figurative.

The afternoon set for the exhibition was yet a month distant. Before that date there would be a moon—the gentle, cloudless moon of late September, the mellow, lingering moon of placid harvest time, the moon that turned the wheat fields into lakes of gold, and illuminated the highways as brilliantly as noonday's sun. Neath this moon, then, when the household was asleep, and the world his own, he would perfect his racer.

The first trial of his nocturnal experiment convinced Réné of its value. It proved to be the simplest thing in the world to slip through his window to the roof of the gallery beneath, and from that modest eminence to drop to the ground. Equally easy was it to lead the docile colt quietly from the barn and over the soft turf to that safer distance where his labors really began. Indeed the hour, the mystical light, the silence, the secrecy gave a charm to the adventure which made it far outrival any ordinary course which might have been open to him.

Many times during the ensuing weeks this little program was carried out, and always without interruption. At the beginning Réné was conscious of a sinking of the heart during the early morning hours following these excursions, but his father remained serenely unconscious of any break in the usual routine of his household. In fact, the old man appeared much absorbed in his own business affairs about this time, frequent expeditions to neighboring towns, and even to Montreal itself, necessitating an absence on each occasion of the greater portion of the day. These absences were extremely favorable to Réné's designs giving him for one thing an opportunity to visit the club-house and comply with the formalities of the competition.

The Master of the Hounds to whom Réné was directed chanced to be a jovial gentleman who received him cordially, and listened to his tale with open merriment.

"So you are going to cheat the old father, are you, and want everything kept dark! All right, my boy, I'll fix you. Remain out of sight until the last moment, and then go in and win; and I predict that you will."

II.

When the great day finally arrived it was one calculated to satisfy the heart of the most ardent performer or the most interested spectator. Nature had brought forth her most lavish September decorations. The sun shone with almost midsummer warmth; the broad field wherein the sports were to take place showed an emerald verdure smooth as any lawn; the fences marking its boundaries were half hidden by a tangle of goldenrod and tansy, through whose yellow tints the red of early-turning blackberry vines showed with flaming splendor. The club-house and the big grand-

stand displayed a countless variety of flags and pennons, and various booths set up in a similar style of profuse adornment, added to the general festivity of the scene.

With the passing of the mid-day hour, the long special trains from Montreal began to arrive bringing their crowds of gayly dressed people, and very soon the quiet levels, but yesterday lost in the remoteness of country isolation, became the centre of city activity and gaiety.

Réné was early upon the grounds. He had ridden across lots from his home, and now took refuge in a little grove on the outskirts of the field, and secure from observation. The mysterious good fortune which had thus far followed his secret manœuvers protected him to-day, for his father had again absented himself at a convenient hour, leaving the way open for Réné's safe departure. Plainly it was ordained by Providence that he should enter the race.

His first sight of the gorgeous spectacle, however, his first glimpse of the crowd, the horses, the flags, the general magnificence, set his heart quaking. *He*, to appear before that multitude! He, to display his country steed before those critical eyes! He wondered at his boldness in ever dreaming of such a thing. The midnight rides on the lonely roads were one thing — taking part in this grand tournament quite another. He resolved to depart at once and hide himself in the safe obscurity of the farm. But the resolve was not put into action, for at that moment a red-coated gentleman mounted on a splendid horse dashed into the field, giving directions, and shouting orders to the attendants. Réné recognized in him the Master of the Hunt whom he had already met, and guessed that the exercises were about to begin.

He was right in his surmising. With a flourish of trumpets and a clamor of cheering voices, the first performers rode gallantly forth, and then commenced for Réné a trance of delight which banished all consciousness of his surroundings from his mind, and obliterated his recent purpose of flight as completely as if it had never existed.

Riding, such as he had never dreamed of, evolutions that made him gasp with amazement, feats of daring surpassing his wildest fancy followed one another in quick succession. The little branded polo ponies turning and twisting and scrambling after the flying ball like a crowd of school boys were a source of exquisite rapture; the beautiful hunters leaping the great gates with the ease of automatons filled him with admiration and awe. He could have remained transfixed in his hidden spot for hours, without fatigue; but after a certain length of time he perceived that the faultless horsemen had retired conspicuously from the foreground, and with a sudden return to consciousness he knew his own hour had come, and with the knowledge there came, oh, joy! the realization that he was no longer afraid. A wild desire to jump upon his bareback colt and dash madly away in the tracks of those whom he had been watching, swept over him with uncontrollable force. The fever of the race was on him and he cared no more for his city critics than for so many blades of grass by the wayside.

Recalling his instructions he circled the field and placed himself within view of the Master of the Hunt and yet out of sight of the other contestants. From this spot it would be but the act of a second to dash forward and join the regular troop when the signal should be given. For a breathless pause he waited tense, alert, vigilant; then a bugle call rang sharply on the air, there was a

scrambling of hoofs and the little cavalcade was off and he with it.

What happened during those first few moments he never knew. Myriads of faces flashed across his vision; the puffing of horses sounded in his ears; dust rose and filled his throat; it was all he could do to keep his seat and hold his place in the little cortége. After a time, however, his senses cooled and he settled down to his work. Without looking to the right or left, for the proximity of so many horsemen was not a little disconcerting, he soon discovered that there were six riders in the van—five beside himself, and that some of them were not to be despised. Three times around the field was to constitute the course, and at the finish of the first round he had discovered his real opponents and resolved to conquer them.

His tactics were not profound. All he knew about racing was to ride as fast and furious as was possible as long as was possible, and this he proceeded to do with a fervor that soon brought him to the head of the line. By and by cheers and hand clapping began to come from the grandstand, and the music went to Réné's head like strong wine. He bent low on the colt's neck, shouting his well-known phrases, and the little favorite, true to his trust, leaped with renewed speed. Like mad things they swept along, the crowd laughing and cheering and enjoying the novelty of the sight.

At the end of the second round one of the riders dropped out altogether, and another fell so far behind as to be no longer considered a rival. Réné still held the position that his frenzied riding had gained for him, and there was no doubt now in his mind that he would win. At intervals an elongated head with foaming nostrils and starting eyes showed itself for a brief space in a line with that of his own animal; but the irritating encumbrance was soon shaken off, amid the plaudits of the spectators. It was all very funny, or, so, at least, the people seemed to think for they shouted vociferously at every turn, and were generous with praise and encouragement. Réné, however, needed no encouragement. He felt as if he could continue careering around that particular plot of ground for an indefinite period of time.

But races, like other enjoyments have an ending. The third round was finally made and Réné reached the judges' stand first, and dashed half the length of the track beyond before he could quiet his excited winner and return sanely to the starting point. A droll-looking pair they were to be sure, Réné red-faced, dusty, dishevelled; the poor colt covered with foam and panting in mighty gasps. But what of that! They were the victors, to them belonged the spoils.

Long and loud rang the applause as the Master, announcing that the first prize for *"cultivateurs"* had been won by Réné Vinet, walked up to him and held out the sealed envelope containing the twenty-five dollars. Réné, conscious that something was due from him in the way of acknowledgment at this crucial moment, slipped from his seat and made one little bow toward the Master of the Hunt, and another in the direction of the grand-stand, after which, feeling that the ceremonies of the occasion had been completed, he put forth his hand and grasped the coveted reward of his labors. As his fingers closed upon the money, he raised his eyes for the first time to the four horsemen drawn in a line beside the judges' stand and there, foremost among them, and regarding him with an inscrutable gaze he saw — yes, it was actually, his father in the flesh, for at that moment the Master

spoke again and the words which fell on Réné's ear were:

"The second prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Monsieur Pierre Vinet."

He had ridden the race in company with his own father! He had beaten his own father!

When too many exciting events are crowded into a short period of time, the brain becomes dazed and inert. It refuses to arrange ideas, or even to receive them. Réné's brain was in this condition as he gazed limply at his parent and watched him pocket his share of the afternoon's earnings. Even when the Master of the Hunt came over to him, and slapping him upon the back laughed hilariously at the success of the plot and its unforeseen *dénoument,* he could neither smile nor speak.

A half hour later found Vinet père and Vinet fils, late champions of the track, riding leisurely homeward in the soft radiance of the golden sunset. The world lay sweet and still about them. No sound disturbed the brooding hush of the hour; not even a bird twittered from a hedge, or a bell echoed from its tower. Silence also obtained between the pair of equestrians. Réné as yet had uttered not a word. Explanations were certainly due, but he deemed it prudent to defer the moment as long as possible. It was Vinet père therefore who opened the conversation.

"Well, Réné," he said, "that was a fine trick you played on the old man, taking the best horse in the barn, and stealing off to ride a race."

Réné glanced at his parent out of the corner of his eye, and took courage.

"I got the twenty-five dollars," he began, by way of defence.

"So you did, my boy, and I got fifteen, which makes forty dollars for the Vinet family—not a bad sum for a few minutes' work. But how did you get it into your head to do this thing? That is what I want to know."

"I saw the bill in Moïse Lapointe's store a month ago. I knew we had the best horses in the parish, and I didn't see why I shouldn't have one of those prizes as well as anyone else. I was afraid to tell you about my plan, so I got up at night, and got the colt trained while you were asleep."

Réné blurted out the story of his escapade half sullenly, half defiantly, and waited for whatever explosion of anger or reproach might follow. But to his surprise his father burst into a hearty laugh.

"You are very clever, my boy," he said. "I can see that; but don't think you are clever enough yet to cheat your old father even when he is asleep. Do you imagine anyone can go into my barn and take a horse out without my hearing him? No, no, not yet. I followed you that first night to see what you were up to, and when I found out, I thought I might as well let you play your little game for once. But mind you, it will not be safe for you to try another trick of that kind."

Réné heaved a sigh of mingled relief, astonishment, and mortification. He was glad to escape so easily from the anticipated storm, and he was not likely to indulge in any future ventures of such a dangerous nature. But to think that his secret had been no secret after all. To think that his father had been laughing at him during that entire month of fancied mystery and security. It was very humiliating to be sure.

There remained, however, one or two queries which Réné felt *he* had a right to voice, now that his own case was disposed of.

"But, *mon père,*" he said, "how did you come to enter the race, yourself?"

The old man chuckled again.

"It was you, Réné, who gave me the idea. I thought you had made the best choice of the animals but I was not certain, so I made up my mind to go with you. There were two good purses of money at stake. If you were first I'd be second. If I won the twenty-five dollars you would get the fifteen. And you see I was wise. It all ended as I thought it would—with the Vinets in the lead. When you believed me at Montreal, or off in the next parish, I was back in the country training for the race; after your own fashion."

Again it was left with Réné to gasp with amazement. The depth and cunning of his respected and respectable elder were certainly beyond belief. He began to ask himself if this was the first experience in the sporting world which had fallen to his father's lot, when the old man following the same train of thought said with something like a sigh, "Yes, I always loved a good horse, and many a spin I've had in the old days," and then with a return to his old manner, "but those days are past, and there's to be no more racing, no more slipping away to the courses, no more secret manœuvers for either of us. Do you hear that, Réné?"

And Réné heard.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Heigho! The merry Summer sun
  Streams in at the windows tall,
And mockingly dances across the floor,
  And up the whitewashed wall;
I wearily lift my head and sigh
  To be out with the sun and the breeze,
And lazily roam by howe and holm
  Where hum a thousand bees.

The truant breeze laughs loud at the door
  A laugh he caught from the rills,
And his breath is rich with the plunderings
  Of a hundred heathery hills;
Or, bolder grown, he will bound within,
  And map and picture sway—
"Come to the hills; oh, come to the hills!"
  He taunts me—and then away!

My little bees are humming,
  Just like the bees outside,
But everyone is a drone to-day
  And their winged thoughts elsewhere glide.
There's a desk of poets, dreaming,
  They stray by scrug and farm,
And dells a-through, where bright flowers woo
  From the sun his kisses warm.

O'er the bloodless fray of Fox and Geese
  Yon partisans dispute:
And here low-voiced conspirators
  Plot of forbidden fruit:
Of stolen baths in the treacherous pool
  In bated breath speak those:
With ill intent, a vile pin, bent,
  One fixes in his toes.

But the eyes of all stray often
  To the window and the door,
And rest upon the sun-streak
  Where it plays along the floor;
And a light leaps up and glistens
  In every moistening eye—
As for liberty, sweet liberty
  Each little breast heaves a sigh.

As I lay my head on my hands, and back
  To the days of my boyhood turn,
What wonder my eye should moisten,
  And my heart for freedom yearn!
Once I was as young, and thoughtless,
  And careless and happy as they,
And the sun and the hills, and the wind and the rills,
  Could draw my steps astray.

I sit in those seats a lad
  (And a gray-haired man sits here)
While the sun looks in to seduce me,
  And the breeze on its gay career;
My thoughts from the dull books wander,
  And wander my idle looks,
Till I pine to stray with my comrades gay,
  The birds, and the bees, and the brooks.

Though boyhood's beauteous gladness fled
  When care and the world I found,
There are times, as to-day, when my pulses
  With the olden joys quick bound;
And the heart in my breast beats young again
  And my eye gleams bright as of yore—
But what do I see—the villains!
  The last rogue has sneaked through the door!

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID.

GATHERED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

Emerson says that next in merit to the author of a good thought well expressed is the first quoter of it. Every one who quotes judiciously is "first quoter" to the reader who has never seen the saying before, or has never felt its force till it is placed anew under his eye. Most of the things set down here will have at least the merit of novelty.

Some sneer at collections of this kind as serving up thought in homœopathic globules. Better thus than to swallow it in coarse lumps that choke you or cause indigestion.

. . . . . .

Fiction has no right to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality.

Joubert.

Our hard entrance into this world, our miserable going out of it, our sicknesses, disturbances, and sad encounters in it, do clamorously tell us we came not into the world to run a race of delights but to perform the sober acts and purposes of man; which to omit were foully to miscarry in the advantage of humanity, to play away an uniterable life, and to have lived in vain.

Sir Thomas Browne.

Scepticism has ruined many a noble mind and many a hopeful work; but it has never helped to produce anything of its own, hopeful or noble or beautiful or great.

Father Henry Coleridge, S. J.

It is more polite to admire than to praise.

Madame de Sévigné.

There are people who think themselves frank when they are only impertinent, and who confound fault-finding with criticism. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault; but the trouble is that after a while there doesn't seem to be anything else to find.

"The Ave Maria."

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

D. J. Scannell O'Neill.

The idlest controversies are always the hottest.

John Morley.

One of the deepest mysteries of Eternity is how the remembrance of the lost opportunities of life will let Heaven be Heaven.

M. R.

No queen is greater than a good mother.

Pius X.

Good men are of all countries, races, times, and classes; but you find more of them tilling the soil than manufacturing its products.

Pius X.

Judge nations by their peasantry; the nobles are everywhere alike.

Father Tracy Clarke, S. J.

It is sometimes much harder and more meritorious to ask another to do a charitable thing than to do it ourselves when it is in our power.

M. R.

Live miracles ourselves. We may not sneer at the supernatural. Lord Kelvin tells us that very plainly. That great scientist, the late M. Pasteur, a devout and practising Catholic, once said to me: "Nothing is natural—everything is mi-

raculous. *Tout est miracle.* When you move your teeth or your hands you perform a miracle which no man living can explain."

Richard Davey.

There is no real love without suffering.

Mother Imelda Magee, O.S.D.

As the eyes of the owls are with regard to the light of day, so is the intelligence of our minds with regard to things which in their own nature are the most luminous of all.

Aristotle.

The advantage of strong waters is that the pleasure they give demands no previous training. Art does. Give that training to the people, teach them innoxious ways of being happy, and you solve the drink problem.

Thomas M. Kettle.

Wait! All great alterations in human affairs are produced by compromise.

Sidney Smith.

Many excellent people spend all their days in reading and are of no use to themselves or anybody else.

Lord Roseberry.

Those whom we call dead are the living who have died. Death is not a state, it is an act. It is not a condition; it is a transition. The dead have died, and now they will live on for ever and ever.

Rev. W. William Wylie.

A great man is a man who affects the mind of his generation.

Disraeli.

The desultory reading of inane newspapers is deplorable. Its object is to kill time, and, as time is life meted out to us on the instalment plan, the aim and end of it is suicide in fractions.

W. H. Stead.

In this life that "begins with a scream and ends with a moan," deep comprehension is sometimes given to dumb souls—those souls that can but bow the head in mute thankfulness or silent resignation.

Grace Keon.

Happily the world will be judged by an All-wise and All-knowing God, and not by a Select Committee of the Uncommonly Good. To God alone all hearts are open, all secrets are known.

Rev. David Bearne, S. J.

It is a great sign of mediocrity to praise always moderately.

Vauvenargues.

We give the forces of evil too much credit for intelligence. The devil is clever, but he has many fools in his service.

Lloyd George.

One must be severe. Life is severe. God is severe. The Foolish Virgins were only a little careless and lazy, but they were shut out.

Bishop Mandell Creighton.

Duty and to-day are ours; results and futurity belong to God.

Horace Greeley.

To thank God for the smallest gift an entire lifetime on one's knees would not be long enough.

Blessed Henry Suso.

Of all brave men there is none so brave as he who is afraid.

F. V. C.

An irregular life is one in which one breakfasts when one gets up, and gets up when one likes. An energetic man is a man who gets up the moment he is awake.

Bishop Creighton.

An Irish peasant girl who has lived for years in daily association with nuns at a convent school is a long way on the road to being a lady if she is pure and refined.

Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

How sweet a thing is occupation, and how much it is to be preferred to amusement!

Laclos.

"Brethren," an ecclesiastical noun of multitude; no connection with "brother."

Anon.

A drunkard is a liar, but a morphinomaniac is an accomplished liar.

Dr. Savage.

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.

Lord Avebury.

All are not called to a state of perfection, but all *are* called to the perfection of their state.

M. R.

The Irish are a race the qualities of whose womanhood have become proverbial, while its men have the elemental, the indispensable virtues of working hard in time of peace and fighting hard in time of war. In every walk of life men of this blood have stood and now stand pre-eminent, as statesmen and as editors, on the bench, at the bar, and in business.

President Theodore Roosevelt.

No good work is done by men who do not put their heart in the work.

Dr. Lancaster Spalding.

Best work is possible only to those who take more delight in doing the thing well, thoroughly well, than in any reward they may receive.

Dr. Lancaster Spalding.

I think that sometimes a man's failures do more good to the world and his cause than his best successes.

Cardinal Newman.

Good is never done except at the expense of those who do it; truth is never enforced except at the sacrifice of its propounders. At least, they expose their inherent imperfections; for nothing would be done at all if a man waited till he could do it so well that no one could find fault with it.

Cardinal Newman.

Every man must give the world the best that is in him, without fear or hope of reward. The reward of genius is labor, and none other has it a right to seek after.

Canon Sheehan.

There are hot springs in the human heart that never leap to the surface till they are bored through by sorrow and remorse.

Canon Sheehan.

Make the most of your best.

Burne-Jones.

There is a certain luxury in allowing ourselves to be argued into doing what our inclinations suggest. We like to be persuaded, not against, but according to our will.

Canon Sheehan.

Only the warm of heart become saints.

Alice Esmonde.

Though we may parry the stroke of Time's scythe, we cannot stop the sands in his glass.

Mrs. Thrale.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would have to wear his hat well down over his eyes.

Anon.

So keen is the pathos of life, with all its certainties and uncertainties, that the wonder is how people who are in other respects wise and clever can take the childish or stupid view of it that they seem to take.

M. R.

Life is like the clever drawing of a tooth; we think the real thing is yet to come till we note with amazement that it is already past.

Bismarck.

What a mother is to a child one only learns to appreciate when it is too late—when she is dead. The most moderate share of a mother's love, with all the admixture of motherly selfishness, is gigantic as compared with all filial love.

Bismarck.

The true criticism is to know what to admire.

Sainte Beuve.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

John Ruskin.

Maintain a holy simplicity of mind, and do not smother yourself with a host of cares, wishes, and longings, under any pretext.

St. Francis de Sales.

How idle it is to call certain things Godsends, as if there were anything else in the world.

Julius Hare.

Do not bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good.

Emerson.

Some people never dream of praising anything or anybody. They take everything as a matter of course, and imagine that they show their superiority by so doing. They little dream that they never get the best service owing to their niggardliness in showing their appreciation. It is surprising how a little word of praise stimulates to new effort, and puts life and interest into the work of those about us.

Anon.

The dead are invisible, but they are not absent.

Victor Hugo.

Flattery is the politeness of contempt.

Spalding.

We have abundant time for the newspaper-reading which the wise and saintly Aubrey de Vere called "the opium eating of the West"; we have abundant time for entirely insignificant novels. If we have no time for studies in literature, the reason must be that we have no real care for letters at all.

"The Guardian."

Miserere! The supplication that is always made by misery and always heard by Mercy.

Armand de Ponlevon, S. J.

That nation is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings.

John Ruskin.

It is much easier to laugh at something you don't understand than to take the trouble to understand it.

James McNeill Whistler.

Attention to detail distinguishes the artist from the artisan.

Charles Santley.

There is an old saying that every Catholic is worse than his religion, while many Protestants are better than theirs.

Anna Sadlier.

It is almost the greatest blessing of which we are capable in this respect, to have known one or two very holy persons. The great delight which we find in conversation with such persons is a faint reflection of the joys of Heaven.

Father Coleridge, S. J.

An old man said: "If you see a youngster mounting up to heaven at his own will, catch him by the foot, and fling him to the earth; for such a flight doth not profit."

Cassian translated by Cardinal Newman.

The practical error (of these late years in education) has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it is, but enlargement, which it is not.

Cardinal Newman.

A wise enemy is better than a foolish friend.

La Fontaine.

Character is far more important than brains in the race of life. Ten to one the man who was left behind had some kink in his character, some kind of cowardice, or modesty, or scrupulosity, or indolence.

The Saturday Review.

Death is the best of peacemakers, because the peace he makes is without words, and is never broken again.

Alice Furlong.

To know one thing well, you require to know a little about a thousand other things.

Joseph de Maistre.

Whoever has watched the development of character cannot have failed to note that individual responsibility alone brings out all a man's powers.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

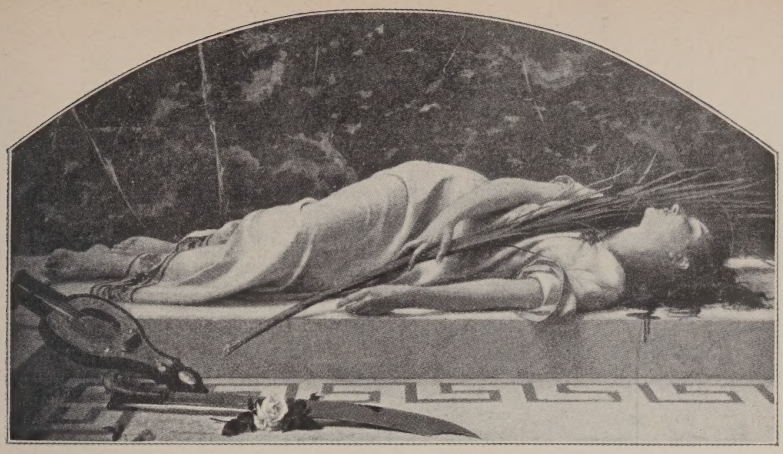
It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because you can only do little.

Sydney Smith.

Remember, always in books keep the best company.

Sydney Smith.

All great and extraordinary actions come from the heart. (But Vauvenargues said before Sydney Smith: "Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur.")



THE DREAM CHAPEL.

BY HELEN GLADYS EMERY.

Crimson stained are the marble pillars,
The floor is a golden brown,
While on the carven altars
A thousand gems rain down.

And athwart the keys of the organ,
There falls a bar of gold,
Where the light from the jeweled window
Fills the space with wealth untold.

I knelt at a shrine in the gloaming,
And bowed my head in prayer,
When a strain of ethereal music
Came borne on the darkening air.

Up in the lighted gallery
Is kept a regal state;
On Cecilia, the saint, at the organ,
A host of angels wait.

She touches with slender fingers
The yellowed, ivory keys;
And mortal ear n'er listed
To notes as sweet as these.

The crimson has gone from the pillars,
The gold has melted away,
And I wake from my dream, bewildered,
To watch for the break of day.

But still in the dreamland chapel
The ivory keys are pressed,
And the soul of the Sainted Cecilia
Plays to the souls of the blessed.

THE HOLY FACE.

O thorn-crowned Head!
Bent low beneath the weight of sin and grief,
No rest was Thine on that last shameful bed,
No solace, no relief.

O pale, sad Face!
Stained with the tears of Thy long agony,
Covered with dust and blood, with dire disgrace,
How may I comfort Thee?

. . . . . .

So as I kneel
And trembling kiss these bleeding wounds of Thine,
Sweet Lord, I pray, do Thou to me reveal
Thy perfect love divine.

That I may give
Myself to Thee, to be no more mine own;
That by Thy grace the life I henceforth live,
May be Thy life alone.

—*From "A Gleaner's Sheaf."*

MRS. HUMPHRYS.
"Madge" of "Truth."

SOME IRISHWOMEN IN LONDON.

BY C. O'CONOR ECCLES.

The Irish have reason to be proud of the many gifted sons and daughters their land has produced, and to regret that their abilities so often have been devoted to interests outside of Ireland, owing to circumstances over which they have had no control. If Ireland could but draw back and support the many children she has sent forth, her history would be different, and her society would

MRS R. BARTON SHAW.
(Miss Caroline Crommelin.)

certainly be the richer for their presence within the four seas of Erin. As it is, many of them, like the evangelizing monks of old, have helped to spread the light of knowledge in distant countries, and have reflected honor on the land that bore them.

To London, the great world-city, as being the nearest at hand, many Irish writers and artists have betaken themselves, from the days of Goldsmith to our own. Some have been lost in it, as in a whirlpool; others have ridden the waves triumphant. Perhaps the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE may be interested to hear a little about some distinguished Irish women, who at the present day are competing successfully with the talent of many lands—which give of their best to the mighty town by the Thames—Irish women who have come to the front and have made a name for themselves in various departments of modern life. I shall select, therefore, some — chosen more or less at random—who are all eminent in their own sphere of work. They differ widely in politics and religion, yet all show certain qualities of our race that differentiate them from those by whom they are surrounded. One of the chief characteristics of Irish ability is that its possessors are invariably interesting, while English ability, on the other hand, while often great, is too frequently ponderous, even when praiseworthy. "Brilliant" is an adjective frequently applied to our race, not always, perhaps, in the most complimentary sense, but when this brilliancy is the glitter and polish of a finely-cut precious stone, not merely the glint of moonbeams upon water, it is a quality both solid and valuable. It adds a lustre to talents that without it would be unattractive.

Perhaps the most notable woman in London to-day in her own particular line is Mrs. John Richard Green, widow of the celebrated historian of the English people, the first writer to discover that a record of the common folk, and of their progress from generation to generation, might be as interesting as that of kings and princes. Mrs. Green herself stands in the front rank of historians. Not only did she aid her gifted husband in his researches, and study his methods during six formative years of married life, (1877 to 1883) but the work she has done on her own account since his death is remarkable. It includes a life of Henry II., comprised in Morley's "Twelve British Statesmen" series, published in 1888; her monumental "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," published in 1894, a mine of information on the most varied and interesting details of mediæval existence; the editing of "The Conquest of England," in 1883; revision of her husband's "Short History of the English People," in 1888 and 1892, and finally "Oxford Studies," with

Miss K. Norgate, in 1900. At present Mrs. Green is said to be engaged on a history of Ireland, which for thoroughness and research will leave nothing to be desired. One result of her studies in this direction has been to make her entirely responsible for checking the natural development of the nation on its own lines, and that many, if not most of the defects that critics point out in the national character, have been the direct result of circumstances.

MISS MAY CROMMELIN.

enthusiastically patriotic. Her examination of state papers and ancient records has given her a high opinion of the early culture and civilization of the Irish race, and has proved to demonstration that the evils inflicted upon them were

Alice Sophia Amelia Green was the seventh child of Edward Adderley Stopford, Archdeacon of Meath, and Anne Catherine Duke, a Sligo lady. Her grandfather was Bishop of Meath. She first saw the light at Kells, famous for

its round tower. Her father was one of the Courtown family, the Stopfords having settled in Ireland in the reign of James I., but on her mother's side Mrs. Green inherits Celtic blood. She was educated at home and lived in Ireland until she was twenty, when she went to Chester, and there met her future husband, Dr. John Richard Green, Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. The descendant of a Wexford "Planter," the daughter of a Protestant Archdeacon, married to a Cambridge Don, it was by a truly remarkable mental evolution, and by a strong innate love of truth and justice, that we find Mrs. Green to-day a convinced Irish Nationalist. She is a popular member of the Irish Literary Society, at one of whose meetings she read not long ago a learned and illuminating paper on Ireland before St. Patrick. Tall, slight and graceful, with finely-cut, aristocratic features, Mrs. Green has an air of distinction that marks her out in any assembly as a woman of note. She is very methodical in her work, spending all the morning hours at her desk, and either the afternoon or evening as well. Were she stronger, she says she would give even more time to her labors. During her married life she sometimes took down from dictation for eleven hours a day, with the result that she was seized in the end by writer's cramp. In the "Recollections of Miss Marianne North" an interesting glimpse is given of the historian and his young wife. Miss North called on Mr. Green shortly before his death, when he was in an advanced stage of consumption. She says: "He could only speak in a whisper, but his talk was full of fine ideas and interest in the ideas of others. His pretty and gentle wife sat by and treasured every word he spoke, until his coughing became violent. Then she took us away, telling us how she was beginning to write quite easily with her left hand to his dictation, her right being paralyzed after long years of incessant work."

I have heard Lady Lugard say that before her marriage Mrs. Green used to be known in Dublin Society as "the brilliantly silent Miss Stopford," but she has since become a delightful speaker and an able lecturer. She gave a course of valuable addresses some years ago on mediæval subjects at University Hall, and also at the Working Men's College, then in Great Ormond Street, on "Guilds," comparing, or rather contrasting, them with our modern trade unions.

All who have read "The Collegians" or have even seen its dramatic version "The Colleen Bawn," (more properly Cailin Ban) who know "Tales of a Jury Room," "The Sister of Charity," or "Orange and Green," will be glad to learn something of the nieces of Gerald Griffin, who died a Christian Brother at Cork while still in the prime of manhood. The Misses Geraldine and Anna Griffin, as befits their family, are ardent Irish women, modest, retiring, unselfish and generous, foremost where there is unostentatious work to be done for Ireland, and seeking no reward for their labors even in the light coin of thanks. Members of the Irish Literary Society of London, and of the Gælic League, they have given valuable help on many committees, and untiring aid in organizing many a successful "Ceilid," and profitable sale of Irish-made goods—matters not as easy as they may look to outsiders. Both are gifted and intellectual in no ordinary degree. Born in Limerick, and educated at the convent of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, Laurel Hill, they in time migrated to London, where Miss Geraldine Griffin took up political work, and her sister Anna studied art, exhibiting successfully at the Gal-

lery of Painters in Water Colors, at the Royal British Artists, and at the Grosvenor Gallery, besides doing excellent black and white work for several well-known periodicals. All who are acquainted with the Misses Griffin love and admire them for their fine womanly qualities, their single-mindedness, their ability, and the whole-hearted fashion in which they devote themselves to every good and patriotic work that comes in their way. Ardent Gaelic leaguers, they see in the revival of our own language and the development of our highest ideals the chief hope for the future of our country, and these aims they endeavor to promote by every means in their power.

Differing in religion, in politics, in ancestry and in antecedents from the Misses Griffin, we find two other clever sisters, who in their own way have reflected credit on the old country, namely, Miss May Crommelin, the popular novelist and traveller, and her sister Caroline, now Mrs. R. Barton Shaw. The

MISS MAGILL

Crommelins can claim but three generations of Irish forebears, yet they have not failed to assimilate an indescribable something racy of the soil. Descended from an old Huguenot family, the first of the name to settle in Ireland was Louis de la Cherois Crommelin, who escaped from the religious persecutions of the period in France under Louis XIV., due to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He received a grant of land in County Down from William III. Ireland, it will be remembered, was never a country where religious belief led to persecution. Thus in the days of Queen Mary I. we find persecuted English Protestants fled for refuge to the neighboring island, and were kindly received. The Crommelins had been specially unfortunate in suffering for their belief. Originally Dutch, they had been compelled to seek shelter in France when Alva was dragooning the Netherlands, and there were protected by Henry IV. and his sister the Queen of Navarre, who stood sponsors for some of the children of the race. They intermarried with a French family, the de la Cherois, but fled again in 1698, and this time, fortunately for themselves, to more peaceful surroundings. Louis Crommelin offered to teach the art of weaving linen to the Irish, by means of skilled Huguenot workmen. The offer was accepted, and thus we owe to him the introduction of the famous Irish linen industry, which has since brought so much wealth to our Northern province. One of his immediate descendants lived to the ripe age of one hundred and fourteen, and tried to learn English at one hundred! There were in the days of Miss Crommelin's childhood some old folks around her home who remembered ladies of the Crommelin family still speaking their native French.

MRS. SOPHIE BRYANT.

Born at Carrowdore Castle in Down, Miss Crommelin spent her earliest years amidst the usual surroundings of an Irish country house, where dancing, hunting, outdoor life and plenty of gaiety enlivened the young people, though, as it happened, the immediate neighborhood was rather lonely. Lord Dufferin, however, lived near, and he and his were life-long friends of the family. He en-

couraged Miss May Crommelin in her love for literature, which showed itself at a very early age, for he himself loved books and the making of them, as befitted his Sheridan blood. The girl had begun to "make stories" in the nursery, and told thrilling tales at night to her sister, after they had been put to bed. At the mature age of seven she essayed an historical romance, which died in its second chapter owing to unsurmountable difficulties of penmanship, and possibly of orthography. Promoted from the nursery to the schoolroom, the habit of writing stories and verse was kept up amongst the children, chiefly by May and an elder sister who died later, after a long illness, and these two when in their teens secretly contributed to minor magazines. When she was eighteen May Crommelin began her first novel in collaboration with her sister, but the latter grew discouraged, and would not finish, so the younger girl set to work on her own account, having as her confidant only one elderly relative. When the manuscript was finished, it was sent to a publisher, and, wonderful to relate, was accepted in a week. The girl did not, however, venture to tell her parents of her literary aspirations and success until her novel "Queen" had been published anonymously, for she feared her father's displeasure. He belonged to the type of country gentleman of the old school, and disliked the idea of a woman following a profession, or being "remarkable" in any way; and though he did not actively oppose his daughter's tastes, he never encouraged her, so she had to endure many small home difficulties in the pursuit of her work. After a few years of this life, troubled times came in Ireland. The question of rents was being agitated, and many landowners had to face a diminished income and increasing expenses. The Crommelin family reduced their establishment and eventually moved to England on account of the eldest daughter who was hopelessly ill. Some years of nursing followed for Miss May Crommelin, first in attendance on her sister, then on her father and mother. When Mr. Crommelin died, the Irish home passed to his son, and May Crommelin moved to London where she made a home with her sister Caroline. The latter had always manifested remarkable taste for house decoration. When quite a school girl her father had given the young people a room for themselves, and told them they might "work their wicked will on it." They papered it, painted it, laid down carpets, covered chairs, and the rest, with complete success, Miss Flora Crommelin, afterwards Mrs. Goring Thomas, being responsible for most of the requisite carpentry.

What had been simply a domestic interest now suggested itself as a possible source of income. Miss Caroline Crommelin started in business on her own account as a decorator, at a time when such enterprise was rarer amongst gentlewomen than now, and was successful almost from the beginning. Soon she had so much to do that Mrs. Goring Thomas joined her. The sisters collected some beautiful and costly antique furniture and curios, and so admirable were their taste and judgment that each house they decorated proved an advertisement for them. Amongst other places they furnished in those early days Houghten, belonging to Mr. Kenyon Stowe, the English Embassy at Rome when Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador there, and Crakecombe Priory near Oxford, besides furnishing a dining-room in pure Elizabethan oak for Julia, Marchioness of Tweedale. Miss Caroline Crommelin, who, as I have said, is now married, still carries on her admirable work.

After some four years of hard literary work, Miss May Crommelin's health began to give way slightly under the prolonged strain, and ever since she has been obliged to do less. She solaces herself with travel, which she loves, and introduces many descriptions of foreign lands into her books. Thus before publishing her volume of travels, "Over the Andes," she spent nearly a year in visiting legations in South America, and stayed for some time in Jamaica with the acting governor. She has since visited Morocco, and written of it in "Kinseh," and been twice in Palestine, which she has described in "Crimson Lilies." Lately she has voyaged in Sicily, Spain and Italy. She has still some Dutch kinsfolk, who welcomed her and her novels warmly, and she has, in at least one of her books, drawn pleasing and sympathetic types of Dutch character.

The typical representative of modern education for women in the British Islands is an Irish woman, Dr. Sophie Bryant, successor to the late lamented Miss Buss, a famous educational pioneer, as principal of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, perhaps the chief establishment of its kind in England. Dr. Bryant is by birth a Dublin woman, the daughter of the late Rev. W. A. Willock, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College. She had the good fortune to have a father who was keenly interested in education, and who was, what is even now rare in Ireland, a man who raised no barrier of sex in educational matters, and treated boys and girls alike as human souls desirous and worthy of sound knowledge. The fact of little Sophie being a girl was never considered an obstacle to participation in the mathematical studies of her brother, or in philosophy, in both of which subjects she excelled. She says herself: "It had never been suggested to me in my life that I had not an equal birthright to knowledge with my brother. Hence it happened most naturally that I was an early candidate for the Senior Local Examination, out of which came my acquaintance with Miss Buss." At the time she first met Miss Buss, Mrs. Bryant was already a widow. She married Dr. William Hicks Bryant of Plymouth at nineteen, and lost her husband by death within a year, when she resumed her work as a student. "The girl whose chief subject is mathematics" as Miss Buss designated her, when she first attracted that lady's attention in 1879, took second place in honors at the London Matriculation. She graduated B.A. in 1881, taking first place in the First Class in the Moral Science Honors List, and a Second Class in Mathematics. In 1884 she took her degree of D.Sc., Doctor of Science, of the London University, being the first woman to attain this distinction.

In 1895 her warm friend, Miss Buss, died full of years and honors, and Mrs. Bryant was chosen to succeed her as principal of the school she had made famous, and to transmit the noble traditions of the founder to another generation. That this appointment was the earnest wish of Miss Buss is confirmed by the testimony of a note found amongst her papers, which does credit to the qualities of head and heart she discovered in her young colleague. It says: "I know Mrs. Bryant well, and think her the most competent woman in the whole range of my acquaintance to take up my work after me. She is bright, accomplished, energetic, and earnest. She is amiable and loving, and has above all vital force. She has indeed 'a healthy mind in a healthy body.' . . . Her fellow workers would be loyal to her, and she would be considerate about them." Few women have earned a higher testi-

monial than these few words from Mrs. Bryant's closest friend.

Despite her learning, her academic honors, and the fact that in 1900 she was appointed a member of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education, and has since been elected a member of the Senate of the University of London, there is about Mrs. Bryant nothing prim, nothing formal and precise, nothing dry-as-dust or pedantic. The alarming caricature that the uneducated or half-educated are given to drawing of a scientific woman is ludicrously at variance with the reality. A brilliant conversationalist, a delightful companion, gay and winsome in manner, with a fund of dry humor and a kind Irish heart, Mrs. Bryant makes friends wherever she goes. She is bright and sparkling, a lover of athletics, a capital cyclist, a noted pedestrian, a skillful mountaineer, who accompanied only by guides, has scaled the lofty summit of the Matterhorn.

If it be conceded that learning is "most excellent" for man, it follows that it must be equally excellent for women, and Irishwomen, as we have indicated, have a happy faculty for bearing their learning lightly. The most distinguished amongst them, of whom Mrs. Bryant is one, are conspicuous for ease and simplicity of manner, and thus never petrify into "fossils," as is sometimes the unhappy case of learned Englishwomen. A capital speaker, Mrs. Bryant always holds her audiences, and attracts their sympathy. An ardent Home Ruler, she loves to spend her holidays in Ireland.

While education is Mrs. Bryant's chief work in life, it is by no means her sole occupation. She has admirable gifts as a writer. Her first published production was a novel. Her volume on "Celtic Ireland" is of great value. Her "Educational Ends," "Studies in Character," "The Teaching of Morality in the Family and the School," and "The Teaching of Christ on Life," are all deserving of study. She considers that epigrammatic sentences or mottoes, which express ideals of conduct in forcible though abstract terms, work more effectively on many minds than do concrete illustrations; thus in her own case the eloquent Biblical appeal for thoroughness—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might" has been in her ears as "a continual clarion call to thoroughness."

Patriotic Irish woman as she is, the question of Irish education has for Mrs. Bryant a particular interest. The Irish, she considers, require to be better educated than any other nation, and especially than the English, because of their natural ability and of their greater expansiveness. With sound education, she believes they could rise to the highest heights and so are worth while training; moreover they need knowledge particularly because, as she says "When an Englishman is ignorant of a subject he holds his tongue, whereas an ignorant Irishman talks, and talks nonsense."

The *doyenne* of women journalists in London is Mrs. Humphrys, widely known from her pseudonym, "Madge" of "Truth." Mrs. Humphrys before her marriage was a Miss Charlotte Graham, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Graham, of Londonderry, and descended collaterally from John Graham of Claverhouse, the "Bonnie Dundee" of song and story. She came from Ireland to London at a time when women journalists were almost unknown, and after serving a period of probation was appointed editor of "Silvia's Journal," a popular periodical at the time, and held the post successfully for some years. When "Truth" was founded by Mr. Labouchere, in the eighties, Mrs. Humphrys joined the staff, and the feature she contributes has

never ceased to amuse and interest readers from that day to this. Women journalists hold a higher social position in England than in America, and Mrs. Humphreys as a society chronicler is *facile princeps*. She has written many useful and entertaining manuals, amongst them a book on housekeeping. Her only child, Miss Pearl Humphrys, has inherited her mother's talent, and as a writer of graceful verse and of thoughtful literary articles has already made her bow to the public, in several magazines.

Amongst the most notable painters of animals in London is to be reckoned Miss Elizabeth Magill, who has a fine studio in Strathmore Gardens, Kensington, and who has more than once demonstrated her ability to tread in the footsteps of Landseer. Miss Magill was born in Dublin, and looks on herself as a Dublin woman, but her family belongs to County Tyrone, and there her childhood was chiefly spent. She had five brothers and sisters, and was the only one who was not taught to draw. It happened in this way. When she was about eight years of age her governess set her to copy bridges, houses, pillars and similar objects. She had no special taste for architecture, and probably did not succeed very well. At any rate, the governess decided that she had no talent, and it was therefore useless to teach her. Accordingly, when the others were having their drawing lesson little "Lizzie" was sent to do arithmetic . This went on until she was about thirteen, when one day a curious incident happened. She met a phrenologist, who when he looked at her exclaimed, "You are the artist of your family!" His words made an impression, which led to her capacity for drawing being once more tested — this time with success. Miss Magill still possesses an old leather-bound volume having by way of frontispiece a photograph of herself, at the time a merry, smiling and very pretty school girl. Almost all the first sketches are comic designs done in black and white, which were very good practice. There is in it an accurate drawing of her fine old country home, which if the perspective leaves something to be desired, omits no detail. Her mother, in order to encourage her efforts, gave her an expensive box of paints, and with these colors she did some excellent flower studies. She was nearly as fond of music as of art, and having a good voice, which gave her a local reputation as a *prima donna*, went to Dublin to take lessons from Joseph Robinson, a celebrated teacher of singing. Miss Magill tells laughingly how he broke her youthful pride. He made her feel her own insignificance as she never had before, so that at last, almost in tears, she humbly inquired was it worth her while to take lessons at all. Having produced the effect at which he aimed, Mr. Robinson was good enough to encourage her. Miss Magill having attended art classes in Belfast came to London and began to study art at South Kensington. She then went on to the Slade Institute at University College, worked for a time under Calderon, and finally went to Paris where she had Carolus Duran as her master. At first she painted portraits, and with considerable success, as those of Canon Knox Little, celebrated as a preacher, and of Lady Elliot, testify. Even as lately as last summer she painted a portrait of Mrs. L. B. Walford, the novelist. Having the power of painting very rapidly, and of securing a good pose in her sitter, almost by instinct as it were, she is very popular in this line, but it is, however, as a painter of animals that she is best known.

A life-sized study of a dog's head, painted from her own huge St. Ber-

nard "Josh"—(short for his more imposing full name of "Sir Joshua Reynolds," chosen as a suitable title for an artist's dog)—now, alas, deceased and buried in Kensington Gardens—was shown to the late Queen Victoria at Windsor, by special command; as also a portrait of "Jack" the Queen's donkey, known as "Jack of Kensington" who used to draw her little bath chair. Another royal "Jack," this time the present King's Irish terrier, who was much beloved, and who died a couple of years ago when visiting his native land with his master, has been represented by her skillful brush. The King held three interviews with the artist, and gave her some useful hints and suggestions, desiring the dog to be posed with his head on one side, and painted rather smaller than life-size. Queen Alexandra's great Borozoi or Russian wolf-hound, "Alix," was also painted by Miss Magill, with great success, as well as "Sandringham Jockey" a fine basset hound, and a German dachshund which belonged to the late Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh). Following on these royal commissions, many society women brought their pets to Miss Magill to be immortalized, for she knows and loves animals as do few. She has painted Lady Tweedale's Pekin spaniel, the latest kind of dog in vogue, a breed of which Miss Magill herself possesses two beautiful specimens. These are the "lion dogs" from which so many Chinese monsters have been modelled, by exaggerating the type. They are very affectionate and valuable animals. A smaller race are the "sleeve dogs" first brought to Europe after the siege of the legations at Pekin. English breeders are frequently under the delusion that the two breeds are one and the same, and endeavor to reduce the proportions of the "lion" dogs, so as to bring them down to the diminutive size of the "sleeve" dogs, but this is a mistake, which if persevered in will only lead to the deterioration of the "lions." The sleeve dogs obtained their name from the fact that they are usually carried as pets in the sleeves of the Chinese court ladies. Other beautiful and well-known dogs that Miss Magill has painted are Lady Bunbury's collie and Lady Londonderry's deerhound, while cats too have been her sitters, as witness Miss Places' favorite "Pansy." Nor have the stronger sex failed to patronize the gifted artist. Lord Athlumney had a portrait painted of his "Boer" dog, found on the veldt, and brought to England by its preserver, whose close friend and companion he has become; while the Prince of Wales possesses an excellent "counterfeit presentment" of his dachshund. Miss Magill is an active and distinguished member of "Our Dumb Friend's League," and of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on behalf of which societies for the protection of the animal creation, successful concerts have been held from time to time in her studio, when such singers and entertainers as Hayden Coffin, Miss Sybil White, and Mr. Percy French have appeared. Miss Magill is witty and amusing in conversation, and is interested in all things literary as well as artistic. There are of course many notable Catholic Irish women in London who would have found place in this article, but on inquiry I am told that all those amongst them with whom I have the honor of being acquainted have been already treated of in these columns.

O BRIDE OF GOD.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

Thy form is robed in radiant white, O Bride of God!
Thy features gleam with holy light, O Bride of God!

As from the morning skies the sun illumes the earth with glory,
Comes love from thee and warms the world, O Bride of God!

The sage with all his learning bows before thy sacred story,
And joys to see thy flag unfurled, O Bride of God!

The simple peasant hears thy voice and with full soul up-swelling,
In love, he sings aloud to thee, O Bride of God!

The gray-haired sire, the man of strength, and little children dwelling
Within thy smile, thy lovers be, O Bride of God!

With fearless feet thy messengers are bearing thy evangels
To men of every clime and race, O Bride of God!

Thy mansions multiply, where saints, with Mary and the angels,
By intercessions bring us grace, O Bride of God!

Time bringeth beauty to thy form, thy fragrant robes adorning;
Thou movest in majesty sublime, O Bride of God!

There is no changing in thy day, the glory of thy morning
Shall live unto the end of time, O Bride of God!

THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

BY A. V. D. WATTERSON.

It may have been the close proximity of our great national holiday, or it may have been some of the patriotic expressions in a recent speech of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at the 97th Commencement of Mount St. Mary's College, that lately impelled me to take a drive to the birthplace of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner."

His Eminence is certainly one of America's most ardent patriots, and, when listening to his speeches, it is really refreshing to note the tone of love of country which runs through them, and to reflect that they are made not only from a spirit of duty and devotion to his country, but also with a complete realization of her needs. He makes one feel that the atmosphere of 1905 is not so laden with pessimism as one may have supposed, and that there is yet hope that our people will some day get back to the spirit of '76 and convince the world that our effusive display of patriotism is not all sham and cant, but that it emanates from a genuine sense of national veneration for our institutions, our laws and the men who made them. We are ready to believe, too, that each year but adds to the glory of our ancestral achievements in war and in peace, and to acknowledge that with each year we love more fervently the soil made sacred by the graves and the memory of our forefathers.

Keysville, the birthplace of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," is a long, straggling hamlet, nestled among the green hills of Maryland, about seven miles down the valley from Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmitsburg. Unfortunately, there is nothing there but the name to suggest the fact that it was the place which gave birth to that well-known celebrity, but every one in the place is thoroughly familiar with Key's history and equally willing to impart whatever information regarding him he may possess. On the road I met a bright and intelligent old gentleman named Mr. Dern, who had just descended from a tree, from which he had been picking cherries. After suggesting to him that he ought to get a small boy to do his climbing, he asked me how old I thought he was. I made a guess and I was wrong. He was aged, but he did not look the age he told me, eighty-eight, and I am certain, from his spryness, that he did not feel it, and "a man is just as old as he feels." He had known Mr. Key very intimately, spoke of him quite enthusiastically, and offered to show us about.

He informed us that the village takes its name from John Key, a Revolutionary officer, the father of Francis Scott Key (not Keys, as nearly every one calls him), who procured a grant of 640 acres of land and settled upon it, selling portions of it from time to time until the village grew to its present magnificent proportions. It was then in Frederick county, but a portion of that county was cut off, and out of it was created Carroll county. It was a part of that historic district, near Mason and Dixon's line, about which the proprietors of Pennsylvania and Maryland contended so vigorously for so many years, because of their rival claims regarding the boundaries of their grants. Not infrequently there were deeds for the identical lands from both proprietaries, for Penn was so eager for the success of his "holy experiment" that he not only claimed, but was willing to sell all the lands as far south as Annapolis. Some of his sales created much confusion and provoked controversies

and troubles of very serious natures, even to the extent of murder in the very locality in which Key's father procured his grant. Key lived just at the lower edge of the village, and here Francis Scott Key was born, August 1, 1779. My old friend showed me the place where he was born, but the present house, a comfortable brick building, he told me, is not the one in which the author of the "Star Spangled Banner" was born, my old friend himself having helped to tear down the house in which that interesting event occurred and to erect the present building.

Francis Scott Key was taught the three R's at home and was then sent to college where he was graduated. He had heard the question of boundaries discussed so frequently that this likely suggested to him the idea of studying law. This he decided to carry out and he became a lawyer, practicing in Frederick for some years and later in Washington. "He did not look like a brilliant man," remarked my old friend, "but he was, and he was a good lawyer and a splendid speaker."

When the British attacked Washington in 1814, they captured a friend of young Key, named Dr. Beanes, whom they detained as a prisoner. Key saw the President about securing his exchange or release, and the President gave him a vessel to effect the purpose. Arriving at the headquarters of the British, he was ordered by the British General to remain where he was until after the contemplated bombardment of Baltimore by the British.

Key had plainly seen the American flag at Fort McHenry, "whose broad stripes and bright stars" "so proudly was hailed at the twilight's last gleaming," and he had witnessed the bombardment during the long and anxious night. Just before daybreak the firing ceased and he kept a sharp lookout "through the mists of the deep" to see "if the flag was still there."

Glowing with pride and patriotic exhilaration over witnessing it still floating above the ramparts at Fort McHenry, he wrote the first copy of the "Star Spangled Banner." When he returned to Baltimore he gave it to Captain Eades, who had it printed, telling him it was to be sung to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven."

The "Star Spangled Banner" was first sung by Ferdinand Durang in a tavern next to the Holliday Street Theatre, in Baltimore, and at once brought Key everlasting fame.

My old friend went into his house and brought out and exhibited to me with much satisfaction a little stool and some other articles used by Key when a boy. He told me that he had purchased them at a public sale of the Key family effects, just before the old house was torn down. He reckons them among his richest treasures. It was a matter of regret, he said, that he was not in a position to go to San Francisco to witness the unveiling of the imposing Francis Scott Key monument in Golden Gate Park in 1887, but he was an interested spectator at the unveiling of the monument erected by Key's admirers in Frederick, where he now sleeps in peace, and the old gentleman would like to live long enough to witness the erection of a fitting monument at the place of his nativity in Keysville.

However, Key really needs no monument of brass or granite to keep his memory green, for as long as the "Star Spangled Banner" shall wave he will live in the hearts of all true Americans.

"Thus conquer we must when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: 'In God is our trust.'
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"AND THEY WOULD NOT."

BY S. L. EMERY.

I stand, my friend, beside thy door to-night;
The cold wind drives across the desolate lea.
Of all the whole wide world I am the Light.
Open thy door to Me!

Light would I bring within thy darkened home;
Would make thy blindness sight, thy sadness joy;
Would make thy house as heaven's holy dome,
Where nought could thee annoy.

Arise, make haste, my dove, my heart's desire!
My locks with dew are wet, mine eyes with tears.
Until day break, and shadows swift retire,
I seek thee through the years.

Yet stand I here, beside thy door, tonight;
I stand and cry: "Ope thou this door to Me!"
The shrill, bleak winds drive past My lantern-light.
No answer comes to Me.

MRS. PETERS AS WIDOW McNALLY.

TWO WOMEN OF THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

To know the stage one must know the people who make it what it is; dramatists, managers, actors and press-agents. The custom of generalizing about anything has never been reliable, not even in the ancient days, when society was simpler, when men kept cattle and sheep, no matter what else they did. The ban which churchmen, not the Church, please, placed on the stage in France, was a generalization, which churchmen of another generation condemned but did not remove; condemned, because they saw its unfitness, disturbed not, because in France they love the old fences. I read somewhere, that a pious and distinguished actress by her holy and charitable life and her holy death finally led to the breaking of the ban. The shadow of it still remains in the quaint, lingering suspicion of the theatre and the actors. The halo of forbidden romance sheds its false glory about the stage, as of old the same halo fell about the dime novel, making of a simple thing something mysterious, charming, provoking. If that halo were removed, if the stage were brought into the daylight, like the dairy

business, or journalism, or politics, its provoking charm would depart for most of the dreamers, who imagine stage-life a lovely dream-land.

As a profession it is not satisfactory, not to be compared with law and medicine and finance. Its fascination is undoubted, but rarely profitable. Through a brief study of two ladies I shall try to present the elements of that fascination and at the same time provide a glimpse into stage-life, as it is in America. Whoever has read the famous novel, Quo Vadis, will recall the singular historical study contained in the development of the character of the hero, Vinicius; it was a minute presentation of the manner in which Christianity got hold of the ancient Roman, shook the brute aristocrat out of him, and made him a Christian. I had read much history with regard to that problem, and knew that the grace of Christ conquered the Roman pagan; but just what form grace took no one told me until the Polish novelist created Vinicius. If we wish to know what the modern stage is, we must know the people that compose it. This rule very few follow with regard to institutions. They study the abstraction called the institution, and completely forget the people who compose it. They try to deduce the character of the people from the character of the institution, as they see it. The lamentable results are visible in the Protestant idea of the Papacy, without knowledge of the Popes; in the same idea of the Church without knowing its members; and in the European idea of our Republic, based on ignorance of the American people.

Humanly speaking an institution is just what its living members make it, and as human beings are free agents their infinite variety, reflected in an institution, makes generalization dangerous. But let me begin with the two ladies who are to give us a close view of the American stage in one of its aspects. When Costard in Love's Labor Lost approached the court of the Princess and looked at the lovely group about her, he was at a loss to whom he should deliver his message.

God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

With which of the two shall I begin? One is young and the other beginning to get old; one is at the entrance and the other at the exit; one might play the nurse to the other's Juliet; pray you, which is the head lady? She who has walked the path of the years, has suffered, achieved, and now in calm and serenity labors at the close of the long day as hopefully and cheerfully as when she played Juliet; she is indeed the head lady. The position of honor is not always the most inspiring. The minister of state about to be retired met his rival ascending the stairs, and exchanged compliments with him. "What's the latest

MRS CHARLES PETERS

MRS. PETERS. AS WIDOW McNALLY.

news?" said the rival. "Only that you are coming up and I am going down," said the wit as he resumed his descent, chuckling. Mrs. Charles Peters in this article meets Miss Nora O'Brien on the palace stairs. They are Catholic ladies, and alike in one point: that you would never imagine them to be connected with the stage from their external appearance. Mrs. Peters has the look and manner of the mother of the household, kindly, genial, sympathetic, anxious about domestic cares; Miss O'Brien suggests the lady of leisure, with settlement work for the morning and shopping for the afternoon. It is evident that they leave their profession on the stage, and bring none of it into every-day life.

This is not a common practise, with actors, though becoming more popular with them. The ordinary male actor is recognizable three blocks distant, both in prosperity and adversity. The ladies, as everyone knows, are acting off as well as on the stage, and dress for their public appearances in street and shop and parlor as carefully as for the part in the drama. Alas, not with the same success! The light of day inexorably takes the side of time, and reveals his handiwork in face and figure; nor can the arts of the modiste and the bleacher imitate successfully the color and form of youth; nor can the most skilful acting conceal the efforts of art. A clever ruse in this matter was steadily practised by an eminent actress. She always appeared in public accompanied by the most hideous bulldog that nature could provide; and by the law of contrast, without any disguise whatever, appeared ever beautiful. Mrs. Peters then, to conclude this point, looks like the house mother, and has resisted all temptation to look like anything else. She was born to the stage, of an Irish mother, Mary Talbot of Limerick, and an English father, John Nickinson, of the English army, who became in time manager of a Toronto theatre and trained all his children for the stage.

Three of these children are still living, Mrs. Charlotte Morrison of Toronto, long a favorite actress and manager in that exclusive town, and Mrs. Charles Walcot of New York, former favorite of the old Lyceum company, and still known to the public, as a most finished portrayer of society rôles. The whole

family at an early date came to New York from Montreal, and Mrs. Peters relates an experience of old St. Patrick's school in Mulberry Street or thereabouts, which illustrates popular feeling in the early days. Her father sent his girls to the Sisters' school, as did many Protestants, but when the Sister in charge heard that the children were the daughters of an actor they were promptly sent home. Evil communications corrupt good manners. This temper has disappeared entirely to-day, but the naive surprise of the good Sisters upon learning that actors may be as virtuous as other people shows how the old tradition lingers. Eliza Nickinson made her debut in the usual way, by walking on the stage at the proper moment, went through the round of parts peculiar to the times, and finally

NORA O'BRIEN AS ANNE OF AUSTRIA IN THE MUSKETEERS.

NORA O'BRIEN AS JULIET

married an actor of reputation and means, Mr. Charles Peters; whereupon like a sensible woman she retired from the stage and gave herself up to family cares. For ten years she managed her own home in that part of New York known as Yorkville, where she met the famous Jesuit, Father Damen, noted for his successful missions, and under his instructions became a Catholic.

Reverses in business and the death of her husband sent her back to her old profession, in which she has remained ever since and in which she will probably die. In her time she has played many parts, but into one part she has grown through experience and temperament. In a famous play of the seventies, *The Messenger from Jarvis Section,* she played the parts of a New England widow and an Irishwoman. Her qualities in the latter rôle were a revelation to herself and to managers, so much so that thenceforward her services came into demand for characters of that type; and at various times she played Mrs. O'Kelly in *The Shaughraun,* Molly McCue in *The Struggle for Life,* Mrs. O'Malley in *Rory of the Hill,* and various parts in the Irish Village of the World's Fair at St. Louis. The cream of all these rose to the surface in the part of Mrs. McNally, written for her directly by the authors of the play called *The Sunshine of Paradise Alley.* Her temperament filled the character to the brim and lifted it from the level of acting to the purest and highest realism. She became the star of the drama, the critics placed her in the same plane with Denman Thompson and James A. Herne, and the play lived long because of her portrayal. It should have become as perennial as *Joshua Whitcomb,* for it made Paradise Alley an ideal spot on the earth's rude surface.

The comfortable, sane, hard-working and devoted Irish mother has had more to do with the building up of this nation than either the Adams or the Roosevelts. Her place on the stage should be permanent, and had we the right sort of leaders in the drama the success of Mrs. Peters in portraying the character would have been made permanent. She brought to the part not only the temperament but the skill in technique, which marks the trained artist; it would therefore have required only the proper business management to keep the character before the pleased and unwearied public, which never tires of a really good thing, which never tired of Barney McAuley in *The Messenger from Jarvis Section,* of Frank Mayo in *Davy Crockett,* of Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle,* and of many other favorites in special parts. Mrs. McNally was as much a work of genius as any of these. Its creator is in her private life the whole-souled and sunshiny woman which she portrayed for the public. Her profession has become her

second nature. She thinks no more of packing her trunk for a ten months' tour of the country than another of a visit to town for a week. Her spirits rise, her foot gets light as the tour begins. The constant interest of the road and its shifting scenes keep the wits bright. It is true that man is a pilgrim on this earth. He shows it by his eternal readiness for a jaunt. He is always moving towards the goal, even if the wrong one. Yet to see Mrs. Peters in her peaceful home, with her big and little children around her, one would be astonished to learn that her place is before the footlights, where her graceful dance and clever acting declare that age has not yet betrayed its presence in her household.

Mrs. Peters was born to the purple, but Miss Nora O'Brien was not. She stepped from the convent graduation to the stage. Archbishop Lynch of Toronto feared that consequence for the boys and girls of his diocese, and issued a pro-

MISS NORA O'BRIEN.

hibition of dramatic entertainments in the convents and the colleges. While this action may have been drastic, he certainly saved the world some scores of bad actors. I met a few of them from that section of the country and can vouch for their badness; moreover my persuasion returned them to the common life

NORA O'BRIEN AS THYRZA

on the ground of gaining much to their treasury, though art would surely suffer. What is it sends a convent girl to the stage? Mostly the enchantment exercised by the stage on every human being, with which indeed we are all acquainted, for who is there that has not sighed for life in stageland, if only for a season. It appeals to all young things, like the glory of a masquerade ball; to be something distinguished and lovely, Hamlet or Mary Queen of Scots, for a night, and get away from the commonplace routine. Not vanity, or foolishness prompts that desire. The eagle in us urges towards the sky, and we all feel that we have the wings for that substantial flight.

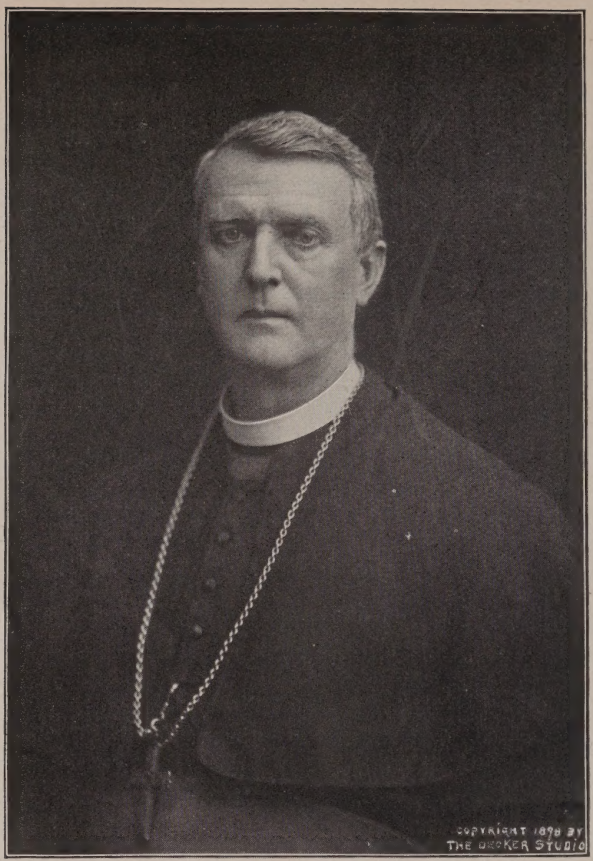
In this case the inner impulse was backed by the requisite qualities. Miss O'Brien could in her convent days deliver poetry and drama with a fire that did not usually burn in these educational dovecots. It is to her credit that six or seven seasons on the stage have not effaced the externals of the convent-bred girl; it is still more to the credit of the stage that its less agreeable features had no effect of evil. Miss O'Brien appears to be a member of the domestic circle. The Fenelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn —What! You never heard of the Fenelon? Oh, let not such ignorance and indifference be printed! Blush and—learn! It is THE reading circle. Maurice Francis Egan lectures before it; once in a long while Manhattanites like myself are permitted to do the same. Well, the Fenelon gave a lunch in honor of Miss O'Brien at the Hotel Astor, and not one could pick out the leading lady of *The Heir to The Hoorah* from the rest of the company present, barring the four men that badly represented their sex on the occasion. In externals she is the convent-girl still, which pleased the more all who believe in the sound moral condition of that part of the stage which prefers to be moral. After the lunch the entire party went over to the theatre to see the play as a second compliment to the leading lady.

The character of Miss O'Brien's talent may be judged from the parts which she undertook almost upon her first engagement. In the Shaksperean company of Mr. Charles Hanford, who is a most capable and interesting interpreter of the great poet, she played the characters of Juliet, Desdemona, and Ophelia. They are not exacting rôles, demanding chiefly that the actress looks the part; but think of facing Ada Rehan's Rosalind with Celia, Minna Gale's and Viola Allen's also. *There* would be an achievement for a young actress, and Miss O'Brien has it to her credit. Playing to these experienced leads is certain to make or mar a beginner, for should

the contrast show too strongly it would be a sign of weakness. The feat advanced her in the profession. Nothing seems to have come amiss to her. In the company of James O'Neill she played Anne of Austria and Constance in *The Three Musketeers,* and Virginia in *Virginius.* With Mr. Joseph Kilgour she played some of the more popular Ibsen parts. With the clever and powerful Mrs. Lemoyne she had a part in *The Duchess of Marlborough* and created the part of Marie in Yeat's *The Land of Heart's Desire.* In London with Wilson Barrett she played Mercia in *The Sign of the Cross,* and Thyrza in *The Waters of Babylon.*

This list of great variety and excellent companies proves at least one thing, that she worked hard at fine opportunities. Successful actors in their old age are often willing to work with inferior stuff, either to save themselves or to strengthen the treasury; but they are not willing to put up with wooden foils. The training to which her associations subjected her must have had an immensely beneficial influence on Miss O'Brien. It is the only training of the capable actress, which talent must get in order to develop, and without which even genius will not flame. This actress has beauty and charm, and a grace of utterance unmarred by any failing. Her simplicity is evident in the lack of pose, in the directness of movement, in the absence of facial contortion. Her love of the dramatic art gives her steady inspiration, so that the blank spaces seem filled with her artistic intention, and in the duel with artists like Ada Rehan she did not fail, held up her part, and did not compel them to diminish power in order to save her littleness. This is no small thing for a convent girl to do. The promising half decade of her opening career does more than hint at better things. The second place does not always reveal talent and genius. Henrietta Crosman was long looked upon as a bright actress, but no one gave her the credit of possessing a *Mistress Nell* and a Rosalind. It was the former play which revealed her to everyone save herself, for her own talent she had long known.

We can, therefore, look with confidence to Miss O'Brien's career. With her health, youth, beauty, courage, and talent, with her artistic temperament, with her unspoiled disposition, there should be not far off an achievement that will not shrink before that of Ada Rehan. It seems evident that the Catholic actress, other things being equal, should in the depth of emotion surpass all others, as the Catholic orator and preacher and writer do in their departments. Faith and piety give to character a finer expression, and to talent greater power, and to genius an inspiration almost divine. How often have the greatest actors failed at certain moments to express all that was in their part because their thought and their feeling could not reach as far as the text; for instance Booth in Richelieu in the malediction scene, where the power of Rome for the actor was merely that power which the Protestant detested, although in this case used for good. These two ladies of the stage, gently serving here as the text of a discourse, give us a hope of that good time not so far off, when the Christian drama, so long banished from the theatre, will find them ready, with their strong faith and schooled artistic temperament, to give it the finest expression.



RT. REV. IGNATIUS HORSTMANN, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Rt. Rev. Ignatius Horstmann, Bishop of Cleveland, recently celebrated his fortieth anniversary in the priesthood. The event was fittingly honored by clergy and laity. Religious services were held at St. John's Cathedral, and at a public meeting the beloved prelate was presented with a purse of $10,000 from his people. At a banquet his priests gave him $41,000 to aid in establishing a protectory for boys, and in the speeches made eloquent tribute was paid to the generosity and unselfish devotion of Bishop Horstmann, whose charity led him to deprive himself that the poor might have more. Father Mears told of an incident characteristic of the Bishop's way of winning hearts and souls.

"I used to tell him," he said, "he ought to dress better. One day I upbraided him for not traveling in a parlor car when the cost would have been only a quarter. Shortly afterwards I read that he had given $1,000 to a charity and I thought of that quarter saved for the poor. Most all of his large family inheritance he has spent on charities and the Cleveland diocese. Few Bishops have had such a wonderful career of zeal and

generosity as ours, and hence we hail him to-day as one of America's most scholarly, successful and loved Bishops."

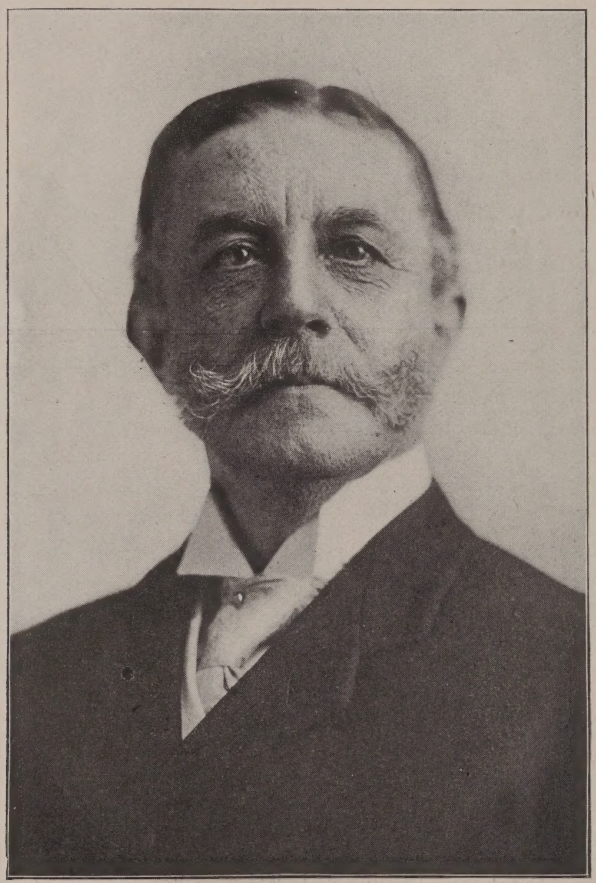
Other priests spoke eloquently in praise of their Bishop.

The Catholic Columbian, in an interesting account of the celebration thus describes the Bishop's emotion at the tributes of love and respect paid to him. "There were cries for the Bishop to speak. The honored prelate rose, but, overcome with emotion, wept like a child. Again and again the priests cheered and thus gave him opportunity to compose himself. The Bishop's response to the calls was a confession of his personal feelings for his priests and people. He said that his constant prayer was that there should be unity among his people; that he had fourteen nationalities in Cleveland under his jurisdiction and that no person, priest or layman, could say that he had ever treated him with other than kindness and mercy. He said that he expected nothing but devotion from his priests and that would be his only reward. He wanted them to realize the importance of their calling. He said that the books of the diocese would show that he had not taken annually more than

REV. FRANCIS CHARLES BROCKMEIER.

$300 from it since he became Bishop. He said that money was nothing; all that he wanted was the hearts of his priests. He wants them to realize that he is not their superior, but their elder brother, and to the younger priests their father. He said that the celebration was not of his making; had he his way about it there would have been none. He said that he was proud of his priests, that they were a devoted and faithful band of workers. The Bishop then dwelt upon the trials and responsibilities of the episcopate. He said that he had refused the coadjutorship of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, because he had learned to love Cleveland, where he wished to live and die."

A notable event in New Orleans, La., was the celebration of the silver jubilee in the priesthood of the Rev. F. Charles Brockmeier, pastor of St. Francis of Assisi Church. The celebration began with solemn High Mass, which was attended by many priests and members of the laity of other parishes, as well as by the jubilarian's own people. After the Mass there was a procession in which children bearing flags and lilies, First Communi-



Photograph by Harris-Ewing, Washington.

HON. D. I. MURPHY.

cants, choir boys, altar boys, and priests took part. A pretty scene was enacted when a little child gave the pastor a gift, and all the children knelt to receive his blessing. In the afternoon Father Brockmeier was the guest of honor at a reception given by the schools. An excellent program was carried out, and a silver wreath, an address, and other tributes of love and respect were presented. Another pleasing feature of the celebration was the gathering of the parishioners in the garden of the rectory. The grounds were lighted with Chinese lanterns, and a happy evening was spent in social intercourse. His Holiness, Pius X, sent his blessing.

Father Brockmeier was born in Paderborn, Westphalia, October 28, 1856, and early manifested his vocation for the priesthood. Coming to America he finished his theological studies in St. Francis de Sales Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., and was ordained priest, June 27, 1880, by Archbishop Heiss. His first Mass was said in Holy Cross Church, St. Louis, July 2nd, 1880, and here his zeal won the esteem of his superiors and of the people for whom he labored incessantly. Since his appointment to the pastorate of the church of St. Francis of Assisi the devoted priest has brought many parish activities to the highest development, and his work for the needy and afflicted has earned the love of all classes. It is his intention to farther promote the interests of education by building a new school, and during the jubilee celebration he told his people that their co-operation in this work would be the most acceptable present they could give him.

Father Brockmeier has traveled much, visiting Europe several times, and in 1894 he had the privilege of seeing the Holy Land. He was received in private audience three times by the late Pontiff.

DONAHOE'S unites with the honored jubilarian's other friends in offering congratulations and in expressing the wish that he may live to see his golden jubilee.

The Hon. Dominic I. Murphy, the newly-appointed Consul to Bordeaux, France, is a lawyer by profession, and brings to his new duties a wide knowledge of affairs. His early business training in Philadelphia, his native city, and his many public activities in Washington will enhance the value of his services as Consul.

Mr. Murphy is now fifty-eight years old and has resided in Washington since the early seventies, when he entered the Pension office as clerk. He made an especially good record there, rising grade by grade to be chief of a division, supervising special examiner and chief clerk. Just before President Harrison was inaugurated, Mr. Murphy resigned, but on the inauguration of President Cleveland for a second term he was offered the position of first deputy commissioner of pensions, and, later, when Commissioner Loughran retired, was made the head of the Pension office. His administration as commissioner was very successful and he is said on competent authority to have been among the most efficient commissioners that bureau of the government ever had. The *New Century,* of Washington, was published by Mr. Murphy up to a year ago. He was prominent in Catholic societies and had been a trustee of St. Vincent's Orphan asylum.

Mr. Joseph J. Murphy, editor of *The Republic,* a son of Mr. Dominic I. Murphy, is among the bright young men who are making their mark in journalism.

HIS NEIGHBOR.

BY MARGARET CHADWICK.

On a certain day of a certain year Katherine Aylesford, pretty, clever, of that distinguished type characterized in the omnipresent slang of the day as "stunning," left a quiet, peaceful, but very modest home, which she shared with her widowed mother and maiden aunt, to take up the artist's life in New York.

She had from time to time been sending various designs to magazines, vaguely and without knowledge of the special needs of these publications, and had stoically accepted the inevitable return of what her admiring relatives looked upon as marvels.

But there had been words of encouragement from time to time, and kindly advice, as to the need for farther study, which had braced her nerves and lent her the necessary courage to leave the happy home-life and to betake herself to the great struggling city, there to be as useful as in her lay.

The farewells once over she began her career by settling herself in a tiny attic room, as bare as it was clean, and commanding, like Thackeray's den, not only the "chimney pots over the way," but domes, and roofs, and far away tree-tops which took on a wondrous radiance in the sunset, if dreary and sombre enough in the ordinary light of day.

Having received an excellent recommendation of the house, she in no wise concerned herself about her neighbors. Once enrolled as a pupil at an adjacent art school she spent there as much time as was permitted, only returning at evening to her room. Here she prepared her modest meals by the aid of a chafing dish, read, or drew, in the hours before bedtime, and slept the enviable sleep of youth, gradually growing to love her little den, and to find it a cosy shelter from the vast loneliness about her.

One living friend she had brought with her, a canary, which she had bred up from its babyhood, and to this small feathered fellow-exile she confided at times such confessions of discouragement as would have wrung the faithful waiting hearts at home. In fine weather his cage hung on a big hook, which she had paid a man to affix securely to the wall outside her window, and here close to some growing plants, reminiscent of his distant birthplace, Rick made high holiday singing away bravely all the lonely day, as if to keep up his spirits.

At the next window another and much larger cage was suspended, imprisoning a large green elderly parrot, a morose, sulky parrot, with a venomous sulky eye upon tiny, golden, jovial Rick, and an air of wanting very much to attack him.

In spite of his unprepossessing appearance Katherine, always fond of birds or animals, attempted an understanding with the scornful prisoner, even trying to add to his rather limited vocabulary a few words or sentences which he received at first in grim silence, his head very much on one side and his crooked black tongue rattling about in his opened beak. One day when unable to conceal his pent-up feelings any longer, he turned on Katherine with a perfect broadside of evil language.

"See here," he croaked hoarsely, "you go to the ——."

At this point a masculine hand appeared at the next window and a thick cloth was thrown over the offending

speaker. The parrot muttered curses, not loud but deep. Katherine was about to withdraw her head when the owner of the hand looked out of the next window.

"I hope you don't mind the bird, please," he said apologetically, "he is very unpleasant I know, but he's been among sailors, and sometimes breaks out like that. If he annoys you I will hang him inside."

"I should be very sorry if you did. I don't mind him in the least," Katherine answered. "I am rarely here at any rate."

With a courteous "You are very kind," the young man withdrew after the fashion of Jack in his box.

"An honest, good-natured boy," Katherine reflected, sitting down to her drawing. "Perhaps a student, like myself. Mrs. Hogan tells me most of her lodgers are studying something or other. I wonder who he is, and where he comes from, and whether they miss him at his home as my people miss me."

"He is putting up pictures, I think, from the tapping of the hammer. How distinctly one hears a sharp sound like that through these thin walls. That looks as if he were a new arrival."

The subject of her thoughts was as she rightly guessed putting up accurately and correctly a few very choice prints, in wide, black frames. To accomplish this embellishment of the bleak room he had borrowed from the landlady an exceedingly rickety step-ladder, upon the top of which he was standing, hammer in hand, while Katherine sat wondering about him on the other side of the wall. Perhaps, naturally enough, she was running in his thoughts as he worked.

"Pretty, very pretty," he decided, "thoroughbred little face. She must be disgusted at Poll's beastly language. Really, I'll have to get rid of him, the old sin—"

He had placed a nail high above him and was about to drive it in when the long-threatening ladder stretched itself out wide and came down with a terrific crash, depositing the young man on his back among its ruins, waking drowsy Poll from a dream of the deep, and bringing Katherine to her feet, in startled surprise. She stood listening intently, fearing she knew not what, the intense silence growing upon her nerves.

The young man, stunned by a terrible blow on the back of his head, lay unconscious for some moments, then coming to himself found to his consternation that he was so badly hurt as to be unable to get up.

"This is a nice state of things," he reflected, "broken something, probably my back, just when I needed every bit of strength I had. I don't see how I'm to get any help. I must try — oh! that won't do. Here I must lie till some one happens to pass my door. That girl next door—I simply hate bothering her, a perfect stranger—I must just wait."

Meanwhile the continued silence was too much for Katherine. *Something* must be wrong.

"I should have heard the door slam as usual if he had gone out," she thought, "I am *sure* he is hurt, or dead."

Hesitating no longer she went to the window and leaned out as far as she could. It had grown quite dark outside, nor could she see any light in the next room.

"He must have gone out. But I had better try," she decided. "I beg your pardon," leaning out of the window, "if I seem intrusive, but I *thought* I heard a fall—and—."

"Oh, thank you, a thousand times," came the instant answer. "Yes, indeed, this wretched step-ladder has come down with me, and damaged me somehow or

other. I can't get up, though I have been trying."

"Oh do not make the slightest effort, please. You will only do yourself *great* harm. What do you want me to do?"

"If I may trouble you to tell the landlady. She will get me a doctor. I shall be most grateful."

"Have patience. I shall be back immediately." And swift as thought she was running down the stairs.

He closed his eyes wearily, and seemed to float away somewhere, perhaps into unconsciousness, for it seemed as if she had just spoken to him, when he opened them again to see Mrs. Hogan bending over him.

"The young lady's gone off herself for the doctor," she said reassuringly. "Nothing else would serve her but that I'd come and stay with you while she'd be gone. Is there anything at all I could do for you, alanna? Sure, I'd try to raise you up, but she said maybe I'd be the death of you if I tried."

"I think the young lady is quite right. I'll wait till the doctor comes," the young man said faintly. "But it's a great comfort to have you here, Mrs. Hogan," he added kindly, seeing the poor woman's evident concern.

"Sure I warned you again that ladder," she said sorrowfully, "and I wasn't a bit surprised when Miss Aylesford came down and told me what happened. Sure it's well you weren't killed outright."

"Perhaps it would have been better if I had been."

"Oh, never say that," Mrs. Hogan was beginning, when rapid steps were heard approaching and the doctor came in.

"Will you please thank the young lady, Doctor," the young man called out as he saw her dim outline passing into her own room, through the half-opened door.

"Oh, I attended to that," the doctor said genially. "Now we must see what the trouble is."

Then followed those moments of anxious silence which most of us have known and in which we or our dear ones live through years of suspense.

"Serious, Doctor?" the patient asked quietly.

"Severe strain of the back, I think. But I cannot be certain till I can make a thorough examination. I should advise your going to the hospital."

"I quite agree with you, Doctor. At once?"

"Oh, yes, it will be better. If I may trouble you (to Mrs. Hogan) to tell my man, he will call the ambulance."

Mrs. Hogan, having imparted this stage of the proceedings to Katherine, who was waiting in the hall for the doctor's verdict, she knocked softly at the half-opened door.

"I just want to ask, Doctor, if there is any possible thing I can do for your patient?"

"Oh, is that my kind neighbor?" the young man asked eagerly. "I seem to be demanding all sorts of favors from you. But I am to go to the hospital, it seems."

"So Mrs. Hogan has just told me," Katherine said, her voice full of sympathy.

"Yes, and the doctor seems to think it may be for some time." The doctor nodded.

"So I have been fretting a little about my parrot. An old servant gave him to me long ago, and I have a sneaking regard for the old reprobate. And as you seem so fond of birds I am going to ask you to adopt my poor, profane Polly. Just cover him up if he gets talking," he said anxiously.

(To be continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Mysteries of the Holy Rosary. St. Louis. Herder. 1905. Price, 30 cents.

The Bishop of Wichita in an instructive preface to this booklet reminds us that the very word *Rosary* reads us many a lesson upon this profitable devotion. "The rose is composed of thorns, leaves and flower; so the Rosary supplies for meditation the sorrowful, joyful and glorious mysteries connected with our Blessed Lord's redemption." With justice does the Right Rev. Bishop insist upon a point too often neglected by our pious people, namely, "While there is merit in the familiar prayers, which complete the 'crown of roses,' the real fruit is obtained in faithfully meditating upon the mysteries; in eliciting acts of faith, hope and love; in evoking feelings of repentance for past offences, and in expressing gratitude to Almighty God for blessings bestowed upon us through the intercession of our Blessed Mother." May this excellent guide lead many a soul to appreciate the true value of our Lady's chaplet.

Valiant and True. By Joseph Spillman. Herder. St. Louis. 1905. Price, $1.60.

Father Spillman has the happy faculty of throwing the halo of romance around the dry facts of history and of demonstrating how a noble life can, with the help of heaven, be built upon a wrecked past. In the present volume he takes us through the stormy scenes of the French Revolution and Versailles, the Bastille, the suburbs of Paris, the Tuileries and the Abbey St. Germain become for the reader most familiar haunts. In an introduction Father Spillman unfolds to us how he came to write this thrilling story. "Here it lies upon the table before me once more, 'Memorials of the French Revolution,' the bulky volume which fifty years ago my childish fingers hardly dared to touch. Even now I handle reverently this old friend which my grandfather, to whom it belonged, used to show me, ... and to explain the pictures to me. How they impressed my childish imagination. . . . . Hundreds of brave Swiss lost their lives there, because they had sworn fidelity to the King of France, and would not be untrue to their oath. They were one against a hundred, but they sold their lives dearly. . . . . Thus the deadly conflict of the Swiss in the Tuileries was a favorite subject of my youthful musings, and when opportunity offered I always liked to read about that episode in the French Revolution of which so much has been written; and when fifty years later, I found myself in Paris, I repeatedly visited the scenes of that bloody and decisive struggle." In this way Father Spillman came to write this captivating story, with vivid descriptions, and with a round of dramatic incident so thrilling that it is impossible to lay the book aside when its pages have been opened. How infinitely superior this noble work of literary art to the wretched productions lauded in the secular press! We trust that a concerted effort will be made to bring this exquisite volume to the knowledge of the American reading public.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. By Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., V.G. New York. Christian Press Association Publishing Co. 1905. Price, 60 cents.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is the highest act of worship. It has always been most precious to all loyal sons of the Church. How pathetically, how eloquently the illustrious Newman speaks of this sacred service!

"To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words — it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the end, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity.

"Words are necessary but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher — of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon — as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in a cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as He passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God,

merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we, too, 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him.

"There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitents, but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it."

So great being the value of this transcendent act, it is natural for us to welcome heartily any work that will help to make the Eucharistic Sacrifice better known and loved. We thank, consequently, Dr. MacDonald for his helpful book. While some of his views will not be endorsed by all theologians, it is yet safe to assert that this instructive and edifying volume will accomplish much good both among the clergy and the laity.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the Pauline Privilege of which I read so much in certain newspapers?

It is a privilege by virtue of which a marriage between two unbaptized persons, even when consummated, may be dissolved, supposing one of the parties to embrace the Christian religion and the other to refuse to live peaceably and without insult to the Christian religion in the married state. It is called the Pauline Privilege, because the authority for this favor is found in the writings of St. Paul. For the Apostle writing to the Corinthians (1 Cor., VII, 12-16) says: "If any brother have a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And if any woman that believeth have a husband that believeth not, and he consent to dwell with her, let her not put away her husband: For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the believing husband; otherwise your children would be unclean, but now they are holy. But if the unbeliever depart, let him depart; for a brother or a sister is *not under servitude in such cases:* but God hath called us in peace."

Upon these last words the so-called Pauline Privilege is built, which consists, as we have stated above, in this, that a marriage lawfully contracted and perfected between two unbaptized persons, may be dissolved when one of the parties concerned is converted to Christianity and the other refuses to live with the converted person in peace and reverence. It is evident that this is a very special favor and that it is granted by Almighty God for the benefit of the individual Christian and not for the encouragement of loose living among non-Christian people. It is also clear that the power of contracting a new marriage is given only when the unbaptized person refuses either to live with the Christian or refuses to live in peace and with respect for the Christian faith. As this point can only be established by the testimony of the unbaptized party, this person must be interrogated upon the matter. This interrogation or interpellation, as it is styled, is consequently, of the utmost importance, for the Apostle expressly states: "If any brother have a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away." Hence the refusal cannot be presumed, but must be, as far as possible, juridically proven.

To whom should application for the Pauline Privilege be made? What are the preparatory steps?

Application in the United States should be made to the Bishop of the diocese through the parish-priest. It is customary to require the sworn testimony of three witnesses relative to the non-baptism, either in infancy or in after life, of the parties concerned, previous to the embracing of Christianity by the interested person. These witnesses are, as a rule, the person concerned, a parent, and a disinterested friend who has been acquainted since childhood with the person about whom the testimony is given. A certificate of the adoption of Christianity or of the reception into the Church of the individual must also be furnished. Other papers may be required, but the parish-priest will give

due notification of the evidence called for. It is obvious that in these matters, involving as they do certain legal responsibilities, for which proper respect must be shown, no step will be sanctioned or taken which might result in a conflict with the civil authorities. In each diocese a church official is appointed to attend to matrimonial affairs. He is called the Defender of the Marriage Tie. This important position is filled in the archdiocese of Boston by the learned Dr. John T. Mullen of the Cathedral Rectory, who will, we are sure, gladly supply any information on this point that may be sought.

Who were the Abbassides?

They were a dynasty of caliphs who reigned from 750—1258. Caliph is the title given to the successors of Mahomet. The caliphat of Bagdad reached its highest splendor under Haroun al Raschid in the ninth century.

What is the meaning of the word laconic?

It means a short, pithy saying. The land of the Spartans was called Laconia and they were noted for their sententious utterances. Thus when Philip of Macedon wrote to the Spartan magistrates, "If I enter Laconia, I will level Lacedæmon to the ground," he received the brief but expressive reply, "If."

What is meant by Black Russia?

The central and southern parts of Russia are so-called, because the soil in those regions is very dark. The old duchy of Muscovy is styled "Great Russia," while that territory which was acquired in 1654 by Alexei Michalovitch is known as "White or Little Russia."

Is the moon inhabited?

This question has puzzled astronomers for centuries. The general verdict is that the moon is not inhabited, because the conditions there existing are such that human life could not be sustained under them. For a theological view of this interesting question, we refer our inquirer to the learned articles published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* during the years 1902, 1903. Until other data are supplied, it will be impossible to decide the question.

Where is Andorra?

It is a small, independent neutral state in the north of the province of Catalonia in Spain. It is about thirty miles long, and about the same in breadth. The ground being rocky and hilly, there is little grain grown. The inhabitants are nearly all shepherds, and as they are entirely unaccustomed to city life, they lead a simple, unaffected existence. The independence of this little state is usually dated from the year 790, when Charlemagne defeated the Moors in a neighboring valley with the assistance of the Andorrans. By way of recompense for their services the French monarch granted them their independence, a privilege which they have enjoyed ever since. Their state is well protected, for it is enclosed by the Maladetta and the Moncal, two mountains 11,000 feet high. The valley is well watered by small rivers, contains thermal springs, and iron mines. Until 1848 the government was in the hands of a syndic and two assessors, one appointed by the King of France and the other by the Bishop of Urgel, but since that time it has been administered by twenty-four consuls chosen by the people.

LIVING ON $1.27 PER WEEK.

It Was Easy For Two Young Men At Wabash College — The Lesson Of An Intelligent Selection Of Food — They Waxed Strong And Hearty.

Can a man subsist on $1.27 worth of food per week and retain his full vigor and strength?

A great many experiments have been tried within the last two or three years to ascertain just how little a person requires in order to keep in a sound and healthy physical condition. While no sensible person desires to lower the standard of living, the facts adduced by these experiences reveal many of our most glaring food faults. They tend to show, for instance, that the most nutritious foods, such as cereals, are the simplest and cheapest, while many of the foods that are almost lacking in tissue-building or strength-giving elements are the most costly.

Hugh Sutherland and A. C. Payne, two lads who had to "work their way" through Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana, solved this question in a unique and interesting way. The necessity for adopting a cheap but nutritious diet led them into by-paths of dietetic knowledge of which they had not dreamed. They discarded meat entirely, using pecan nuts which they purchased in the form of butter at 35 cents a pound. They also avoided white flour products, eating largely of whole wheat foods, rolled oats, milk, oysters, vegetables, eggs, and fruits. They gave their expenditures for the week beginning Wednesday, October 14th, as follows:

Wednesday: Shredded Wheat 11c; milk 15c.
Thursday: Bread 25c; butter 25c.
Friday: Bananas 5c.
Saturday: Shred. Wheat 11c; blackberries 15c.
Sunday: Milk 10c; oysters 10c.
Monday: Fish 10c.
Tuesday: Shredded Wheat 11c.
Total for the week $1.48 actual expense for food.

The average weekly expenditure for food for the entire college year was $1.27. And these men not only made up a high average in their studies but took active part in outdoor athletics; one of them being left-guard on the 'Varsity football team. Their daily program also called for physical exercise, morning and eve-

ning, and a cold bath in the morning. Under such a regime their health was perfect.

The important and instructive thing to be learned from the experience of these young men is that they got more nourishment and tissue building material from their food than most Americans get from a dietary that costs many times this amount.

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There is no toilet article in the selection of which greater care should be used than a toilet powder.

In these days of imitation and substitution there is so much of inferior goods on the market that it is necessary to be continually on one's guard. Highly scented toilet powders are so frequent as to be a continual source of danger. Such inferior products will often do a permanent injury to the delicate skin. It is far wiser never to take chances with an unknown article. Be sure, rather, to insist upon a trade-marked product of recognized merit. With toilet powder, as with most other lines of goods, it is safer to trust an old-established house with years of experience and a reputation for making only the best. Mennen's Toilet Powder is a trade-marked article, which has for years been recognized by physicians as the best preparation made. The absolute purity of its ingredients and the exercise of the greatest care and skill in its manufacture have given the product of the Mennen Co. a quality of uniform excellence. That is why your physician recommends it.

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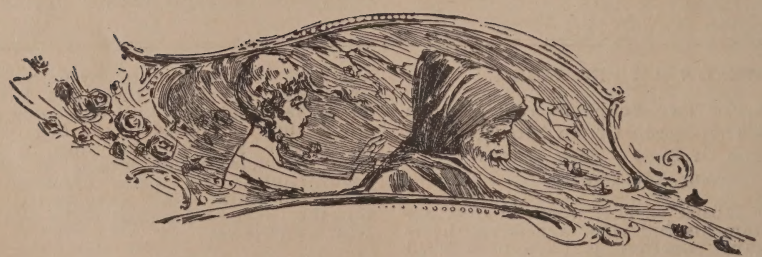

ANDREW MACK IN AUSTRALIA

ANDREW MACK

The recent appearance of Andrew Mack in Melbourne, Australia, in Dion Boucicault's great Irish romance "Arrah-Na-Pogue," was made the occasion of a notable demonstration, a tribute alike to the player and the play.

An idea of the triumph scored by Mr. Mack, may be obtained from the following paragraph published in *Punch* of Melbourne, just after the opening of his engagement:

"Both on the stage and off the popularity of Mr. Andrew Mack in Melbourne increases steadily from day to day, and to all appearances playgoers will be far from ready to say good bye to him when his necessarily short season at Her Majesty's Theatre comes to a conclusion. And it is not only playgoers who have fallen victims to his Celtic charm. He is being sought after much for social functions, more especially, of course, those organized by the Irish residents, and last week a special luncheon party was given in his honor by Archbishop Carr at the Palace in East Melbourne. On the Sunday following Mr. Mack uplifted his delicate tenor in one of the Roman Catholic churches of Melbourne, and in many other ways he has during his short stay become quite a recognized member of society."

"As you are aware, no doubt," declared *Punch* in another issue, "the Roman Catholic clergy view the theatre as an amusement with a lenient, if not a favorable eye, save when the 'stage-Irishman' is the piece-de-resistance. Then all the priests, from the Archbishop downwards, are loud in their condemnation of another injustice to Ireland. Mr. Andrew Mack's chief admirers are, however, to be found amongst the Irish and the Roman Catholics."

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The Brothers are located in the heart of the best wine producing district of California, and are in a position to guarantee the quality of the wine selected by them for their patrons.

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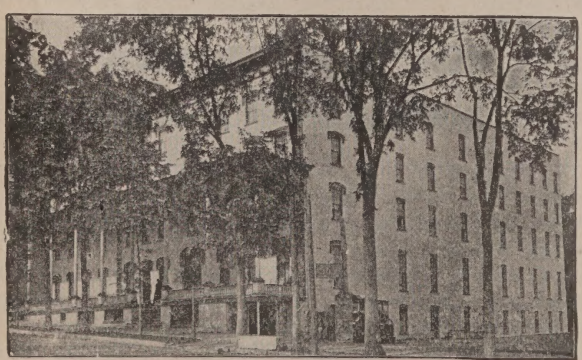

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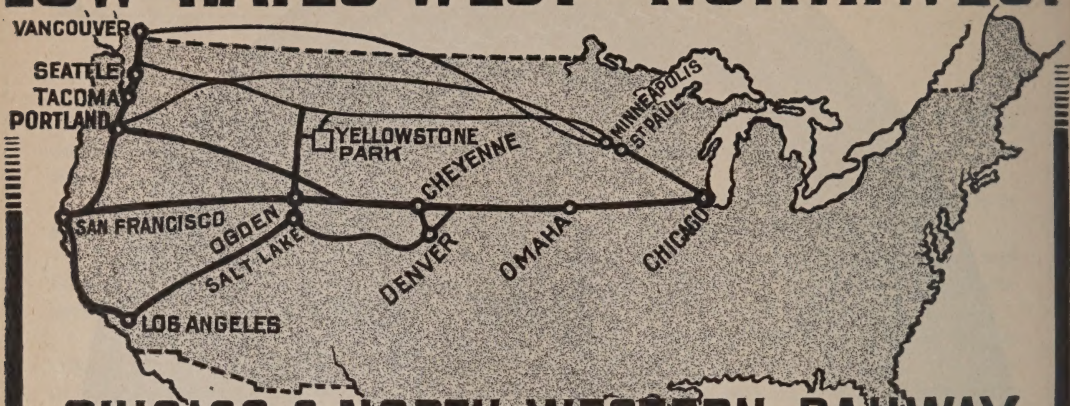

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$27.50 To **Hot Springs, S. D.** and **return. $30.70 Deadwood** and **Lead** and **return.** On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.

$20.00 To **Duluth, Superior** and **Ashland** and **return.** On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.

$17.25 To **Marquette, Mich.,** and **return.** On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.

$16.00 To **St. Paul** and **Minneapolis, Minn.,** and **return.** On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.

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¶ It is not a "heating" food. It gives stomach comfort and strength when the system revolts against meat and starchy foods. It contains all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat, steam-cooked and drawn into porous shreds, making it easily digested by the most delicate stomach, in any clime, in any season. ¶ Shredded Whole Wheat is not "treated" or "flavored" with anything. It is the whole wheat and nothing but the wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. ¶ Shredded Wheat is made in two forms, **BISCUIT** and **TRISCUIT.** The **BISCUIT** is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruit or vegetables. ¶ **TRISCUIT** is the shredded whole wheat cracker, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious as a toast with beverages or with cheese or preserves.

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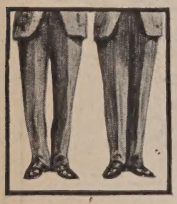

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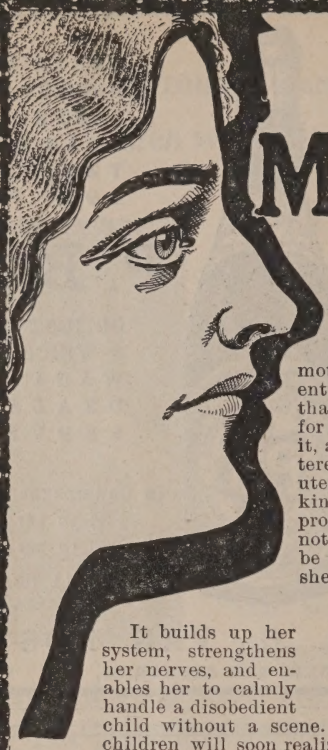

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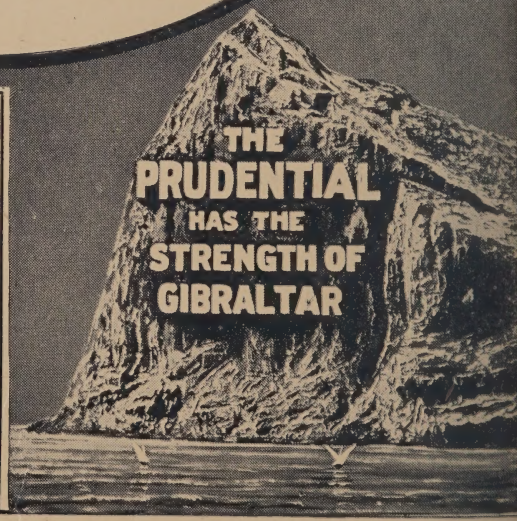

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September, 1905

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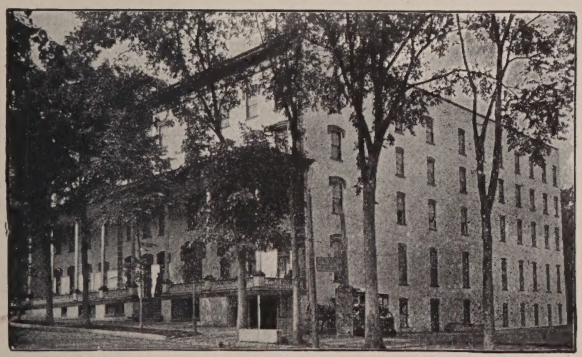

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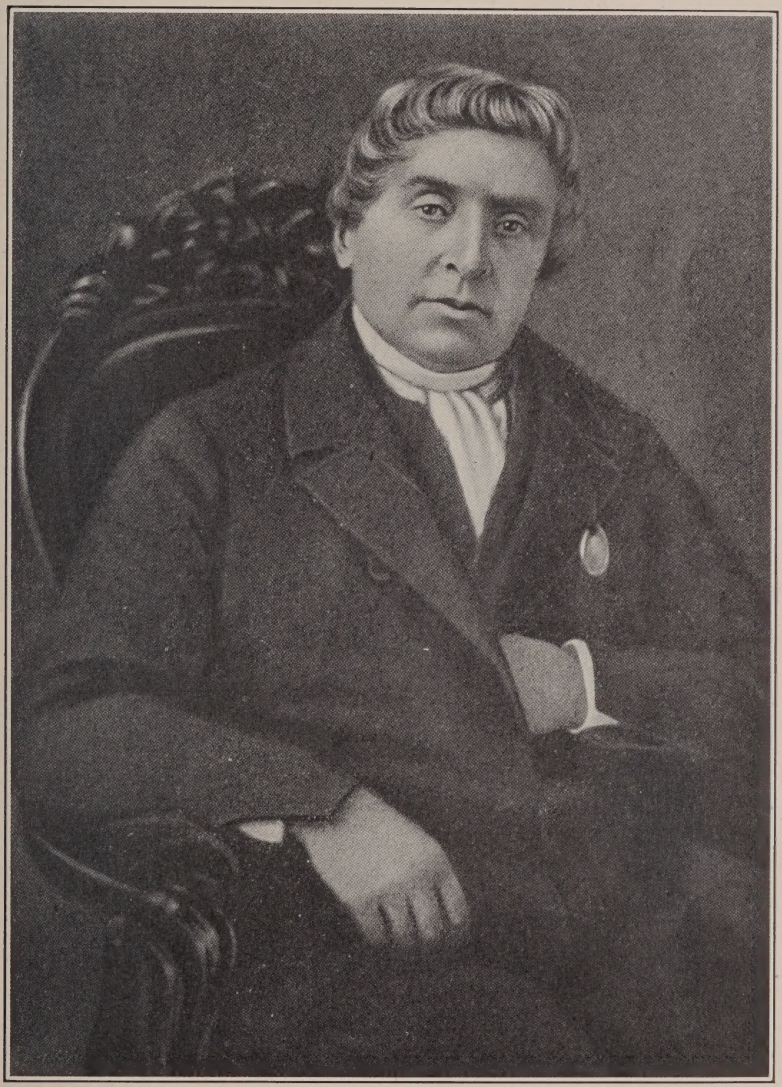

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

The portrait plates used in the article on the Convention were loaned to DONAHOE'S through the courtesy of the Rev. J. J. Curran who compiled and edited the handsome "Souvenir" in which the plates first appeared.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Donahoe's Magazine

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING THE C. T. A. U. AND U. M. W.

CONVENTION WEEK IN WILKES-BARRE.

BY BERNARD GORMAN.

The beautiful Wyoming Valley through which the Susquehanna winds like a silver ribbon is rich not only in beauty but in mineral wealth as well. Poets who eulogized its charms might find less inspiration in the teeming industrial forces that control it at the present day, but to the practical mind there is an added attraction in the evidences of material prosperity manifested on every side. In 1803 an eminent ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, journeyed on foot from Philadelphia to Niagara Falls, and when the valley opened on his view, from the top of Wilkes-Barre mountain, he expressed his delight in a poem that was also a prophecy.

"And now Wyomi opened on our view,
And, far beyond, the Allegheny blue
Immensely stretch'd; upon the plain below
The painted roofs with gaudy colors glow,
And Susquehanna's glittering stream is seen
Winding in stately pomp, through valleys green.

. . . . . .

Thy pine-brown'd cliffs, thy deep, romantic vales,
Where wolves now wander, and the panther wails,
In future times (nor distant far the day)
Shall glow with crowded towns and villas gay."

RT. REV. M. J. HOBAN, D.D., BISHOP OF SCRANTON DIOCESE.

The luxuries of modern travel have lessened the capacity for enjoyment of beautiful scenery, but one must be stolid to feel no quick, warm glow of pleasure as the train rolls through the valley, now quite in the hollow, again following the mountain-side, or the course of the Susquehanna. Of the towns and cities clustered in this region the convention city holds first place.

During the great coal strike Wilkes-Barre came prominently before the public as a centre where issues of moment to the Nation were decided, and again in the present year it was the scene of the most notable assembly probably ever convened in an American city The head of the Church in America and the President of the United States lent the support of their presence to the cause represented by 100,000 men enrolled in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and nearly every mine and mill and store in the anthracite region closed down to do honor to the occasion.

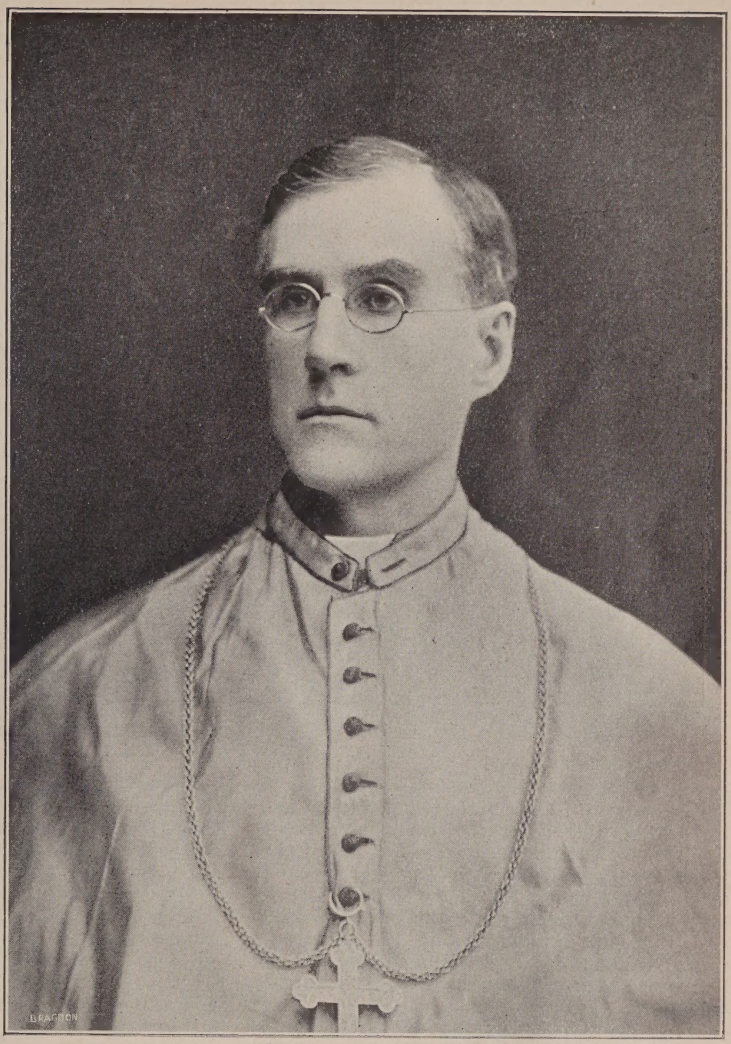
One hundred and eighty-five thousand people make their home in th Valley, and it may be claimed with truth that the prosperity blessing their lives is due in no small degree to the existence among them of the Total Abstinence Union.

The convention opened on August ninth with Solemn High Mass in St. Mary's Church, the celebrant being the Rt. Rev. M. J. Hoban, D.D., Bishop of Scranton diocese. When addressing the delegates, after cordially welcoming them, the Bishop dwelt upon the lofty motives actuating the organization, and

earnestly exhorted the members to persevere in their good work and to extend the influence of the Union by their personal example.

"People meet in all parts of this great country of ours, which may be called the convention country," he said, "and have different objects as their ideals, but nowhere do I think have they a greater object in view. Some meet for the purpose of personal advancement, others to advance certain ideas, but you meet for the purpose of benefiting humanity at large. You meet for the purpose of lifting up those brethren of yours who have fallen, and, in a quiet way, leading them into a better life.

"Many arguments have been raised regarding the liquor question, but none better has been offered than that of banding together for the purpose of showing by your example what can be done to lessen this great evil of intemperance."



RT. REV. J. F. REGIS CANEVIN, D.D., NATIONAL PRESIDENT C. T. A. U.

Expressing his belief in such a thing as hereditary taste for liquor the reverend speaker characterized those who overcame this inherited taste as "heroes in God's Church," and closed with a fervent blessing on all who aided the great work of combating the drink evil.

The sessions of the convention were held in the Ninth Regiment Armory. The Mayor's cordial greeting and proffer of the freedom of the city, the reply of Rt. Rev. J. Regis Canevin, D.D., the national president, the reports of the officers, and the appointment of committees, were features of the meeting held in the hall after the ceremonies in St. Mary's Church.

Bishop Canevin in his report gave much detailed information as to the progress of the C. T. A. U. in various centres, and, in the following words, defined its position:

"We stand before the world as the pledged opponents of whatever conduces to the mak-

AT THE RIVER COMMON.

ing of drunkards; the custom of treating in bar-rooms; of illegal liquor selling; of selling adulterated liquors; of corrupting voters by drink; of selling to minors; of admitting women into saloons; to the promiscuous mingling of young drinkers and old drunkards in such places; to all the ribald, profane and indecent language, and all other un-Christian conduct and influence of the intemperate men and women who frequent the saloon.

"It is enough for us that all these things tend to ruin the spiritual life of men and destroy the work of the Church."

The arrival of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, who came in towards the close of the session, was marked by a most enthusiastic reception from the delegates. Though much wearied by his journey the Cardinal spoke to the assembly, expressing his gratification, and approval of their efforts.

"The Bishop," he said, "has just informed us that your Union numbers nearly one hundred thousand persons in the United States. Our imagination in its highest flight and broadest range cannot adequately portray the domestic and social blessings of such an organization upon the family and society. Where there is a temperate father there is usually a happy family, and I would ask you to have as your watchword temperance, industry and religion.

"By your industry you will make your homes happy and comfortable; by a spirit of temperance and sobriety you will make your children and wives happy and contented, and by the practice of religion you will bring down upon yourselves the blessing of Almighty God.

"I would wish to impress this thought upon you—that without religion social edifices cannot be constructed, and if constructed cannot remain long standing. The Psalmist truly said: 'Unless the Lord build a house, he laboreth in vain who attempts to build it.' Let me then impress upon you the necessity and importance of practicing religion. Not even temperance can avail unless sanctified by the blessing of religion.

All of the officers were renominated and re-elected unanimously, though Bishop Canevin had made known his wish to retire from office, owing to the many demands on his time. The officers are: President, the Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin, of Pittsburg; first vice-president,

AN ATTENTIVE AUDIENCE.

Edwin Mulready of Boston; second vice-president, C. M. Anderson of Dubuque, Iowa; third vice-president, Mrs. L. M. Lake, of St. Louis; treasurer, the Rev. J. J. Curran of Wilkes-Barre; secretary, J. Washington Logue of Philadelphia.

The brilliant succession of events marking the second day of the convention made August 10th, 1905, a memorable day in the history of Wilkes-Barre. The parade in which 10,000 men marched under the banners of temperance was a demonstration of sobriety, strength, and union that made a fitting prelude to the reception accorded the President. The streets were thronged with sight-seers, and every train brought more until fully 200,000 people were massed in the streets and squares. Even the forceful head of the Nation might well have been overwhelmed by the welcome given to him when his train rolled into the station, and as he drove through the streets to the River Common where the meeting was held. The convention had been augmented by the United Mine Workers under their president, John Mitchell, and the distinguished guests reached their places on the platform amid rounds of cheers such as the valley had never heard before.

The Rev. J. J. Curran, Rector of the Church of the Holy Saviour, Wilkes-Barre, and known throughout the country as "the miner's friend," extended the welcome of the Union. Father Curran has done splendid work in the mining region, and none knows better than he the conditions obtaining among the people—"The most sober people in America," he says, and the claim may not be disputed. The convention was an occasion to gladden his genial, hospitable spirit, and his words of welcome were spoken from the heart:

RT. REV. MGR. THOS. F. COFFEY, V. G., CARBONDALE, PA.

"In behalf of 100,000 Catholic total abstainers of our national Union I bid welcome to President Roosevelt. May the efforts that he is now putting forth for the restoration of peace between the two warring nations be crowned with ultimate success and bring glory to our nation and an everlasting reward to our President.

"We requested him to come to Wilkes-Barre on the occasion of the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. He came; he is here now in response to that invitation and to a like one made by the United Mine Workers of America. We hope that by his presence an impetus shall be given our movement which may be felt from shore to shore and that the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will rise with the swell of reform which President Roosevelt has put in motion. God bless him and spare him to his family and his country for many, many years to come."

Mayor Kirkendale, speaking for the city, expressed his deep appreciation of the honor conferred on Wilkes-Barre, and bore generous testimony to the part the Church has in the upbuilding of the country:

"The Catholic Church is doing a great work among the young men of our country and nowhere is there a harder and more conscientious, honest worker, and one producing better results in the cause of right and temperate living than our own Rev. J. J. Curran. We are proud to-day to honor him and the organization that he loves so much. To the many dignitaries of the Church and the members of the C. T. A. U. we bid a cordial welcome. . . . . To-day our miners are being honored by having so many great men of our country with them."

At the request of the President, Cardinal Gibbons first addressed the people. The great assembly at the Common must have represented many different beliefs, and no doubt there were there, too, some who held no religious convictions, but all who heard him must have felt the solemn earnestness of the Cardinal's words, and found comfort in them, as the venerable prelate emphasized the dignity of labor, and dwelt upon the divine example of the Saviour:

"Before the advent of Christ manual labor was degrading. Our blessed Saviour came to

blot the primæval curse that had been pronounced upon it. Ever since He labored at Nazareth in the carpenter's shop He has shed a halo around the brow of the workingman. He sanctified labor.

"If the office of a President is ennobled by the example of a Washington and a Lincoln, if the office of a jurist is ennobled by the example of a Marshall and a Taney, if the function of a statesman is ennobled by the example of a Burke and a Webster, surely the calling of a mechanic and a workman is sanctified by the example of Jesus Christ.

"The President's mission will be far reaching in its beneficient influence if he strengthens here the good relations between the employer and the employed. There should be no conflict between labor and capital. They should be united and inseparable.

"We are social beings, created to exist together. No man is sufficient to himself, every man needs the aid of his fellow being. 'The eye,' says St. Paul, 'cannot say to the hand: "I need thee not." The head cannot say to the foot: "I need thee not."' The members of society are as closely bound together as the members of the human body. I care not whether a man possesses the wealth of a Rockefeller, a Vanderbilt or an Astor, what will his wealth avail him if he has no friend to grasp his hand, no companion to cherish him, no servant to minister to him.

"What would it avail any man to own all the coal mines in Pennsylvania and West Virginia if there was no hardy son of toil to dig the mines and transport the coal to the various centres of commerce? They would be a useless heap of rubbish."

REV. WALTER J. SHANLEY, HARTFORD, EX-PRESIDENT C. T. A. U.

The applause of the audience showed that the Cardinal had reached down into the hearts of the toilers, and that his inspiring words touched closely on the daily needs of their lives.

The President of the United Mine Workers, John Mitchell, was the next speaker, and though his speech was brief he managed to combine in it eulogy of President Roosevelt, reference to the strike of 1902, definition of the ideals of

REV. J. J. CURRAN, PRESIDENT OF SCRANTON UNION.

trade unionism, and arguments to justify the policies pursued by the unions. His quotations from Abraham Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, and William E. Gladstone were happily chosen, and led up gracefully to the introduction of President Roosevelt.

"The visit of President Roosevelt to the coal fields of Pennsylvania as the guest of the temperance societies and the United Mine Workers of America, marks an epoch in the civic, social and industrial history of this commonwealth. This occasion is one of peculiar significance to the men for whom I have the honor to speak; it is one that will be long remembered by them. Imprinted indelibly upon the hearts of the miners is the recollection of the long contest they made and the great hardships they endured in the year 1902; a contest brought to a happy termination through the intervention and mediation of our distinguished guest. It is a pleasure to say that largely as a result of his efforts and mainly as a consequence of his action, the conditions of life and labor among the anthracite coal mine workers have been materially improved, and the entire people of this community have enjoyed an era of prosperity unprecedented in the history of the hard coal regions.

"It is equally important to say that many of the bitter antagonisms and prejudices of former years, both between the miners and their employers, and even among the mine workers themselves, have been slowly but surely dissipated and the prospect of permanent and honorable industrial peace grows brighter day by day.

. . . .

"We have with us as our honored guest this day a man whose name and deeds will live as long as the Republic shall endure; one who has, on innumerable occasions, spoken in no uncertain terms in defense of the right of the workmen to organize, and has so far subscribed to the constitution and principles of modern trade unions as himself to accept honorary membership in one of them."

That the miners and their friends approved their leader's sentiments and his endorsement was convincingly demonstrated by the prolonged cheering that greeted President Roosevelt, and compelled him to remain silent until the mighty wave of enthusiasm had subsided. It is wonderful the hold this man has upon the people who have made him their head. And yet not so wonderful when one considers his adaptibility, and his happy faculty of saying the things that his audience wants to hear. It was characteristic of him to take charge of

affairs around the stand, and to control the surging crowd. In the very first sentence he caught the attention of all within hearing distance. There was a regular "visiting" touch in his frankly expressed pleasure at meeting the miners and their wives and children, "under the auspices of this great temperance society."

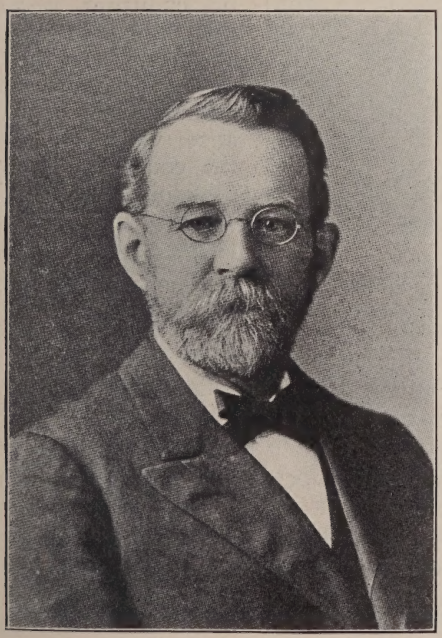
"In our country," the President asserted, "the happiness of all the rest of our people depends most of all upon the welfare of the wage-worker and the welfare of the farmer. If we can secure the welfare of these two classes we can be reasonably certain that the comunity as a whole will prosper. And we must never forget that the chief factor in securing the welfare alike of wage-earner and of farmer, as of everybody else, must be the man himself.

"The only effective way to help anybody is to help him help himself. There are exceptional times when any one of us needs outside help, and then it should be given freely; but normally each one of us must depend upon his own exertions for his own success.

. . . . . .

"In the last analysis the factor most influential in determining any man's success must ever be the sum of that man's own qualities, of his knowledge, foresight, thrift, and courage. Whatever tends to help him overcome the temptations with which all of us are surrounded, is of benefit not only to him, but to the whole community.

MRS. L. M. LAKE, ST. LOUIS, MO., THIRD VICE PRESIDENT C. T. A. U.



EDWIN MULREADY, BOSTON, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT C. T. A. U.

"No one society can do more to help the wage-worker than such a temperance society as that which I am now addressing. It is of incalculable consequence to the man himself that he should be sober and temperate, and it is of even more consequence to his wife and his children; for it is a hard and cruel fact that in this life of ours the sins of the man are often visited most heavily upon those whose welfare should be his one special care.

"Everything possible should be done to encourage the growth of that spirit of self-respect, self-restraint, self-reliance, which if it only grows enough is certain to make all those in whom it shows itself move steadily upward toward the highest standard of American citizenship. It is a proud and responsible privilege to be citizens of this great self-governing Nation; and each of us needs to keep steadily before his eyes the fact that he is wholly unfit to take part in the work of governing others unless he can first govern himself. He must stand up manfully for his own rights; he must respect the rights of others; he must obey the law, and he must try to live up to those rules of

J. WASHINGTON LOGUE, PHILADELPHIA, SECRETARY C. T. A. U.

righteousness which are above and behind all laws. . . . . .

I strive never to tell anyone what I do not thoroughly believe, and I shall not say to you that to be honest, and temperate, and hard-working, and thrifty will always bring success.

"The hand of the Lord is sometimes heavy upon the just as well as upon the unjust, and in the life of labor and effort which we must lead on this earth it is not always possible either by work, by wisdom, or upright behavior to ward off disaster. But it is most emphatically true that the chance for leading a happy and prosperous life is immensely improved if only the man is decent, sober, industrious and exercises foresight and judgment. Let him remember above all that the performance of duty is the first essential to right living, and that a good type of average family life is the corner-stone of national happiness and greatness. No man can be a good citizen, can deserve the respect of his fellows, unless first of all he is a good man in his own family, unless he does his duty faithfully by his wife and children. . . ."

The gala day of the convention ended with the rally at the Armory, and on Friday the delegates settled down to the discussion of important issues, and the transaction of routine business, while other visitors to the city enjoyed excursions to points of interest in the Valley.

Surely if conventions are productive of enduring results this thirty-fifth annual gathering of the C. T. A. U. must give an impetus to temperance work all over the country. It was certainly a splendid showing in numerical strength, an opportunity for the manifestation of the kindliest feeling among all classes, and, above all else, it was incontrovertible proof of what the Church has done for the betterment of the masses, the people whom His Eminence had in mind when he concluded his wise, fatherly counsel with the lines:

"God bless the noble workingmen,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main.
God bless them, for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of our lands."

THE GLAMOR OF A QUEEN.

BY FRANCES MAITLAND.

The road that zigzagged over the Esk-a-dale Moor,—here rounding a giant boulder, there skirting a bit of bog,—lay hot and dry before the girl who, wallet slung German-student fashion over her shoulder, stepped it in the noon-day heat. Her lips were dry and she alternately sucked them in for moisture as she walked along or pouted them out in seeming protest as she looked down at her dust-whitened shoes and petticoat.

"Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," she suddenly chanted out as a fresh cloud was whirled to meet her, borne by the rising wind. Then *"Sheep,"* she still said aloud and with decision. "Sheep and shepherd. The world then is inhabited," and, easing her wallet, she seated herself on a boulder to await the new arrivals.

Man and charge came soberly along, and the traveller had had time to change position more than once before the leader of the woolly throng found itself level with her knees and, followed by its scared companions, swerved in mad panic across the road. She stood up as the dog with shrill barks ran from side to side, then rout was reduced to order, a stern voice ordered the dog to heel and the little procession passed on.

"A lout, and a lout who does not even say good-day," the girl muttered to herself, and, at that moment, the man turned and looked back, their eyes met, and, with what seemed almost foreign ease, he lifted his cap, turned again, and went on his way with his flock.

"Mary Stuart's Bothwell. James Hepburn in the flesh," the traveller told herself with a shoulder shrug, "A gentleman or not a gentleman? Not a common shepherd that is certain. Well, whether he will know me again next time we meet, if we ever meet, remains to be seen, but—*I shall know him.*" Shouldering her wallet she too resumed her walk.

The heat was over-powering. What would she not give for a drink. It was with a *"Deo Gratias"* that half an hour later she came in sight of a farm house, standing among a few Scotch firs, a stone-throw from the road. She would beg or buy a glass of water or milk, and find out too how many miles she still had to tramp it before getting to Esk-a-dale.

By a pump in the yard the farm-wife, her dress pinned up, was washing out her churn. She scanned the unexpected visitor, with curious eyes, and then motioned to her that she might seat herself on the edge of the trough.

"A drink? A drink o' watter? I wadna say but ye'll get more o' that in anitther half hoor than ye're bargaining for." She pointed to the angry clouds that now covered the sky. "But I'll no grudge ye a soup (mouthful) butter-milk gin that'll be t'yer taste." She wiped her hands on her apron, and going into the house brought back a mug of the cool liquid.

The traveller drained it gratefully. "Can I have another?" she asked. "I will gladly pay for it."

"Hoots! pay for it! It's only cheating the grumphies," the woman returned.

"The grumphies?"

"The swine, if ye like that better. It's the swine get it. Neither me nor my lad touch it."

"It would be, perhaps, your 'lad' I met just now?"

"*My* lad? Na, na, my lad's on the moor. It wud be Jamie Hepburn, gin it was a lad wi' sheep?"

"Hepburn!" The girl started at the coincidence.

"Aye, Hepburn. Neither fish nor fowl, that's what the Hepburns are. Papishers into the bargain."

"Neither fish nor fowl?" The girl repeated the words questioningly.

"Aye, neither fish nor fowl, as the saying is. Too gran' for the like o' us, an' no' gran' eneuch for the gentles."

"For the 'gentles?' Oh, the gentlefolk. But he looked—he looked like a gentleman?"

"An' ye were asking gin he were my lad!" The woman's eyes twinkled with amused malice. "Weel, weel, ye're no' the first lass that has asked aboot Jamie Hepburn, and there's mair than gentle blood in *him,* if auld scandals be true."

"Old scandals?" The girl balancing herself on the ledge of the trough prepared to enjoy a tale.

"Aye, auld scandals." Again the woman's eyes twinkled while she nodded her head with significance. "You're no so lang off your school-lore, but ye'll ha'e mind o'—Mary Stuart?"

"Mary Stuart!" Again the girl started.

"Aye, Mary o' Scotland as they say. Weel," again came the significant nod, "there's them as say that if a' men had their rechts, Jamie Hepburn might sit on a king's throne, but it's an auld cry back t' the day that Both'll's an' Mary Stuart's names were rung on every man's tongue."

Bothwell and Mary Stuart? The coincidence of it. The girl's weariness was forgotten in her interest.

"Do you mean that this Hepburn claims descent from Bothwell?"

"The pair o' them."

"He cannot imagine he is descended from Mary."

"Deed does he then, as his father did afore him, an' *his* father afore *him,* an' so on till the beginning o' the rhyme."

"It is madness," said the girl reflectively.

"Maybe aye, an' maybe no. Both'll an' Mary Stuart were man and wife. What hindered the wean?"

"But history—."

"You dinna find a' things in print if that's what you're at," interrupted the woman with some contempt, "There's no' a man in the countryside but'll tell you the Hepburns come from the *best,* no' but that I'd rather leeve like a beggar on the road than leeve as Jamie an' his mither leeve, *a' t' themselves.* Never a soul across their door barring their priest, once or twice in the year, or, maybe the uncle that's a merchant in Spain."

"And where do they live?" There was no mistaking the girl's interest.

"Whaur should they leeve but at the Tower? Tak' the road till ye come to the brig, an' ye'll see the track, by the burn-side, that takes ye till the Tower, but there's no' many troubles them an' their dogs tak' care o' that."

"Their *dogs?*"

"Their *dogs,* half a score o' them girnning at the gate. It's a bauld man, an' a baulder woman, that would push in past them, but—gin ye stan' an' let them girn, the auld leddy'll maybe come wi' time."

"I don't think the dogs would touch me," laughed the girl.

"Faith, ye wuddna laugh gin ye had them at yer heels, but since they touzled auld Geordie Drummond, the beggar man, they're no' let beyont the gate."

"'*Touzled,*' that is a good word," the girl laughed again. "So you do not advise me to call at the Tower?"

"You're a queer one." The woman

looked at her visitor critically as if trying to sum her up. "Ye'll maybe be a freen' t' the Hepburns, an' takin' yer fun off me?"

The girl shook her head.

"Weel, stan' at the gate an' let the beasts girn, an' the auld leddy, as I've tellt ye'll maybe come at the last."

"There are only the 'auld leddy' and her son?"

"There's a daughter in her convent."

"Oh, a nun."

"You've said the word. They gang t' see her, once in a while, t' York."

"The York Convent." The traveller's voice was more than ever full of interest.

"Ye'll be a Papisher yersel'?" The woman's voice was that of suspicion.

"A *'Papisher?'* You are teaching me a new language. Yes, I am proud to say I am a Papisher, a Papisher to the backbone," laughed back the girl.

"Well ye're no' ashamed o't onyway," the woman returned with some dubiety, again scanning her visitor's face.

"I am proud of it," the girl returned, with another laugh. "Now, supposing I don't take it into my head to call on my fellow 'Papishers,' how long will it take me to get to Esk-a-dale?"

"T' the town? Ye're a stranger then t' these pairts?"

"Yes, till now I have been a stranger in these 'pairts,'" mockingly.

"It's easy t' see ye belong to the gentles."

"To the gentles? Oh, yes, I understand, you used the word before. Yes, I think I may say I belong to the 'gentles.'" The girl made a little grimace.

"Aye, it's easy to see by the very cut o' yer claes (clothes) it's no' easy t' tak' me in. But ye were spiering how mony miles it wud be t' the town, maybe a matter of seeven, but the storm'll be on ye afore ye get there and I'd counsel ye t' bide a wee."

"I am not afraid." The girl looked up at the threatening sky. "Better rain than dust any day. Good-bye and thank you for a pleasant half-hour, and—I am sorry I robbed the pigs." With a smile and a saucy nod of the head she jumped down from her seat. "If the worst comes to the worst," she looked again at the sky, "I can always face the dogs. The Tower belongs to these Hepburns?"

"Wha else would it belong to?" demanded the woman. "His auld Lordship was keen for buying it, but they say Jamie shewed him the door."

"Shewed Lord Esk-a-dale the door!" The girl's shoulders went up. "With the help of the grinning, or 'girning' was it?—dogs, perhaps. Well, his majesty and his mother must be pleasant people. There is much land connected with it?"

"The makings o' a fairm or twa, barely mair. Jamie fairms it for himsel' as his father did afore him. He has notions o' his own, but wha would wonder at it, an' him brocht up in foreign parts. But he can *wark*, there's no denying that."

"They keep no servants?"

"Hoots, aye, a cot'man an' his wife, an' Babbie, the auld serving-woman, a Papisher like themselves, an' no' born yesterday, I can tell ye that. But—ye're sair taken up wi' the Hepburns, I'm thinking that Jamie, maybe, gied ye the glint o' his e'ee as he gied by." The woman's own eye twinkled as she chuckled at her joke.

An angry red came to her visitor's face, she drew herself up. "Thank you again for your hospitality," she said shortly, and put down her mug on the edge of the trough, a crown piece beside it.

"Hoots-toots," the woman cried hurrying after her as she left the yard. "Na, na, siller for a soup butter-milk, heard ye ever the like," but failing to overtake

her visitor, she slipped the silver into her pocket with something like a sigh of satisfaction.

"Esk-a-dale was the end of the world." How often the traveller had heard her old grandfather say the words when he came to her father's house, but that even at the "end of the world" there should be people at this time of day who lived as these Hepburns seemed to live and with such traditions. If only the storm would favor her. The girl looked up at the sky growing every moment darker and darker.

Bothwell and Mary Stuart. The coincidence of it! The absurdity of the coincidence! And what had put Bothwell into her head? If, now, she were superstitious! But, thank Heaven she was not. The slim shoulders went up, under their load, in expressive gesture.

A flash, a crash, the storm had begun. As the first biting hailstone struck her face, she found herself on a one-arched bridge with, to the right, the track that must lead to the Tower. Adventures were for the adventurous! It was a case of "girning" heavens or "girning" dogs, and she would choose the latter, even at the risk of a "touzling." The excitement of the storm, the hope of an adventure, set the blood tingling through her veins. It was almost with elation that she took the rough cart track that followed the course of the stream.

A flash and she saw the outline of a house. Another that seemed to lighten the world from pole to pole, a crash that seemed to speak of wrath, then silence and a sudden parting of the clouds with Heaven again smiling on earth, and she found herself standing before a high-barred gate, against which a crowd of yelping dogs hurled themselves in vain.

"Pyrenean sheep-dogs," the girl said to herself, "and good ones. Gently, gently, you beauties, you are not going to have me to 'touzle' as you did the beggar-man. Wait for the 'old leddy'—was not that what my friend said? Well, I can only wait, but she has chosen a novel kind of bell."

"Gently, gently," she repeated as one of the largest of the hounds, showing his teeth, leaped high against the bars, "gently, if you please." Then, high above the din, came a whistle, and, as at the sound of the crack of a whip, the creatures slunk back, and a tall woman, a shawl thrown mantilla fashion over her head, came towards her across the paved court.

"Your will?" she asked as she stood with her hand on the bolt of the gate.

"May I ask shelter for half an hour?" The visitor pointed to the sky again growing dark.

"You are bound for—?"

"Esk-a-dale."

"And how came you out of your way?"

"I saw the track." The girl hesitated, "I thought it must lead to a house."

"*To the Tower,*" the woman conceded, emphasizing the words as if to make clear to the stranger that the Tower was no common dwelling place. "If that is the way of it, you are welcome." She drew back the big wooden bolt and threw open the gate. "You need not fear the dogs. Down Tarpin, down, sir. Back with you, Roland. To heel, Oliver. Into your kennels the pack of you." She waved her hand and the dogs obeyed.

"You are well protected," the girl ventured as she stepped through the now open gateway.

"We count them friends," was the emphatic reply.

The tower, of fifteenth century construction, faced them high and narrow as they crossed the court. A wing, added perhaps a century later, ran out to the left and there joined the boundary wall. The door in the Tower itself, heavy and

iron-studded, and surmounted by a coat-of-arms, opened on a stone winding stair.

"The living rooms are above," the mistress of the grim old building explained as she motioned to her visitor to precede her.

"I am afraid I am very wet." The girl pointed to the drops that marked her way.

"Babbie'll see to it," her new hostess returned, and threw open a door. "If you will wait I will send a change."

"Thank you, I have all I need," the girl returned, "my wallet is waterproof"

The mistress of the Tower nodded gravely. "Then when you are changed come to the second door on the left and I will have a cup of tea for you. I beg your pardon, you will not mind? Your name, if you please."

"A feeler," the girl told herself, "my name is to be my credential, well, she ought to be satisfied." There was the gleam of mischief in her eye as she returned, "Mary Stuart."

"Mary Stuart. That is a name we respect here."

"Yes, it is a good name, if it is not exactly—well—a lucky one."

"That is as the Lord wills," the woman returned still with gravity.

"And in my turn," the girl began and went on with what seemed a pretty hesitation. "Might I, in my turn, beg for the name of my hostess?"

"You are a stranger in these parts if you do not know the name of Hepburn. I am James Hepburn of the Tower's mother, Margaret Hepburn."

"And Hepburn, too, is a good name," the girl said with a smile.

"It is one all Scotch folks know," Mrs. Hepburn resumed her curt speech, "good or bad it is as they choose to judge."

"James Hepburn and Mary Stuart, it's a queer coincidence," the girl told herself again, when she found herself alone. She looked round the small and panelled room with curiosity. The floor was covered with a coarse drugget woven in blue and orange squares, the bed curtains matched in faded blue moreen. The furniture was scant—a couple of common chairs, a painted wash-stand, a rickety toilet-table on which stood a spindle-legged and dusty glass. Over the mantel-piece hung the picture of a saint upon his knees, dim and unrecognizable.

"Poor, poor as church mice," the traveller told herself. What would the "living-room," the parlor so to say be like? As she dressed she pictured it, dull and dingy, lacking the faded stateliness that so often seems to go well with the decay; but when a quarter of an hour later she pushed opened the door designated by her hostess it was to find that imagination, for once, had played her false. The room was high and panelled in oak like the bedroom she had left; its deep windows faced each other across the polished floor, bare save where here and there a goatskin had been flung. Bookcases lined the walls and above them hung pictures black with age. Tables, china-laden, and flanked with pairs of chairs, were arranged in prim precision under the bookcases. The centre table, large enough to grace a banquet hall, was littered with books and pamphlets, writing materials, a microscope, and a plant in a glass. By the peat fire, which, despite the heat, smouldered on the hearth, stood a cushioned chair, the basket of work beside it, marking it as the seat of the mistress of the house; its fellow, lacking the cushions and showing its carved back with a date, faced it from the opposite side of the fire-place. Above the high mantel-piece, its frame ornamented with a pair of sconces, hung the portrait of a girl. Chin and nose

were pointed, the forehead was well developed, the eyes were narrow and long and almost shy in their demure expression. The lips slightly pouted, the complexion was delicate, the hair was drawn back simply from the face, its only ornament a string of pearls. The head was poised with dignity, the left hand held the tasselled end of the chain of pearls, that, matching in size those of the hair, hung from the throat. The painting was fine as that of a miniature, almost Dutch-like in minituae. In one corner an unpractised hand had added a crucifix surrounded by the palm. Mary of Scotland herself.

The girl was still standing entranced before the picture when the sound of the opening door made her turn, to find her hostess coming into the room, followed by an elderly woman bearing the promised cup of tea.

"We have no loaf-bread to offer you," Mrs. Hepburn, with a gravity that seemed habitual, apologized, "my son holds by the bread of his country."

"And shows his good taste," the stranger said with a smile, as she looked down at the crisp and wafer-like oat cakes, and the different scones and bannocks that were smoking in the napkin-covered plates.

"We hold to what we are accustomed to," Mrs. Hepburn returned in the same dry fashion, and then modified her sentence by adding, "my son, was, however, accustomed to other bread in Spain."

"Mr. Hepburn has lived abroad?" the girl asked. No need to mention her gossip with the farm-wife an hour or two ago.

"His uncle had him for his education."

"You are not then altogether Scotch?"

"Pure Scotch, but my husband's people had doings with Spain. We are of the old Faith. You may have heard of the Scotch College? Some were of the priesthood there, and one link makes another, and a grand-uncle went into the wine trade."

It was the longest speech the girl had heard from her hostess's lips, and she listened with a pretty deference that well disguised curiosity, and which was flattering.

"It must have been a great change for Mr. Hepburn to come back to the Scotch moors?"

"It was what he looked to." The voice was again dry. "The Tower's dear as life-blood to a Hepburn." Did the girl fancy it, or was there a touch of sarcasm in the last word?

"One can scarcely wonder at it." The visitor looked round the room as she spoke. "Even to the stranger a house like this is full of interest. And that portrait—" she motioned towards the picture above the mantel-piece.

"Aye." The dryness of the voice this time seemed to forbid further comment, but the traveller was not one to be daunted.

"It is, one cannot be mistaken, it is Mary Stuart?"

"It is Mary of Scotland." The woman stood up. Was it to honor the portrait the stranger wondered? "And my son, if he was here, would tell you that—and he knows it— that, of the few portraits of her that are maybe genuine, that is one. That"—there was a moment's hesitation—" that was given with Mary of Scotland's own hand. There's few have seen her hand of write but—there it is." A dexterous touch and the picture swung round, another, and the canvas at the back was bared, and, stooping, Mrs. Hepburn lit a match at the fire and lighting a candle in one of the sconces pointed to the inscription that, in bold characters, ran across

"My Lordis portrait, Mary R."

"Her own hand of write," she repeated, then, as if almost afraid of the

enthusiasm she had shown, she slid the covering back and swung the picture back to place.

"Few have seen it," she said in her usual curt way.

"Then I have to thank you all the more," the visitor said, and as she spoke the storm burst over their speech and a blinding flash of lightning filled the room.

Mrs. Hepburn crossed herself. "My son is in the open," she exclaimed.

"He had far to go?"

"Not so far. It is the stay-at-homes that know fear."

Her visitor nodded and closed her eyes as, again and again, the zigzag flashes lit up every corner of the room.

The dogs began to bark, (bark not "girn" the girl whispered to herself). "It is my son,—you will excuse me," Mrs. Hepburn hurried to the door.

"Bothwell" at last!

The girl leaning back in her chair, her hand still covering her eyes, gave her shoulders their characteristic and almost imperceptible shrug.

What sort of a man would his majesty prove to be, she wondered. What had his mother said? That he did not "hold" with loaf-bread? Well, no more would she, had she always his choice of breads.

She broke off a corner of the crisp oat-cake. What a storm it was! All the fitter weather to herald an introduction to such a mighty personage. Would he expect her to go on her knees? Perhaps kiss his hand? He had one faithful subject at any rate—his mother. Did she ever open her lips without preparing her sentence with "my son?"

The descendant of Mary Stuart and Bothwell. The folly of it! And yet—and yet—it was not impossible. She opened the eyes she had been sheltering from the storm and looked up again at the portrait. "I believe the picture is genuine," she told herself, "there is no mistaking Mary's vigorous 'hand of write' for one who once has seen it. Mary's and Bothwell's son. Heavens what a pedigree!" She stood up, her mouth twitching mockingly, as Mrs. Hepburn followed by her son came into the room.

"My son." It was the introduction the girl had expected, the voice betrayed the pride in his perfections.

The man bowed as if expecting the first words to come from the stranger.

"We have met before on the moor," the girl ventured, as she took stock of the giant who stood before her, the tall mother looking short beside him. The thick hair was red, though the complexion was so tanned and weather-beaten that a stranger might well have been forgiven for thinking him a dark man. The features were rugged, the cheek bones high, the teeth strong and white and even. The hands were shapely and cared for, though they showed signs of manual labor. He bowed again in answer to her question, and it was his mother who broke the silence.

"The young lady was bound for Eska-dale. The storm stayed her."

"It is no afternoon for the road," the man said shortly.

"It will clear before night?" The girl addressed her host.

"It will rain for the next thirty-six hours." James Hepburn went over to one of the windows and tapped the barometer that hung by its side. "The Lammas spates are on us."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It is I who should beg yours." For the first time the man smiled. "How could you understand? August, as a rule, brings the floods upon us, the river floods, spates as we have it, 'speid' as they say in the Gælic."

"I am learning my mother tongue."

The girl in her turn smiled. "Though I have lived in the south I was not born a southerner."

"The young lady's name is Stuart," the mother explained.

"Stuart?" James Hepburn's eyes rested a moment on his guest. "It is not an uncommon name in these parts from his Lordship, Lord Esk-a-dale I should say, downwards."

"His Lordship has small reason to boast of the name," Mrs. Hepburn said grimly.

James Hepburn ignored this remark. "Your friends expect you?" he asked the girl.

"Yes and no," the girl's face reddened. "They know I am not to be depended on."

"You are young to go vagranting by yourself," Mrs. Hepburn spoke with severity.

"Vagranting," it was another delightful word, the girl smiled to herself. "Girls are independent now-a-days," she returned, "my sister and I have often gone about by ourselves."

"Your sister and yourself." The emphasis was marked.

"Together, yes, and I had her till this morning, and—she was afraid of the heat and went on to Esk-a-dale by train."

"She will not be anxious?" James Hepburn asked, and the girl noticed, as she had noticed before, that, though he had the Scottish accent, he had not the mother's provincialisms.

"She will not be anxious. She will understand I have found shelter. That is to say if I am right in thinking you are good enough to offer me hospitality?"

"Surely," Mrs. Hepburn consented. "As my son has said it is no night for the road."

"The walk is nothing to me," James Hepburn persisted, "if you would like to set your sister's mind at rest."

The girl bit her lip. "She will not be anxious. 'A cat,' you know, 'falls on its feet.' "

"It will be as you choose, of course," the man returned, but he still stood as if awaiting her orders.

"Then, please, Mr. Hepburn, do not think of facing the storm, and please—let me thank you both," she turned now to her hostess, "for being so kind to—" she sped the shaft with a smile— "to a —vagrant!"

For a moment James Hepburn looked puzzled, then his face lighted up. "Ah, you have a good deal yet to learn of our language," he said with a smile, and then his eyes turned to the centre table.

"Jamie before you settle," the mother spoke, "the tray is heavy for Babbie."

The man nodded and lifting the tray, as if it were a matter of custom, carried it away.

"We save Babbie what we can," Mrs. Hepburn said taking up her work. "You would care for a book?"

"I should like to be lazy and talk to you, if I may, and if it will not disturb Mr. Hepburn?"

"Nothing disturbs my son. He is deaf and dumb when he gets to his microscope. A wet afternoon is a treat to him."

"A treat!" the girl lifted her eyebrows.

"Aye, a treat. A farmer has his work, and Jamie works with the best, but a wet afternoon he is free. My son," she went on with pride, "is a botanist."

"He has found a rare plant?" The visitor looked towards the glass on the table.

"It is common, my son tells me, to the Pyrenees, but it has only been found once before in Scotland, in the north, and he got it yesterday on the Orroch Hills. My son is not one to brag of his knowledge, but it's not everyone has had a plant named after him and he has, you'll

see it in the books. When he's sitting there," she went on after a pause, and motioned towards the chair drawn up before the centre table, "you might hear a mouse cheep."

Was she dull sometimes, proud as she was of her silent son, her visitor wondered to herself?

Presently James Hepburn came back. He moved his chair so that he did not sit with his back to his guest, but in a few minutes he seemed to have forgotten everything but the work before him—a slow and laborious drawing of the plant he had found the day before on the hills.

His visitor watched him for a time and then she jumped up. "Excuse me, Mr. Hepburn, but will you let me do that for you?"

"It would pass the time for you?" the man asked, getting up in his turn and offering her his chair.

"You must not think that, where there is much to interest," the girl returned quickly. "I only thought that—perhaps—I could do it better." She smiled mischievously in his face as she took up the pencil.

"My fingers are indeed thumbs," the man said looking down at his hands, "and I thank you."

"You have a wonderful old place here," the girl said while she worked busily. "And that picture," she nodded towards the mantel-piece, "Mrs. Hepburn tells me is an original."

"It is an original," the man spoke as if there could be no dispute about the matter.

"The autograph I should say was genuine. And the artist?"

James Hepburn looked keenly at his guest. "That I cannot tell you." Then "you seem to know a good deal," he said after a pause.

"My father would tell you nothing at all, but—I am interested in the Stuarts."

"Because of your name, perhaps?"

"Because of my name, perhaps," the girl said coolly. "But to go back to the picture. You know how it came into the possession of your family?"

"Surely," James Hepburn replied. "It was given by Mary to the Earl of Bothwell, Duke of Orkney and Marquis of Fife (if you would have all his titles), on the 13th of May, 1567. Two days before the marriage if you would have chapter and verse."

The girl looked up from her work in her astonishment.

"It has never been exhibited?"

"Exhibited! One does not exhibit what is precious to one, Miss Stuart."

"It is what people do," the girl said with a nod of the head composedly. "You know no more of its history?"

"Except that it must have been painted in France. How old would you say she is as represented? Fifteen or sixteen at most, and she was sixteen and four months when she was married to the Dauphin. It was painted for the Dauphin. There are some things one knows," the man's voice quickened. "There are some things one knows, Miss Stuart. It was painted for one who valued her for herself. Tell me of any other portrait where the queen does not come first, but this is Mary Stuart, Mary for herself. It was painted for the Dauphin (intuition speaks) and brought to Scotland and given—to the only man she ever loved. The only man, I am not afraid to say it. You would have other proof?" He walked over to the cabinet and took out a shagreen case and from it drew a string of discolored pearls, and holding it up pointed to the picture. "Count them," he said, "see every fifth is egg-shaped. They are Scotch pearls, the pearls of her own country. I could take you to the river tomorrow and

maybe if we had luck find you as fine, but not matched like these, she had them in France and she brought them back and gave them to James Hepburn. Touch them if you like," he put them into the girl's hands. "Compare them with the picture. The painter was exact. Compare the tasselled ends." He stopped out of breath. "I beg your pardon," he went on presently, "I forget that the subject cannot interest you as it does us."

"But it does," the girl said. "I, too, have been brought up on—shall we call it?—the Stuart cult." Leaning back in the high-backed old chair and playing with the string of pearls, her beauty for the first time struck her hostess.

"You could near about hold up a candle with Mary Stuart yourself," she said admiringly.

The compliment was broad but its recipient did not object to it. She glanced from the mother to the son, but James Hepburn's eyes were fixed on the picture, and she gave the chain in her hand a pettish twist, and next moment the pearls were falling, a shower of tears on her lap.

(To be continued.)

GOD SAVE ALL HERE.

BY REV. J. T. WALSH.

They greet you in old Ireland with a sweet and tender prayer;
'Tis uttered ere they clasp the hand with a genial pleasant air.
You have it in this land alone, each day throughout the year,—
The grandest salutation known, the prayer: "God save all here!"

Nowhere else beneath the heavens, no matter where you roam,
Does this spiritual leaven transfuse each humble home.
At each and every meeting it so sweetly strikes the ear
That most delightful greeting, the prayer: "God save all here!"

Oh! the cherished memories round it of the days of long ago!
How our childish lips did sound it where e'er we used to go,
On high, before all ages known in this cold world so drear,
It rings with a true saintly tone, the prayer: "God save all here!"

In the dear land of my fathers may that prayer forever rise
Till death at length shall gather all her children to the skies!
Meanwhile 'twill be most pleasant each honest heart to cheer,
When spoken by the peasant, the prayer: "God save all here!"

NOTE.—Travellers who make any sojourn in Ireland or mingle with the peasantry, if they are at all observant cannot fail to notice the wonderful influence of religion in their lives and habits. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in their greetings when they meet in the fields or highways of the country, but especially when they enter the homes of one another. On every such occasion the visitor, if a Catholic, will say, crossing the threshold, "God save all here;" to which the inmates will reply, "God save you kindly."

THE DAY OF THE AUCTION.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

As Angela Quigley,—"Miss Angela" as she was better known to her friends and neighbors in Glenara—walked through her garden, with a slow and listless step very foreign to her usual brisk and lively ways, one might easily guess from a glance at her sad little face, pale under its wealth of golden hair, that the girl was troubled and heavy of heart. And no wonder, for as she looked about her at the myriad blossoms that lifted their heads on every side of her she was saying a silent last good-bye to each and every one of these tender nurslings on which she had bestowed an almost motherly love and care.

It was the end of May, the sweetest and loveliest month of the year, when everything about the little straw-thatched cottage which had so long been the home of the Quigleys was looking its brightest and best. The hedge which divided the garden from the quiet roadside was a white mass of blossoming hawthorn; the little trees above the summer house were golden and purple with lilac and laburnum. The garden itself, with its prim box-edged beds—and low hedge of privet, trimmed into strange and fantastic shapes, was a blaze of blossoms, blue and scarlet and white and every conceivable color. The roses which climbed up the sides of the house and peeped in at each little window were already beginning to open their pink and yellow buds and fill the air with a faint delicious fragrance.

Angela herself in her new gown of dull black, with its narrow folds of crâpe at the neck and wrists, alone seemed out of touch with the scene. She looked about her sorrowfully, a dejected little figure in the brilliant May sunshine, then stooped mechanically and picked off some seed-heads from a bed of yellow pansies lying at her feet. She was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, small and slender, with a quiet demure prettiness of her own, of which she was quite unconscious. She had indeed a vague idea that "she had been good-looking in her youth" but that was a long time ago; and as she regarded herself now as a hopeless old maid, her looks seemed to her to be of little consequence. Yet there was something very sweet about her face, with its fine lines and clear skin, something very winning in the gaze of her blue eyes, which, short-sighted though they were, had a look of almost childlike innocence and truth which made them very beautiful.

She picked off one seed-head after another, somewhat absentmindedly as through force of habit, bending her head to the task because of her short sight, and as she did so, her fair hair, shining bare in the sunlight, was as goldenly yellow as the bed of pansies itself. She had been well named, as old Tom Quigley often told himself, resting his eyes with an almost reverential gaze on the golden head and fair face of his daughter. It had been his wife's wish to give the name Angela to her little girl, their first and only child, who had come to them after many years of married life and who was looked upon by both her parents as being in some special way the gift of Heaven. Angela's mother had died when the child was only seven, and in the long years afterwards his little girl had been the one treasure of her father's heart. They had been like a pair of lovers, these two, and their neighbors often smiled and shook their heads over the openly displayed affection of Tom Quigley for his "colleen," an

affection so exaggerated, to their minds, as to be almost absurd.

What happy hours they had spent in this garden together, her father and herself, in the long summer evenings, while he was busy with his strips of celery and lettuce and onions, and she attended to her bed of carnations or stocks or sweet-peas! It was only in the evenings that he had much time for gardening, since he was the tenant of a small farm which took the united labors of his one serving-man and himself to keep it in order. Still they had been fairly comfortable, and he saw to it that Angela at least need never want for anything. He had always kept a maid to do the rough work for her, so that she need not have to scrub, or feed the pigs, or do many of the things that fell to the lot of other girls of her class.

As soon as she was old enough she had been sent to a boarding-school under the care of the nuns, where she remained for three long years, coming home to the lonely old man only at Christmas and for the summer holidays. No one but himself could know what a terrible wrench it had been for him to part with her for even so long, or how desolate and empty the little house had appeared while his little "colleen" was not there to keep him company; but he suffered it gladly for her sake.

It was only in later years he began to wonder if it had been wise of him after all to make his daughter so different and so superior to the rest of her class. It had kept her lonely,—perhaps bound her all the more closely to himself,—but he wondered if it had been for her ultimate happiness. The young girls and young men of the neighborhood all liked "Miss Angela," as they called her, but none of them made any approach to near friendliness, feeling instinctively that the girl was many degrees above them in the refinement of her nature and her ways. So Angela clung the more closely to her father, as though he was the one person whom she could really love, and the old man was made very happy by this whole-hearted devotion and tenderness.

Yet he often asked himself what the girl would do when he was gone, with a sudden tremor of pain at his old heart at the thought of it. If only Angela had been like other girls, if she had got married and settled down, if only he had seen her children playing about his knees before he died! But he said nothing of all this to her, fearful of hurting her, of seeming unmindful of her goodness in staying with him. Yet he could have put up with a son-in-law, a usurper in the house, if only for the joy of holding Angela's first-born in his arms. But since Angela seemed happy to have him alone, the old man must needs be satisfied.

At one time, however, there *had* been some one else, though the old man but dimly guessed it. It was a closed book to Angela now. It all happened seven years ago, before Jim Dillon went to the States. How much Angela had to do with his going no one but herself knew. He had loved the girl and had asked her to marry him. She had cared for him—how much she did not realize till he was gone from her. He had asked her to go to America with him, since he was poor, and hardly a fit match from a worldly point of view for old Tom Quigley's daughter; but loving her father so dearly, the girl would not leave him lonely.

Piqued by her refusal, Jim had gone alone without even saying good-bye to her; and no one, not even her father himself, had ever guessed the little stab of pain his going had caused her. She bore it bravely with a smile on her face, and from that day on her love and tenderness for her parent seemed to be even more marked than before.

But now he too was gone from her, and she was left forever alone in the

world, fatherless and motherless and desolate. She turned away from her flowers with something like a sob in her throat. To-morrow, even her home would be gone, for it was only after her father's death that she found that the farm was heavily in debt. Though she did not guess it, the debts had their first beginning in those three years of hers at the convent school. Afterwards, the old man was growing old and less capable, and had not been so well able to cope with the many cares of the farm, so that unknown to his daughter his difficulties had gradually increased.

So to-morrow the place was to be sold, the farm and the little house, with its long roof of thatch, and the many cozy rooms opening one from the other; the calves and the pigs and fowl, the old grey mare, the cow, the rick of hay, the sacks of corn stacked up in the oatloft—everything was to go. Even the furniture itself must be sold, and Angela's writing-desk and her sewing-machine, which had been two of the many things which marked her as something apart from the other girls of Glenara. As she went indoors, oppressed by the sun's hot rays, she sank wearily into a chair, and looked about her with a heavy heart. The little house, comfortable and well-kept as it had always been, bore many traces in its furnishing of the former prosperity of the family; the old mahogany sideboard, the bookcase with the diamond-paned windows, the little corner cupboard filled with delicate old china, old-fashioned cups and saucers and jugs and teapots, which had been for so many generations in the family that they were looked upon as something like heirlooms. On the walls hung many engravings, old and valuable; and on a little shelf above the mantelpiece was proudly displayed a row of pewter platters, polished to a silvery brightness, which had been buried in the year of the Rebellion to save them from being made into bullets by the Yeomanry.

All these would have to go, and the thought of it made the girl miserable. A few weeks ago, when her father died, she was so stricken with grief for his loss that nothing else seemed to matter very much to her; but now she shrank with an almost physical dread from parting with these old associations, from going out on the lonely ways of the world by herself, without relatives or friends. She had hardly collected her thoughts sufficiently to make any plans, but she knew she would have to make her own living in some way, by sewing perhaps, or by taking a situation with strangers. Old Mrs. Healy, her nearest neighbor, would give her board and lodging for a few days after the auction till she should have time to make arrangements as to the future.

She would be glad, she told herself, when the sale was finished and the parting over; for the nearer it came to the day of the auction, the more reluctant she felt to part with all these dumb friends of her youth. After all she would say to herself, why should she fret at leaving the house and the place, since *he* was gone, and there was no one now to take an interest or feel a pleasure in it but her sorrowful, lonely, miserable self.

Part II.

The day of the auction came at length, and a pouring wet morning it proved to be. The skies were completely overcast by a heavy canopy of grey clouds, with here and there a faint radiance shining through them which gave some hope of their soon lifting; a hope indeed doomed to disappointment, for the rain descended incessantly in a straight steady downpour.

Angela watched it from the windows of her little parlor, with a curious mixture of disappointment and exultation.

It was a bad day for the auction, she knew, and perhaps after all the place would not be sold. It might give her a little longer breathing-time, but then, what use? It would be only prolonging the period of pain and anxiety which she was now passing through. Better have it over and done with after all, since it had to be.

Shortly before noon the country people began to arrive, despite the downpour; some of them in tax-carts or jaunting-cars, some braving the unfriendly elements on foot. At twelve o'clock punctually the auctioneer himself arrived from the city, driven on a smart hackney-car with pneumatic tires. Angela heard the gay ringing of its bells as it drove up to the gate, with something of the feeling with which she had awaited the arrival of the hearse on the morning that they took her father away from her.

With the coming of the auctioneer, all those who had been gathered about the kitchen fire, or going slowly through the rooms looking for possible bargains, went hastily out to secure a good vantage-point during the sale, leaving the girl alone in the house.

Angela felt she could not bear to join them. Yet she was intensely anxious to know how things were, and old Mrs. Healy, bundling herself off with the others, may have seen the anxiety in the girl's quivering face; for she came back and whispered, "I'll run in and tell you, avourneen, how the sale of the place goes."

Angela watched the auctioneer as he walked about the farmyard, in and out of the stables and cowsheds and through the barns and haggard, inspecting his stock-in-trade of the day with a cool and calculating eye before beginning the business of selling. He was accompanied by a stranger whom Angela supposed to be his clerk or perhaps the man who held the mortgage on the farm.

After a while the auctioneer stood up on one of the chairs, which with most of the kitchen furniture—including all the crockery and china ware,—had been put out in the open on the previous evening, the better to be displayed to view. The chairs like everything else were dripping wet, and each dish and cup and saucer was filled to overflowing with the rain. Still a goodly crowd of people took their places near him as the "knight of the hammer" began the sale with a short preambulatory speech as to the many virtues and advantages of this particular piece of land and its homestead.

Angela, looking out at the melancholy scene with tear dimmed eyes, could only catch a word here and there of his speech; but presently she knew by the interested look on his hearers' faces and by the quick way he glanced from one to the other of the crowd that the bidding had begun. Other visitors to the auction were momentarily arriving, and amongst them Angela noticed a tall strange young man, a citizen apparently, since he drove on a hackney-car similar to that of the auctioneer himself.

A few moments afterwards Mrs Healy came running in to her in haste.

"Keep up your heart, darling," she said, "rain or no rain the place is sold. Five hundred pounds it's after bringing, and please God everything else will do as well. Sure maybe you'll have enough and to spare when all is over, avourneen. Now I must run off, for he's putting up the strawberry cow after he sells the calves, and I might have a chance of her."

The old lady went off breathlessly, leaving Angela to take what little comfort she could from her news. The five hundred pounds would more than pay off the mortgage, and ought she to allow the sale of the other things? It seemed so

hard to part with them, especially with the bits of furniture and the china and ornaments in which she took such loving pride. A wild idea came into her head all at once of going out bareheaded as she was, in the rain, and telling the auctioneer to stop the sale. But to be sure where would be the use, since she would no longer have any right to the house and had no other home to which she might move her treasured belongings?

She sighed heavily remembering this, and the sudden flush of hope died out of her face. She went back to the window again, and stared with miserable eyes at the groups of people outside in the rain. The strawberry cow was being offered for sale, and Angela could dimly perceive Mrs. Healy's burly figure standing anxiously near the auctioneer's elbow. The rain-drops beat incessantly against the panes, and the deluge overflowed from the shoot overhead and fell with a noisy "twinkle-twinkle" on the gravel path below. Was there ever such a day for a country auction!

Suddenly above the rhythmic beating of the falling rain-drops came a quick, imperative knocking at the door of the little house. Going forward a few steps, she bade the newcomer "come in," in a dull indifferent tone, and as she did so, a tall good-looking man stepped into the room. He had taken off his hat, from which a little stream of water ran dripping to the floor, whilst Angela peered wonderingly at him with her short-sighted blue eyes, made dimmer to-day by unshed tears.

"May I come in, Miss Quigley," he said, inquiringly, and the familiar tones, just tinged with the slightest American accent, sent the blood rushing suddenly to the girl's heart.

"Jim! Mr. Dillon," she exclaimed, in accents of wonder and joy, which carried a welcome message to her hearer's ears.

"I couldn't come a moment sooner," he was telling her as though she ought to have expected him. "I saw the death announced in the American papers, and came on by the very next mail. I didn't know anything of the trouble then. It was only at breakfast in the hotel this morning that I saw the announcement of the auction, and I came on straight-away, and was only just in time. Aren't you glad it was I who bought the place?"

"I didn't know it was you," Angela said falteringly, and hardly realizing what it meant to him. "But I am very glad. I shouldn't like it to fall into quite strange hands."

"It needn't do that, I hope," he said, looking at her in a way that brought the blood back to her pale cheeks again.

"Won't you take off your coat? You are dripping wet," she said hardly knowing what else to say, for the moment.

"Not for a couple of minutes. I came in to ask if you'd like to stop the sale of the rest of the property. I thought perhaps you might like to remain on here?"

She looked at him with eyes of almost incredulous joy.

"I don't understand,—" she began.

"Well, Angela, I thought now that *he* is gone you might have a little bit of love left for me. Is there any chance for me, dear?"

Perhaps it was the mention of her father, or perhaps it was something else, but Angela's tears suddenly overflowed and she shook with a passion of sobs.

At sight of this, Jim Dillon, dripping with rain though he was, took the girl into his arms and held her to his heart.

"There, there, little woman," he was saying tenderly, and could find nothing better to say just then.

"Oh, Jim, I have been so lonely," the girl said at last, excusing herself for her tears.

"Well, sweetheart, if you'll take me now, sure you need never be lonely any

more," he was saying, with a truly Irish brogue which sounded gladly in her ears. "I have made a bit of money, and I could keep you comfortably enough if you'll only let me; tell me, dear, before it's too late. Do you really care for me, and shall I stop the rest of the sale?"

"Jim, I have *always* cared," she cried in a passion of love and tenderness, feeling happier than she had supposed she could ever feel again.

"That's all right, then, little woman, and I'll go back to the auctioneer, and ask him to postpone the auction. He can say it's because of the weather!"

And so the rest of the sale was postponed forever as it proved, and the company dispersed sadly disappointed, and wondering not a little at the strange turn which affairs had taken. Jim Dillon had appeared so suddenly and unexpectedly on the scene that the country people hardly recognized him under his changed appearance till the sale of the farm was an accomplished fact; and only a few knowing ones amongst them thought of connecting him with the further events of the day.

Bye and bye they had all gone away except himself and Mrs. Healy, who was still aching over the loss of the strawberry cow, which had been knocked down to some other bidder while she was trying to make up her mind as to its value. The cow and the two calves, and the grey mare, and the rick of hay and a few other things had been sold, but as Mrs. Healy said, "Let all the bad luck go with them," since everything else was safe.

By Angela's invitation the good woman remained with her for the day, and with the help of the little maid-servant a savory meal was soon prepared for the hungry traveler.

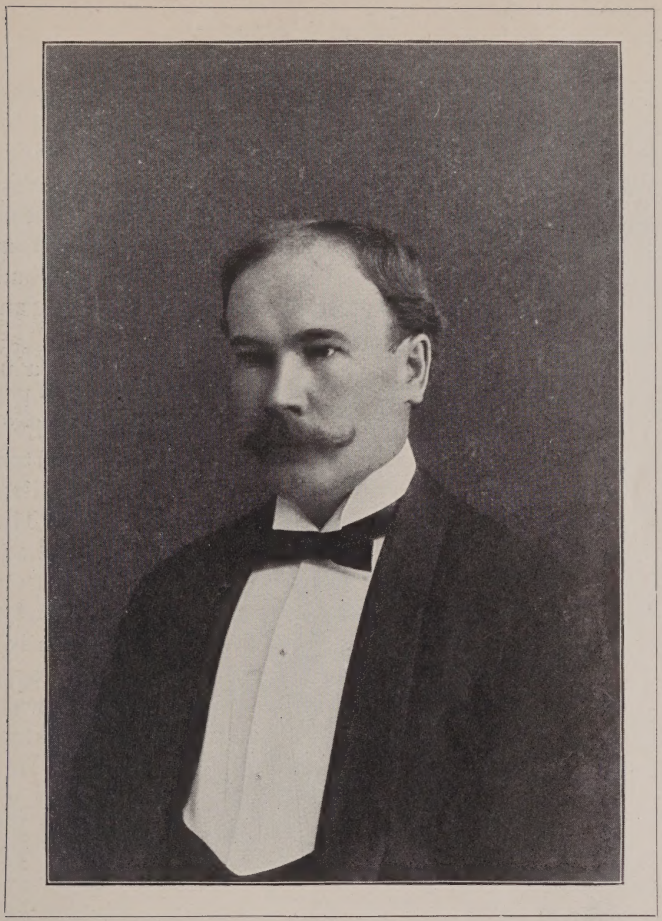
"I haven't enjoyed a meal like that since I left Ireland," he said after he had done complete justice to it. "We don't get chickens like that in the States, or bacon either."

"No, nor potatoes or cabbage like these either, I'd make bold to add," said Mrs. Healy, putting in another word for her own country.

Jim Dillon laughed. "No, I grant you," he said, "we have to come back to Ireland for most of the good things we want." His eyes rested tenderly on Angela's golden head as he spoke, and the girl blushed under his gaze. She was quite unexpectedly, almost shamefacedly, happy, and had not the guile to pretend to be otherwise.

A few weeks afterwards she and her faithful lover were married, and Jim looked as he felt, the happiest indeed of men. Mrs. Healy took the place of a mother to Angela for the time being, and chaperoned the girl with all due ceremony and a fitting sense of importance till after the wedding was accomplished, whilst her daughter Mary Anne was Angela's bridesmaid, resplendent in a pale blue cashmere dress which threw altogether in the shade the quiet gray gown of the bride.

So Angela had not to give up her old home after all. Her many treasured possessions therein were greatly augmented by the numerous wedding gifts which she and the bridegroom received, and amongst them was a handsome knitted crochet quilt from Mrs. Healy, who consoled herself latterly by thinking that "even if she had got the strawberry cow itself, she would have had to give it back to them, the cratures!"



PAUL MORTON.

PAUL MORTON.

THE NEW HEAD OF THE EQUITABLE.

BY THE REV. J. T. ROCHE.

Paul Morton was not born with a silver or a golden spoon in his mouth. His case, however, seems to be a verification of that old axiom — "Blood will tell." His father, the late J. Sterling Morton, was one of those remarkable men, which the West has produced from time to time during the last half century; and from him, and from a mother of rare loveliness of character, he inherited those qualities which seem to mark out certain men as born leaders in whatever field of human activity they engage.

His father was a man far above the common mould. Coming to Nebraska in 1854, he settled in Nebraska City, then the leading town in the newly-organized territory, and from that hour until the day of his death, he never ceased to rank amongst the foremost citizens of his adopted state. It was not wealth that made him so. He was never a wealthy

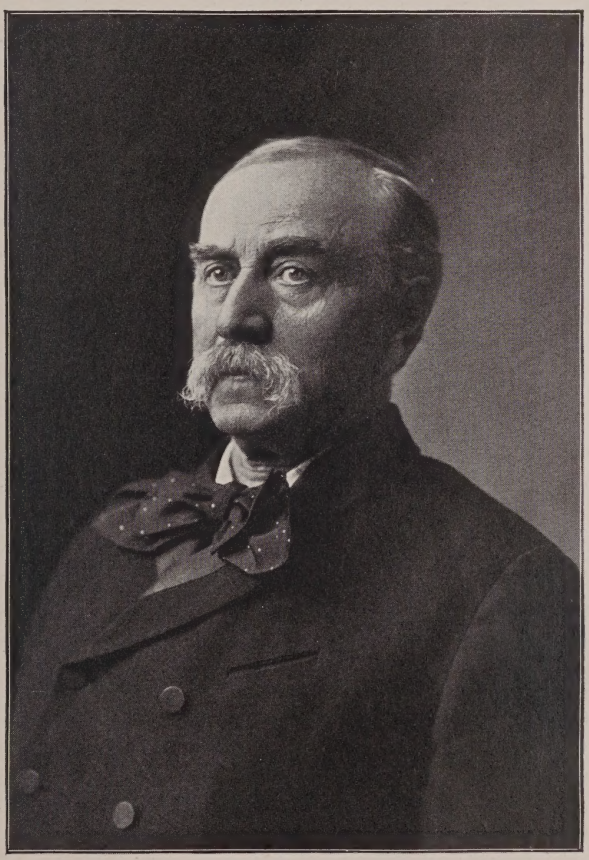
MRS. PAUL MORTON

man in the commonly accepted sense of the term. He acquired by old-fashioned methods enough of the world's goods to place him in a position of independence during his later years; but he never ceased to be an idealist, and the welfare of his fellow citizens had ever the first place in the thoughts and efforts of a busy life.

"Arbor Day," now a national institution, had its origin and inception in the old Morton homestead, "Arbor Lodge." When J. Sterling Morton and his companions crossed the Missouri, Nebraska was a treeless waste. There and then he began a propaganda having for its object the transformation of the prairies through the planting of trees. Nebraska, through its efforts in 1873, passed a law making Arbor Day a state institution. This example was soon followed by all the western states and finally by the nation at large. He was Governor

OLD ARBOR LODGE NEBRASKA CITY

of Nebraska for a brief space during territorial days. President Cleveland made him Secretary of Agriculture, and his common sense and accurate knowledge of agricultural conditions transformed the "Hayseed Bureau" into one of the most useful and important departments of governmental work.



THE LATE HON. J. STERLING MORTON, BORN 1832, DIED 1902.

President Cleveland found in him a man after his own heart, and one, like himself, ready to take his stand with a hopeless minority, rather than sanction political principles with which he had no sympathy.

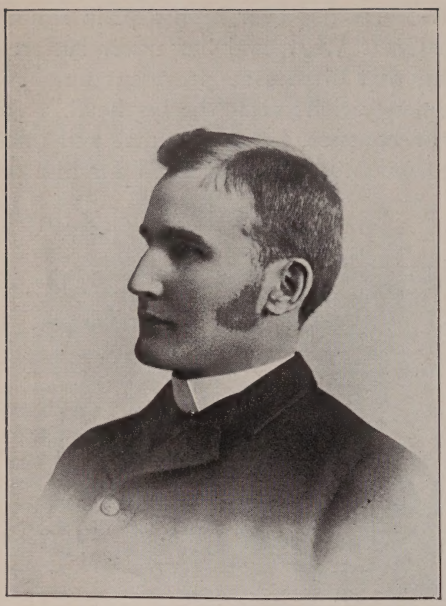
It is little wonder that the son of such a man should exhibit courage, ability, and more than ordinary force of character. Paul Morton's education was received in the hard and practical world. When a boy of sixteen, he entered the office of the Burlington Railway at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, and whatever promotion came to him came in the natural order of events. He had the brains and the necessary capacity for work, and slowly but surely worked his way to the top. He was general passenger agent of the Burlington System when he left it for the service of the Santa Fe. His personal preferences lay in the freight rather

than the passenger department of railroad service. As general traffic manager and second vice president of the Santa Fe, he found a difficult position, but one greatly to his tastes. His comprehensive knowledge of railroad matters, acquired during years of hard apprenticeship, made him a valuable acquisition at a critical time. It was henceforth business on purely business principles. Stock-jobbing and the greed of privileged interests had put the road into the hands of a receiver. Under Morton's management it paid the first honest dividends it had ever paid. He felt and believed that there was enough business along the line of the Santa Fe to make it pay, and pay well, and he showed the stockholders that honest business methods and fair dealing paid better in the long run than the looting policy of previous administrations. He was one of the first railroad men in the country to realize the importance of cultivating the good-will

MRS. WILLIAM POTTER, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. PAUL MORTON.

of the territory through which the road passed. He wanted business in his department, and he impressed upon his subordinates the importance of dealing with shippers in the spirit which made every shipper a friend of the road. Therein lay the real secret of his success. The "hold-up" policy was completely abandoned, and the "live and let live" policy inaugurated in its stead. Another element that entered into his success was the loyalty and devotion of his subordinates. He has ever been a plain son of the Great West, and has never suffered from that disease so prevalent amongst the newly rich; viz: "the big head." As a consequence, he always met and mingled with those who worked for him on terms of equality and every one of them felt that in Paul Morton they had a man who took a personal interest in their work, appreciated what they did, and one who was neither a snob or an aristocrat when his working clothes were laid

MISS PAULINE MORTON, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MR. PAUL MORTON.

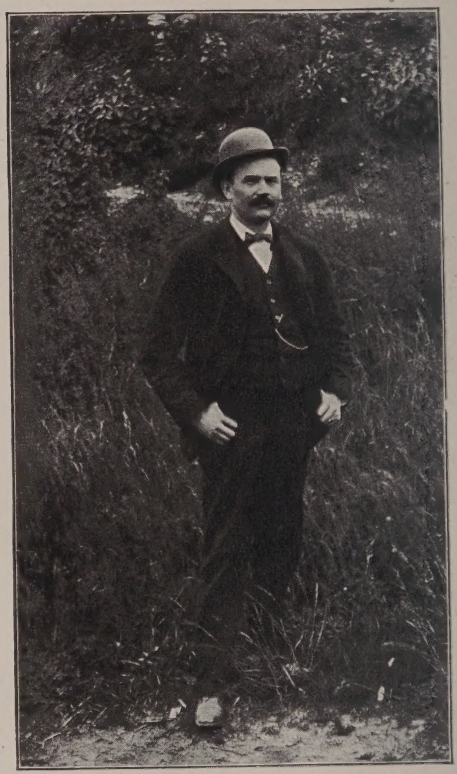


MARK MORTON, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL SALT COMPANY

aside. There has been a good deal of criticism of late of Morton's attitude on the question of rebates. In all this there is much baseless assertion and more cheap demagoguery and political claptrap. There is nothing dishonest or dishonorable in Morton's make-up. As Secretary of the Navy the beneficiaries of

CARL MORTON, BORN 1865, DIED 1901.

red-tape and routine found him open and above board and ready to fight in the open, if fight he must. He did not remain long enough in that branch of the Government service for the country's good. With Morton as Secretary of the Navy the Sampson-Schley controversy would never have been possible. The



JAY MORTON, MULTI-MILLIONAIRE—BROTHER OF PAUL MORTON—CHICAGO, ILL.

Taken at Livonia, N. Y., Salt Mine, June 17th, 1897. The background is Erie R. R. Embankment.

grannies of the navy would never have been permitted to break into print.

The Society Sailors and the Ladies' Cabinet would have found him a poor subject for their schemes and machinations. Chauncey Depew and David Bennett Hill are probably convinced by this time that the man has courage. There are other surprises in store for natives of New York, who regard the old wheel-

THE PRESENT ARBOR LODGE, NEBRASKA CITY.

horses of their state politics as an invincible phalanx in finances as in all things else.

The Equitable Insurance Company under Morton's management will be conducted on a purely business basis. The days of the grafter and of the special interests are over forever. Let me venture the prediction that under his management the Equitable will become one of the greatest institutions in the world; (i. e.) if the looting process has not already gone too far. Mr. Morton is still in the prime of life, being only forty-seven years old. He has the ability, the courage, the industry; he is capable of handling vast interests as has already been demonstrated in his management of the Santa Fe. There will be no shirking of duty and no excuse for work badly done. Failure under such leadership is almost inconceivable.

Two of Mr. Morton's three brothers have already achieved success in the business world. The death of the third in the flower of his youth was a blow from which his father never recovered. There is a story current in their home city to the effect that the father was wont from time to time to take the four boys to the grave of their mother, who died when they were mere children, and that standing there by her grave he impressed upon them the obligation of refraining from anything in their future conduct which might make their mother less proud of them if she were alive. The lesson, evidently, has never been forgotten. The Morton brothers are men of whom any American father or mother might well feel proud. They are men in whose successful and honorable careers the young men of the Great West may well find courage and inspiration. They are of that true Western type who remain unspoiled by prosperity, and who, for the love of work that is in them, are willing to work and dig and delve long after work has ceased to be a necessity; who retain to the last that democratic spirit that has made the true American loved and honored the world over.

ST. CUTHBERT.

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER XVI (Continued).

John Rollinson was picturing that scene in imagination. He saw Mollie Farrell as he had seen her twice in his life, with her heart shining out of her sombre eyes. He averted his face, that the mother might not, by any possible chance, read his expression.

"What d'ye think she said, Dr. Rollinson?" she repeated, impatiently.

"Tell me," said John Rollinson.

"'Don't be shot in the back, Dan,' said she. 'Face to the foe an' fightin' an' God'll do the rest!' What d'ye think now of a girl that id say the like of that to a lad goin' out into a strange counthry filled wid savages an' wild bastes? What now?"

John Rollinson's hands clenched tightly. His face worked. So this was Mollie Farrell's motto! Well had she applied it in her daily life—and the great Creator *had* done the rest.

"My God!" he muttered, so low that she scarcely heard him. "My God, what a girl, what a girl! Where did you get her?" he cried, turning on the astonished Mrs. Farrell. "Where did she get that nature true as steel, that strong, true heart. With a spirit like hers the Christian martyrs suffered for their faith. Can't you see the strength under all her calmness, and the depth, and the wonderful— Oh, what a girl!"

Mrs. Farrell's mouth widened, her eyes opened, her hands fell inert upon her lap. She did not know what to make of this outburst on the part of her placid, self-contained physician. He sat back in his chair, shamefaced, recalled to his senses when he saw the look of surprise on her countenance.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I could not help it. Will you continue, please, Mrs. Farrell? I am really anxious to hear the end of the story."

"He went away," continued Mrs. Farrell. She paused as if to recover the thread of the discourse which the young man had interrupted so rudely. "It's four years now, you know, an' never a sight of him have I had sence. But he writes as regular as clock work. While Mrs. Baker, Lord 'a' mercy on her, was alive, the poor lad's pay kem every month to help take care of her. I felt kind of sore about that—it seemed so hard that the boy was workin' like a nigger an' havin' nothin' for himself—but afther Mollie showed me what he was a thryin' to do, I saw he was right. Maybe, now that he's done the very best he could, the good Lord won't hold it agin him that he took away Tom Baker's life. 'Twas on'y an accident—"

Her eyes were fastened pleadingly on his face, and he could not, even if he would, resist their mute appeal.

"An accident, Mrs. Farrell. And Dan has made noble reparation. God does all for the best, remember. That unfortunate occurrence may have been the making of him."

"Ah, sure, now, it's you has always the comfortin' word, God bless you. He's been writing home all this while—the lovin'est letthers, they are, too, they'd surprise you. An' Mollie reads me thim over an' over, the beautiful letthers he does be sendin', an' the ones she writes him back again! She can put the words together you'd scarce believe it was on'y Mollie, they're that heartenin'. Every

word straight from the shoulder, as Dan says."

"I believe it," said John Rollinson. "Face to the foe and fighting, and God will do the rest." He muttered the last words under his breath.

"Yestiddy another letther kem—'twas in a strange handwritin'." She hesitated, and then placed a shaking finger on his arm. "This is the secret now, docther, an' you must never breathe a word of it to a livin' soul, but I'm that happy I must tell it to some one. Yestiddy that letter kem an' stood there on that mantelpiece waitin' for Mollie to get home, for I haven't the readin' or writin' meself, docther. I knew 'twas from Dan, though it wasn't all scrawly like Dan's fist, an' I was so keen to hear what was in it that I couldn't bide till she had her things off, but med her open it right away. The first glance she gev at it she went so white that the heart lepped up into me mouth and I screamed that me boy was dead, that he'd gone out there to die like a dog. But Mollie laughed an' I was glad an' not scared any more, for no harm id come to Dan that she could laugh at.

" 'Sure, mother dear, it's nothin' like that. Dan told you he'd come back a hero, an' he will, that's all.'

"Off came her hat, an' she set down, an' thrue as the Lord her lips were like chalk an' her hands shakin', she was so excited over the good news. But she read it to me, every word of it, an' what between laughin' an' cryin' over it meself, she had her own throubles wid me, God bless her. She does love Dan, Dr. Rollinson."

She fumbled through the great basket that lay on the broad window-sill beside her, drawing from its depths a battered envelope.

"Every word she read, every word, an' sure I learned most of it by heart, it was so fine. How Dan an' the captain were caught in a trap by them little savages that do inhabit that place, an' the captain was shot in the side, an' down he went, wid never a soul about but our Danny—or Private Phelan, as he's known by out there—an' thim black divils tearin' mad around them. Finally Dan saw his chance an' out he jumped an' away wid him, grabbin' up his captain an' runnin' like sixty! An' sure, docther, didn't he get out of it widout e'er a scratch upon him! An' they expect he'll be promoted for that same, so they do."

"As indeed he ought to be," declared John Rollinson, warmly. "That was a noble thing. But how—did Dan write to you?"

"No, docther. Dan wouldn't write a thing like that! He was so modest always, my own boy. Here's the letther—it's from a chum of his—an' you can read it for yourself."

She thrust the envelope into his hand and John Rollinson drew out the enclosure it contained, curious to know in what words were told the story of Dan Farrell's heroism. The mother settled herself back in the chair, her proud eyes fastened on his face. Gradually as he read, a perplexed line grew upon his forehead; then came complete astonishment. After which the curves of his mouth were gravely set ones, and no one could tell from his expression what his interior thoughts might be.

In a fine scholarly hand, were inscribed the following words.

"My Dear Miss Farrell:—

"Except by name, I am a perfect stranger to you. But I know that Dan has mentioned Corporal Mason in several of his letters, and you have been kind enough to send remembrances to me from your mother and yourself—welcome words to a man who is alone in the

world, and has no ties other than those his friends create for him.

"I regret that mine must be the pen to convey to you such news as I must give you now. But you will try to bear them? It is your right to know—your right to understand the present state of affairs.

"In the first place, your brother Dan, known to every one else here as Private Jerry Phelan, has been my friend, as I have been his, since he enlisted. I had not known him very long before he was good enough to trust me with his whole story. I have noticed with what eagerness he has tried to do his duty, though I am only a grade higher than himself.

"Was he born under an unlucky star? For a long time things went swimmingly, and it seemed as if Dan were on his way to promotion. About six months ago, however, the trouble commenced. Our captain went home on indefinite sick leave, and our acting captain took a great dislike to Private Phelan. His name is Blake, and by some unfortunate chance he had known him as Dan Farrell in New York City. Dan is quick-tempered — I cannot explain how things have been going, but they are looking black, very black at present.

"Do not think I am trying to alarm you needlessly. Everything—even the most trivial—seems to add fuel to the flames. Dan is full of enthusiastic patriotism. In another company he could reach his level, he could advance. He has become a fine soldier among soldiers yet there are men here who are only too glad to urge him on to dissipation. Since you wrote him that the necessity of sending money home has been obviated by Mrs. Baker's death, it seems that having more to spend each month has brought him into a rougher set. My dear Miss Farrell, drink was his curse once, it may be his ruin.

"He is not altogether to blame, really. There are a half-dozen of our fellows who ought to be drummed out of the army because of the example they give just such reckless chaps as Dan is now. What will be the outcome? Some day, with a little too much liquor in him there will be angry words, a blow, maybe, or desertion. There will be no end then but disgrace, and a disgraced soldier is a burden to himself and to all the world.

"I should not write these words to you. I will not conceal the fact that I was tempted to write them anonymously, but such a course would be that of a coward, and I hope I am not a coward. I know this information will almost break your heart, but if you have any friends of influence, get them to have Dan exchanged—that is the only thing you can do for him. Misunderstanding and petty fault-finding are driving him to desperation. I like Dan. I respect him, because he has tried to atone for the past. But above all, I respect and honor that sister of his to whom I am addressing myself now, who has made a man of the lad and to whom I bow my head in reverence. God bless you, Miss Farrell, and God bless America, our own America, that has given birth to daughters such as you.

"I dare not read these words again, lest I regret penning them and destroy them—destroying, perhaps, Dan's hope for the future. Forgive me, Miss Farrell, and God help you to help your brother.

"Sincerely,
"Gilbert Mason."

John Rollinson read it through to the very last line, leaning back then with a long sigh, and shutting his eyes. He was stunned. For he read between the lines; he grasped the bickerings and the weak-

ness that were driving Dan Farrell to his ruin; he felt the despair that was Dan Farrell's portion. And Mollie—

Mrs. Farrell waited for him to speak. Her face was flushed, her lips trembling, her eyes moist. But when he remained in the same position, not uttering a word, she stirred impatiently, and touched his arm.

"Now! What d'ye think o' that?" she asked.

He moved his arm away, unclosed his eyes, stared at the floor, and said nothing.

"Dr. Rollinson!" she began, this time in much perplexity.

"Think? Oh, yes—I was thinking," he said, vaguely. He roused himself and passed his hand across his forehead. "It is one of the finest stories I ever read," he said, then, "and to know that it is true, all true!" A curious expression came into his eyes. "And Dan was able to do it because you, his mother, were praying for him! That is the most wonderful part of all."

"Where does it say that? Show me. Sure Mollie never read that to me at all, at all, an' she was that confused, the poor child, she didn't read it the same way twice. I always had hopes for Mollie, she loved Dan so much. Just show me the line that's on, docther. Put your finger on it, so that I can mek believe I spelled it out meself, an' when Mollie—"

"No, no, no!" cried John Rollinson, hastily. "You must promise me one thing—give me your word that you will not breathe that I saw the letter—"

"Good lands, it isn't crazy I am! 'Twas her last words to me this morning—she kem back twice—to tell me not to show it. But you've been so fond of my Dan an' such a friend to him whin he was in throuble I think it id be downright cruelty not to let you hear the good as well as the bad. Otherwise, I'd not dare go agin Mollie."

"That's right, Mrs. Farrell, and I'll tell you why. Maybe, if that were found out before Dan's promotion—and he's sure to be promoted now — it would work against him. They're sticklers about such matters at Washington, and one can't tell how things get around. It would be a pity to spoil Jerry Phelan's chances."

"Now, d'ye know, I never thought of that! It's the long head ye have, docther dear, and the good heart, too."

"It was Mollie thought of it first, not I. Be sure you don't let any one see it." He rose as he spoke—but she looked up at him pleadingly.

"Show me that, docther," she said in a trembling voice.

With an inward protest against this deception, the young man took her shaking hand in his, very gently and tenderly, and placed her forefinger on one of the lines at the bottom of the page. She peered at it, her lips quivering—then she carried the paper swiftly to her lips.

"My Dan—my own laddie! But 'tis your mother's prayers'll carry you to the Lord every day of your life, heart of my heart," she murmured, brokenly.

John Rollinson's eyes grew dim. Before this blind mother-trust, this wonderful mother-love, all distinctions faded. The old face wore a holy light; the pale blue eyes partook of heaven's own radiance. He felt how powerful with God must be the prayers of this one tried and suffering soul. And with this feeling of reverence for Mrs. Farrell's boundless affection came a sadder thought. Was his own mother praying for her boy? Where in God's name was she? And if death had not claimed her—

But he could not think of her sad, forsaken, poor, friendless, alone. To do so would render him almost desperate.

"Wherever she went or whatever she did, her heart broke the night she left us!" Oh, bitter, bitter words! Oh, bitter, bitter thought! He moved restlessly.

"I must go out of town to-morrow," he said, "to be away perhaps a week. I want to leave you some powders in case you have an attack of your heart trouble while I'm gone—this excitement may hurt you, you know. I shall prepare them myself. Tell Mollie to come to see me this evening, will you? If you notice any bad symptoms before I get back send for Dr. Kortright—I'll give Mollie his address. Tell her she must not fail me; that I *must* see her. You understand?"

She nodded. He left her, turning at the door to see her clasping the letter to her heart, rocking to and fro, a little smile on her happy face. She had forgotten him. She was with Dan, her boy, her hero, her darling. Her lips moved. She was praying for Dan; her beloved. She was petitioning God's favor for him, for her son who would always be the idol of her heart, her baby, her cherished one. A thrill shook John Rollinson from head to foot. His fingers trembled on the knob. He wanted to go to her then, to tear the veil from her eyes, to show her Mollie.

"Give her your love, give her your worship, mother-heart!" he cried mentally. "Oh, look at the soul of her, the bravery of her! Give her but half the love you give to Dan and soften her proud spirit with its unction. Give her the faith, the love you give to one who is not worthy."

Not worthy? He bowed his head, closed the door behind him, went softly down the stairs. Dare he judge? Was not judgment in God's hands? Not worthy! Dare his human littleness reach out to pass condemnation with those disparaging words.

"If he be not worthy, make him worthy, Lord!" he prayed, rising to the sublimity of the thought. "Make him worthy—for his mother's sake. And for hers, for Mollie's." His whole soul seemed to expand. In that instant he saw the meaning of it all, in that instant he knew himself. The moment of revelation had come. "For Mollie's sake," he said, "for the sake of the girl I love."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PREVIOUS EVENING.

It would be well, perhaps, to go back to the previous evening, and to the girl who faced, so suddenly and so tragically, what was, in actual fact, the most bitter moment she had ever known. Modest as was her nature, she had cherished, of recent years, a secret pride in her brother Dan, whom she had pictured striving bravely to do his duty, suffering his banishment from those he loved as an expiation. This revelation of Corporal Mason's was worse than the news of Tom Baker's death. At that time Mollie had but anticipated physical danger—the possible destruction of life. Her feelings, refined now by increase of age and knowledge, endured the more exquisite torture. The first impulse was to keep the frightful story from her mother's ears—which resulted in the heroic substitution of Dan's great deed. Then was agony upon agony piled. For the next hour she was forced to listen to that mother's enraptured tones, as they dwelt on Dan, his traits, his perfections, his heroism. The poor girl walked the room, her hands clasped behind her. The mother, fortunately, thought her restless because she could not control her delight at the achievement of the brother she loved, while Mollie knew that action was her only safeguard. She dared not sit

still. The heart within her, which she had deemed, but a few short months ago, so perfectly under her control, a machine to be guided by her will, protested once more against the iron hand that forced emotion down.

Fighting her desperate fear, she went to the window, and laid her cheek close against the cold glass. The heavens above were so blue, the stars so bright—and yet they seemed so far away! She turned her eyes to that vault of velvet.

"God help me," she mutely prayed, "God help me."

Her mother broke in with a delighted little laugh, calling to her.

"It's wishin' ye are that ye were away wid Dan now, isn't it, acushla?" she said. "Wouldn't it be the grand thing if we could but walk in on him wherever he is this very hour, and say not a word at all but just hug him tight? He's been gone such a long while, Mollie, an' I'm gettin' so old. Seems to me as if these arms o' mine 'll never go round him in this life again."

"Indeed they will, mother," said Mollie; "we'll have many happy days together yet, please God. He'll have his leave next year he told us—next summer. Think of it!" And then she continued in a lower voice: "But I do wish we were with him now, mother—oh, I do so wish we were with him now."

She could not keep the pain and the longing from the tones that vibrated through the room. The passionate love for that brother, which had seemed to be growing lukewarm, sprang up anew now that she had cause to fear for him—for his honor and his life. Of what use had it been to send him forth, face to the foe and fighting with God to do the rest? Of what use? The nails sank into her palms. "Don't be shot in the back, Dan," she had said—and now worse was to befall.

"Won't you go to bed, mother?" she asked, and her voice was gentle. "I'm afraid this excitement will hurt you."

"Hurt me? Hurt me, is it? Why, child, I could sit up forever, I'm that happy! 'Tain't such news as kem this day id hurt me. I'm well, dear, I tell you, I'm well. I'll never be sick again, nor heartsore for my little lad, Mollie, never, never."

To prove it she burst into tears, sobbing bitterly, so that Mollie had to soothe her with comforting words and tender touches and praise of Dan. And then, after much persuasion and coaxing, she agreed to go to bed, and took the medicine the girl prepared for her. In a very short while she was wrapped in peaceful slumber.

Her daughter walked softly into the parlor, and shut the door behind her.

So many things had happened to her in this room! Here she had listened to the story of Tom Baker's murder; in this room the officers of the law had torn her brother from her clinging hands; in this room she had faced John Rollinson and made him comprehend the depths of her untrained nature; from this room she had sent her brother forth to redeem himself; in this room John Rollinson had found the heart of the child guarded by the knowledge of the woman—it had witnessed Mollie Farrell's evolution, this room—it bore, in every line of its simple furnishings, a trace of Mollie Farrell's soul. To it she came now, mute room, plain room, beloved room. With a sob of relief that seemed to rend her heart in two she knew that she was alone in it, with it. As if all power left her limbs she dropped to the floor and crouched there. Only for an instant—the next she was on her feet again. The weight of her hair annoyed her, and she tore the pins from it roughly. Her nature was so primitive that only rough action could express the torrent of emotion that swept over her. She looked

like some poor, mad, hunted thing, with that light in her eyes, and those strong teeth sunk savagely into her under-lip, drawing the blood. Dan, Dan, Dan! Dan an outcast! Dan a traitor! Dan, her brother . . . her brother . . . her brother . . . And for this she had sent him away with the injunction, "Face to the foe and fighting and God will do the rest!"

"God will do the rest!"

Surely God would—Why not trust Him? Her two arms went above her head until the hands met, clasped, clung together. Once more she slid down, but to her knees this time, her thin hands clinging to the panel of the door—against which her shaking form was leaning, her face raised.

"That is it!" she whispered, and the words hurt her aching throat. "God will do the rest! . . . O God, my God, surely I have asked little in my lonely life? You were with me, my dear Lord, and I resigned myself to lack of love and tenderness. Be good to me! Strip me of everything—afflict me—torture me; lay bare my very soul to the gibes of men, give me pain, great pain, anguish of spirit, but pity me. What You send I shall endure, and kiss the chastening rod. But save Dan! Only You can do this—only You. Help me, my God, help me."

As if in answer to that sobbing prayer a great peace fell upon her; a marvelous peace. She did not know whence it came or how. The loving ear of God, ever at His creatures' lips to catch the word of pleading, heard this appeal. She lowered her arms and sat silent, with half-closed eyes and face out of which all pain had faded.

In infancy we learn to prattle our mother-tongue. Our school-books teach us words and phrases that mean little to our awakening perceptions. We pray in the very presence of God Himself, the sentences flowing easily and glibly from our lips. We express, in face and bearing, every emotion that we are given the talent to portray, and follow up this portrayal with words, words, words.

And yet until its meaning has been brought home to us by the pain or longing of our hearts, our language is as a sealed book. We know it and we do not know it. Only the agony of such moments as Mollie Farrell was experiencing now can teach us the full, the awful, the wonderful, the powerful significance of just that one phrase:

"O God! Help me!"

* * * * *

It was dark—dark as pitch—and the air was heavy with the languorous odor of many flowers. The intense green of grass and trees was a blur, the vivid colors of day all one in the sombre night. Not a sound was heard save the sentries' calls as they paced their rounds. There was unusual carefulness and vigilance, for word had come that an uprising had been planned, and that the insurgents would seek to attack the city at midnight. Out in the darkness, entrenchments and groves were filled with fighting men, houses were fortified, bands of sharpshooters crouched in the dense, high grass, and under the scarlet bushes where sun-bird and dove preened shining plumage in the glowing noon were men, waiting, with slanting rifle-barrels. Waiting; that was all.

From the ballroom of the hotel came slow strains of music, to which men and women were dancing. There was a fascination in the scene, evidently, to one poor lad in khaki, who crawled up close to the veranda, wide and low, that ran around the entire building. He watched with intent eyes the gay faces inside the brilliantly-lighted room—the wives and sweethearts and sisters of the American soldiers mixing with the beautiful mes-

tizo natives, the few civilians and courteous officers—the last present more as a blind than anything else, for the day had been one of alarms, and not a man of them but was anxious to be out with the rest. The punkahs were going rapidly, the servants moving hither and thither with cooling drinks. Low laughter came drifting out into the quiet night, and once a splendid baritone took up a line of the song the band was playing for a waltz.

The young soldier in khaki crouched lower and lower. How fair and how beautiful his country-women looked—he had a sister who was one with them in feeling and in patriotism. He dared not think of that sister now—he put her away from him, for he was taking his last glance at civilization. Jerry Phelan was on the verge. Worse things than desertion tempted him.

"To-morrow the bolomen and the nipa shacks," he said, between his set teeth. Then, with a bitter laugh: "I'll improve my knowledge of the Tagalog tongue."

A man stopped at the window near him—a handsome, imperious-looking fellow. His pleasant laugh reached the ears of the lad outside. A bitter imprecation fell from his lips. Earlier in the day he had heard that pleasant laugh—it had been an insult to him before all the men of his company. The feelings it had aroused then sprang up with renewed force.

"Curse you!" he said, "it's all your fault. Only for you I'd be a good man and a good soldier; only for you I might have gained respect. Curse you—may my life and my death curse you!"

He turned and went away from the sight of the one he hated and who hated him. He knew where the Filipinos waited. To-night he trod the earth with claim to a shred of honor. To-morrow he would be deserter, traitor, renegade.

"How can I help this?" he said. "What other way is open? One man's blood against me—one man's life hounding me. My hands are red, and nothing can ever cleanse them. Before long there would be two—"

He paused. His eyes began to shine. *"Why not?"* he whispered. "Why not? As well the game as the name. He would be a lucky loss to the boys, to the regiment, while I—I should get square! Why not?"

He stood irresolute, glaring down the path that led away from truth and honor and all good—the path he meant to tread that night. Ten minutes' brisk walking would decide his future. There it lay—a straight path and no questions asked—nothing to stop him but the hatred in his heart. And as the devil put this thought into his rioting brain, all the undisciplined passion of other days rose in a mad rush of fury, as the devil showed him how easily he could accomplish it. He thrust his cap away from his eyes and laughed—yes, laughed in a way to chill the blood. He was fascinated by this daring evil, which required but a little patience, a little quiet manœuvring. He knew the spot his captain would pass that night. A stab in the back, quick, true—and all would be over. The crime might never be traced to him, for who more silent or more treacherous than the dusky little men out yonder behind their entrenchments?

He threw back his shoulders resolutely, and his face was brutal. He had made up his mind. Down the path he swung with steady step. And then he paused.

Why?

Before him, on the ground, shone a little circle of light, no larger than an orange.

It attracted his attention, it arrested his steps. He bent forward, wondering, his eyes straining. But he saw nothing

save that small circle of light, no larger than an orange. He stepped lightly, curious to see this phenomenon. He took one stride forward—a second, a third—no more.

And the circle of light grew until it seemed to fill the dark path with radiance—a living flame, through which he could not have penetrated if he would. He shut his eyes, thinking it but the vision of a disturbed brain. He opened them again, to gaze, awestruck. Within that circle there was something that seemed familiar, and he bent forward. Slowly out of the heart of it there grew a face, a thin face, with a mass of dark hair falling about it, with dark eyes fastened upon him, with lips moving piteously. He heard nothing. But he who heeded no friend, dreaded no foe, mocked at conscience, stood frightened at this fantasy of his own disordered thoughts.

"Mollie!" he said, thickly; "what are you doing here?"

He strained his ears—surely those lips would speak to him!

"Mollie," he said, again, and his voice shook, "my dear sister!"

Those eyes were fastened on him—those pleading, loving eyes!

"Mollie," he whispered, sobbing, "I won't—I swear I will not, Mollie."

The vision grew dim and faint—it faded altogether. By and by some one came along the path, stumbling against him. It was Corporal Mason, who, fearing the very worst because of Jerry Phelan's long absence, had come out, at the first opportunity to search for him. He put his arm affectionately about the younger man's shoulders.

"This is no place for you, old chap," he said; "you'll get the fever sure—or have a black monkey run up behind you in the dark and stick a knife in you. Come on—let's get back—we'll have a game—"

But Jerry Phelan reeled against him.

"Face to the foe and fighting and God will do the rest," he muttered hoarsely. "That's what she said. Well, let God do it, then—let Him do it. Take me away, Mason, take me away. I've seen Mollie."

And Private Phelan tumbled, like one stricken, into his comrade's arms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAC SELLECK GIVES ADVICE.

"I say John."

"Yes?"

"You've heard that story of the fellow who declared he'd be awfully lonesome if he hadn't himself to keep himself company?"

John Rollinson looked at his friend with interest.

"That's on me, I suppose, because I'm not talking to you."

"Not talking to me—*not talking to me!* You've just subsided."

"Well, then, what do you want?"

"Permit me to get a word in between the thinks."

"Go ahead—what can *you* have to say of any importance?"

"I'm sure I don't know what to say to a man in love."

"At last?" exclaimed John Rollinson. "You're in love at last, Mac?"

Mac groaned.

"Wipe off your spectacles," he said, "and look at me. In love? I? Can I ever fall in love? Alas, alas, marriages are *not* made in heaven."

This time John Rollinson looked disgusted.

"Cheek!" he said. "But I might expect it."

"Laugh at me—laugh at me," complained Mac, "I'm serious."

"You promised me you'd become a Catholic if ever you turned serious," reflected John Rollinson.

"Serious or sick, I said."

"Well, serious or sick then."

Mac chuckled.

"Souled and healed while you wait by Father Laurence and John Rollinson. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed."

"May I remark that your joking spirit occasions me many misgivings?"

"Yes, you may—but it won't help you any—for I'm serious, I tell you."

"In spite of myself I believe you are," said John Rollinson, looking at him keenly. He knew that even with the light word upon his lips there were times when grave thoughtfulness looked out of Mac Selleck's eyes. This gravity was in them now, and it caught John Rollinson's attention.

"I believe you are," he repeated. "Forgive me, Mac, for not noticing it before. What's the trouble?"

He sat down. He had been walking the floor talking to Selleck between intervals of utter silence; not talking to him, but at him, rather, planning a course of action for himself, showing how he could befriend Dan Farrell and how imperative were the reasons that he should befriend him. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of the day on which he had seen Dan's mother. Already he had cabled a guarded message to Captain Blake at Luzon, and the letter was written and dispatched that would set the machinery at Washington in motion to secure the exchange of the unfortunate lad—for John Rollinson had friends in high places and asked few favors. His first act after leaving Mrs. Farrell was to look up Dan's regiment; he discovered, then, that the captain of Company F was a man he had known very well several years, who would not hesitate to grant him anything in his power. And in order fully to accomplish his desires he intended setting out for Washington the following morning. So that his earnestness was not feigned, as could be seen.

Now he sat staring at the floor, frowning a little, with Selleck's eyes fixed upon him curiously. The sentence with which he broke in on John Rollinson's reverie was more an assertion than an inquiry.

"Don't you think, John," he asked slowly, "that history repeats itself?"

"What do you mean?"

Mac shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't you guess?"

"About Dan Farrell, I suppose. You would let matters take their course—imagine me foolish to interfere, and all that?"

Mac, lying back so carelessly in his friend's most comfortable chair, looked the incarnation of laziness.

"Perhaps I mean that—perhaps I don't. *Is* it possible you do not comprehend me?"

Rollinson prepared for an argument immediately.

"No riddles," he said; "what do you mean?"

"I have discovered two things—your secret and my own idiocy. I have been with you day after day, watched you, know you as well as I do my brother Gregory—better. And yet you had to take an evident fact and deliberately shove it down my throat, slap me in the face with it, as it were, before I so much as suspected it."

"Mac—"

"Tut, tut, old man, I tell you I *know*. For whose benefit are you doing this? Mrs. Farrell's? A good enough old soul, I grant you, according to what you tell me, but blind as a bat where that daughter of hers is concerned. Own up. Are you doing this for Mrs. Farrell?"

"No," said John Rollinson.

"Admission No. 1. I thought you weren't. Now comes Dan Farrell. What do you care about Dan Farrell? Nothing desirable, is he? He's a rough—well!" as John Rollinson put up his hand with a hasty exclamation. "He

would have been, only for his sister. Again the girl in the case. You know the French of it—*cherchez la femme.* And that same Dan Farrell struck down a man in his drunken anger, committing what the world calls crime, what the law calls murder. Confess again. What do you care for Dan Farrell?"

"Nothing," said John Rollinson.

"Admission No. 2. For Mrs. Farrell the philanthropic young physician may have sympathy. For the unfortunate Daniel a tinge of pity. But for Miss Farrell—"

John Rollinson said no word, though his eyes were sparkling.

"For Miss Farrell," continued Mac Selleck, with an imperturbability which showed that in his way he was taking keen enjoyment in this dissection of his friend, "he has neither sympathy nor pity. It is something else. Something higher and nobler, he would tell you. Something that enters a man's life just once in all the years he lives. Something that makes the heaviest burdens trifles light as air. Haven't I heard this lover-cant before?" He had spoken almost mockingly—now he leaned over with sudden earnestness: "John, trust me; John, old man, am I right?"

There was nothing but the sincerity of an honest comrade in the glance he brought to bear on the handsome face so close to his; nothing but the truest friendship in the clasp of the hand he extended. Rollinson met that clasp half-way, and answered his gaze with one as truthful and sincere.

"Yes, you are right," he said, simply. "How did you guess it?"

"Any one would *know* it who has been listening to you the last hour. Are you aware that you have walked up and down this floor since I came, talking of the Farrell family?"

"Well, Mac, I—"

"Especially Miss Farrell. What she is, what she isn't. Her character, her self-sacrifice, her strength—"

"I give in," said John Rollinson, with flushing face; "I give in. That's what I've been doing."

"You're no different to the others," said Mac Selleck. "And now what does the young lady think of you?"

"I don't know," said John Rollinson. "I don't imagine she ever thinks of me. But she *shall!* Mac, she shall like me—I'll force her to like me." He sprang to his feet. "Don't bring up the possibility. There was something in her face that night—the night I saw her at Mrs. Baker's— Why did I not tell her then, then, when she was in such a softened mood—she would have listened—"

"Ye gods of ancient Rome! Ye little fishes of Rhode Island!" groaned Mac, with touching pathos. "That I should sit here—I, Mac Selleck, and listen to the moonstruck ravings of stony-hearted John Rollinson. John Rollinson! Over a poor, insignificant, black-eyed daughter of poverty!"

"Give it to me straight!" said John Rollinson, smiling. "I'll have to stand it—and much more than that to win my poor, insignificant, black-eyed daughter of poverty. What in the world will she say to me?" He threw back his head with an exultant laugh. "How those black eyes will flare—and how she will set her little mouth! I have never seen a face that could express such defiance—"

"Defiance? That was before she knew such good fortune was in store for her. Oh, it's all very well to pretend to me and to yourself, and to the whole world, if you like, that she won't consider the material benefits attached—"

The light died out of John Rollinson's eyes. He put up his hand with a commanding gesture.

"Stop," he said, quietly; "don't talk so—you are a stranger to the girl."

"But look at the husband you will make! Handsome and healthy, strong and young, of a fine family, good connections, enough money to allow her to do just as she pleases—more pin money in a month than she'd ever see in her whole life." Selleck smiled scornfully. "And you think she'd turn you down? Well, I say—*not!*"

He swung one knee over the other, bringing his hand heavily on the arm of his chair, looking straight into John Rollinson's disturbed face.

"Forgive me—I am speaking for your good. Man alive, the elements don't mix. You'll be disappointed, unhappy. You'll be miserable. I can't understand how a sensible fellow like you can consider such a marriage. Supposing she is noble and self-sacrificing. Supposing she is loving and non-mercenary—what will such an alliance mean? Think it over."

Very quietly John Rollinson sat back in his chair and turned impassive countenance toward his friend.

"Go on," he said, "you haven't finished yet, Mac."

"You know what I mean," said Mac, gravely. "You know what a set ours is. We have our own tastes, our own ideas. The women she would meet as your wife are not of her kind—contrast her with any one of them—with Edith, with Miss Cairns—and they could make her mighty miserable. They would, too. Mark my words, they'd embitter her whole existence. And her people, John! Forcing the sister of a vulgar murderer on your class, the refined class in which you move! Imagine your children having a murderer for an uncle—Uncle Dan, the murderer!"

John Rollinson's lips twisted oddly. He moistened them with his tongue.

"Perhaps you have read," he began, in a well-controlled voice—"you quote enough to lead me to suppose you a reader—of that man who told his sweetheart that he was poor, of humble birth, and that one of his relatives was hanged? To which she replied that she, too, was poor, of humble birth—and while none of her relatives had been hanged several among them deserved to be."

And this he said to conquer the rising anger in his heart.

"For God's sake, John," said Mac Selleck, "I am in no mood to jest."

"In no mood to jest?" repeated John Rollinson, in that cold, low voice. "I am? Go on—if you have any more to say."

Mac, the self-contained, had lost his head. His face was flushed.

"Her brother a murderer, uneducated, unrefined," hotly; "her mother unlettered, uncouth, vulgar, low-born; the girl—"

"Mac!" said John Rollinson, and the veins stood out like cords in his forehead, "wait now. I—I can't quarrel with you, old chap, I can't, although you've cut me to the heart. I am afraid. But why? Because of our set? No, indeed—but of what the sneers of others—of men like you, gentle, honest men like you, Mac, my dear, dear friend, might mean to her sensitive soul. Granted, for argument's sake, that she is not the equal of 'our set,' as you call it, though God knows it has never been my set. Granted that her people are vulgar; that her brother is a murderer; that her days belong to a man who pays her so much an hour for the labor of her head and hands. Granted, granted all that! But I tell you that even the murderer you scorn has a whiter soul, maybe, than many who sit this day in high places. Remember that the beggar who crouched at Dives' gate rested rich in supreme reward! Put yourself in my place, Mac—by heaven, you shall, if words can get you there. Put the unfortunate fellow Dan out of the question—what is he to

me? Think of a little passion-flower, poorly nourished, reaching blindly for the sun, hungering for its warmth and its light, battling in its own piteous way through dark clouds of misunderstanding, and the white soul shining underneath, pure as an angel's. Ah, 'what do I care if your star is a world—mine has opened its heart to me, therefore, I love it.' "

He did not take his intent gaze from Mac Selleck's face.

"And you? You saw these struggles, and some blindness kept you from recognizing them. You extended a helping hand, a thoughtless hand. Then suddenly your eyes were opened—opened wide. And just as you had grasped the meaning of it, *I* came to *you* and told you to beware of human respect. *Human respect!* God, what crimes are committed in that empty name! Thank heaven, we Catholics are taught to despise it in the sense in which you apply it now. And because this flower was not clad in the purple and fine linen of 'our set' I bade you cast it aside—and your happiness with it! What would you say to *me?*"

In that speech Mac Selleck learned the depth of John Rollinson's regard for him. The flashing eyes, the distended nostrils, the quivering breath, showed what restraint he put upon himself in order to answer this friend reasonably, and with courteous words.

"And this—is love?" asked Mac, involuntarily.

"Love?" John Rollinson shook his head. "Not what 'our set' would call love. We know the term and what the term implies; we have found no other name to give it—or perhaps the name we ought to give it would be too strong for the refined ears of 'our set.' The love that is true so far transcends ourselves as to lift us to the height of heaven. I would rather love this girl without a single word of kindness from her lips, than be the recipient of all the tenderness another woman could bestow on me."

Never, in all his life, had Mac seen him so stirred. He had told John Rollinson often that he knew him better than he knew himself; he realized now that under this placid exterior were depths of feeling he could never fathom. But not even this realization caused him to hesitate. He had something more to say, something cruel, and he would say it. From man to man he would say it, and let the consequences rest between them.

"There is another reason and one over which I shall not have to waste words," he said, doggedly. "Have you forgotten that history repeats itself?"

"Ah!" said John Rollinson, and the light went out of his face.

"You had forgotten? You think this love will never die? Supposing it does? Supposing you teach her to love you as —as your father was loved. And then you grew—tired. Have you any assurance to the contrary? And what will her life be then? What your mother's was."

"Mac!" he exclaimed.

Mac stirred restlessly and turned his face away. The note in his friend's voice hurt him. So silence fell—a silence that lasted a long, long while. John Rollinson sighed.

"Oh!" he said, then, in a shaken tone, "I am indeed afraid. I had forgotten the mission my father bequeathed me. I have been living this day in a foolish dream of paradise. Is it not odd that my father's fortune should be mine?" He drew himself erect. "These are my people, Mac—my mother was of them. Perhaps that accounts for the plebeian strain you deplore."

He smiled, and Mac understood the effort it cost him to appear light-hearted.

"You have placed a curious problem before me," he went on; "I shall be wise and circumspect—I shall be cool and calm. I am not like my father. I have not been brought up to indulge in every freak of fancy. My life has consisted of something more than the gratifying of every whim. And of one thing rest assured—a thing of which I am as positive as that there is a heaven above me. My love for her is second only to my love for God; if I do not marry Mollie Farrell I shall marry no other woman."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CIRCUMSPECTNESS OF JOHN ROLLINSON.

And what of Mollie Farrell?

To the sudden peace that calmed her spirit that night—the God-sent peace that saved her reason—had succeeded a dull aching of heart and head. What was she to do? Dan's fate rested in her helpless hands—Dan's fate! To whom could she turn? To whom could she tell that story with hope of assistance?

Her love for Dan was an idealized affection—an affection altogether separate from the worthiness or unworthiness of its object. She was not the untaught girl who had given Dan the absolute fidelity of her childhood. She looked at life with sadder eyes—and therefore more comprehensive ones. Dan stood out boldly from a dreamy past: his love seemed to have been a great blessing, for which she had never been sufficiently grateful.

Poor Mollie! There was disillusionment still in store for her. She measured her brother's nature by her own; her soul was broadening year by year, and year by year she set Dan's standard higher, wilfully deceiving herself—as so many of us do in regard to those we love. Had she seen him daily she could not have given him this blind affection. But he was far away and the love remained and she spent the wealth of her heart upon it. He had always loved her, been guided by her. She told herself that if she could reach him he would still love, would still be guided in the old-time way.

She turned over and over in her mind every possible source of help. She had no friends of influence. There was Mr. Selleck. But Mr. Selleck might tell his daughter. She shuddered, with an aversion that was almost sickness, from being still farther an object of idle comment or of curiosity to the proud and scornful Edith. Supposing that she risked all this, made the supreme sacrifice of telling him—and that then he could do nothing!

There was Harold Seymour. More than once that day she found herself looking at the kind face of the man whom she knew entertained more than a passing friendship for her. He would strain every nerve to do anything she asked. But how bring herself to uncover that sad past, reveal Dan's wretched story to—a stranger? He could never be anything but a stranger, unless, out of gratitude, she— But no. It would not be just to him to take all and give nothing . . . she did not love Harold Seymour.

There was John Rollinson. Her face crimsoned. How much she owed him! How deeply she was in his debt! For Dan's sake, first and foremost—and then for the high ambitions he had been the means of rousing in her childish heart. There was still another reason—but trust Mollie Farrell not to put into words the feeling she dared not entertain. She had fought that out long months ago—fought it, cast it behind her. Yet it was because of this very reason, this unconfessed reason, that she thrust aside the idea of his help almost as soon as it had formed in her mind.

So the day, the long and bitter day, passed into its gray and bitter twilight.

"To-morrow," she told herself, as she walked homeward, her form drooping, her head bent, and the shadows under her deep eyes making her appear ill and worn, "to-morrow surely it will not hurt me so. And then I shall be able to tell Mrs. Warden, and she will advise me what to do. She will go to Mr. Selleck for me—she is so kind, so generous. It must be Mr. Selleck—I *know* it must be Mr. Selleck! After all," and her breath caught in a little sob; "what does it matter about me if—if—I can help? It is for Dan."

Her mother, happy, gay as a child, gave her John Rollinson's message. It was the first time he had ever left a message of that sort, and a cold chill of fear went through her body. Going away! He was going away! And if Mr. Selleck could do nothing! John Rollinson out of reach, and Dan, her brother Dan, left to his ruin. Oh, but Mr. Selleck surely could do something! Mr. Selleck could! She must not tell John Rollinson—she dared not tell John Rollinson this—she dared ask him nothing more.

Her brain whirled—she knew she had reached the limit of endurance then, for she was fighting herself; she knew it when that one resolve came back with overpowering force as she turned her face toward John Rollinson's dwelling. No matter what happened she could not speak of this to him—and yet, and yet, supposing there were no one else? She began to tremble with nervousness at the thought of seeing him at all. Perhaps he would not be at home! Perhaps he would leave the powders—what more likely? This hope strengthened her trembling limbs. She waited a few moments in the vestibule of the house, straightening her thin figure bravely. She rubbed her lips—fearing that the lines about them would never be smoothed away, and she tried to smile in the darkness, that her face might appear pleasant and unconcerned. She pressed the electric button, and almost instantly John Rollinson's own gray-haired servant swung the door wide and she entered in.

"If you are Miss Farrell," he said, with quiet deference, "you are not to be kept waiting. Will you please come this way?"

The worst had befallen. Her hopes were vain! The man led her along the hall to the consulting-room.

"Miss Farrell, sir," he announced.

John Rollinson sat at the table in the centre of the apartment. His face was in the shadow. Books and papers were spread out before him in a confusion very little in keeping with his methodical habits, and, indeed, if Mollie had but known it, he was as excited in his way as she. But Mollie did not know it. She stood just inside the door, which the servant closed softly behind her. She stood there very patiently, waiting for him to speak, tell her what he cared to, give her what instructions he might, and then dismiss her. Her form was erect enough, and her face was brave enough, but its ashen pallor was not good to see, and there was a gleam of red in her dusky eyes. She had little idea of the picture she presented—and no idea of the convulsive leap John Rollinson's heart gave when he looked up at her—silent and sorrowful.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, and his gentle voice barely stirred the quiet of the room. "You may have to remain—I would like to talk to you. But first I must apologize for bringing you over here. I could not say what I had to in your mother's presence. Are you tired?"

"Yes," she said.

The word was a whisper. He sprang up, and pulled a chair forward—the very

chair in which Mac Selleck had been sitting three hours previous. She took it without demur, and her head fell back wearily.

"I am very tired," she said, listlessly, wondering at her own calmness. "I cannot excuse myself for being so. It was only my strength of will that brought me here to-night."

"I understand. Will you," he said, hesitatingly, "will you have a glass of water?"

He was embarrassed. The sight of her shook his self-control. He feared he could not stand it long if she looked at him like that.

"No," she said; "it would choke me. There is something here—" she touched her throat— "that will not let anything pass it. But I thank you."

He sat down.

"Won't you take your hat off, at least —you will feel better. That is good," as she obeyed him mechanically. "I suppose your mother has told you I am going away to-morrow? I thought so," as she bent her head in acquiescence. "Dr. Kortwright will take care of my people while I am gone. I doubt if she will need my attendance, however, and you know how to give her these powders. She looked well this morning—better than I have seen her in a long time."

She smiled faintly.

"I am going to Washington," he said, then, a little abruptly. "I have heard that a young man whom I knew at one time, a certain Jerry Phelan, (queer name, isn't it, Jerry Phelan?), a soldier in our new colonies, has got himself into a bit of a mess. As I am acquainted with Captain Blake, at present his superior officer, and as I have been lucky enough to win his gratitude in the past, I shall probably be able to get Private Phelan out of trouble, and also have him transferred. But you see I *must* go to Washington for that purpose."

Silence.

He had spoken clearly and distinctly and slowly, so that she would not lose a single syllable. Nor did he look at her, but toyed with a paper-cutter lying before him on the table. Those sombre eyes were upon him, and he knew it, and longed with all his heart to meet them—but he dared not. He was to be calm and cool and circumspect—and he could be none of those if he met the glance he felt she gave him now. A convulsive grasping at the arms of the chair—a shrinking as from a blow—a flaring open of lids—a parting of lips—a catching of the breath—and then she flung herself forward on her knees in front of him, seizing one hand in both of hers.

"Am I dreaming? This is true, real? Dr. Rollinson, answer me—are you here, or is it fancy, or am I mad? Dr. Rollinson, Dr. Rollinson, tell me truly what you have said—what you have said to me, to me."

"Mollie, my dear child!" The protecting tenderness that is the holiest portion of a man's honest love flooded his every vein. "My poor little girl, do not give way like this. It is true, it is real, no fancy, no dream."

She could not take her eyes from him.

"If it is true, repeat it," she persisted. "What was it? Do not torment me—I can't stand much more; see, I—oh, you know I cannot stand any more, Dr. Rollinson."

"I am going to have Dan transferred —have already sent a message to Captain Blake, under whom he is stationed, that will make him more lenient until the transfer comes. Dan is all right, Mollie—Dan is safe."

(To be continued.)

DINNER IN THE CONVENT.

THE MARKET IN FRONT OF THE INN, NEAR MERAN.

A NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

The Tyrol is intensely patriotic. Each summer and autumn the burghers of Meran, helped by numbers of peasants from the neighboring valleys and hill-villages, perform the historical play, "Andreas Hofer," in their open-air theatre,—the *Folks Teater,* as it is called,—to a wraptly-devout audience. It was Chateaubriand, was it not? who said: "It is difficult to say *where* the love of country ends and the love of God begins."

The Passion Play at Oberammergau seemed a far less religious celebration than the "Andreas Hofer" performance. The faces of the spectators were lit up by intensest feeling. There was hardly any applause, except enthusiastic outbursts for the *Yodelling,*—that strange, harmonious mountain-call of the Tyrolese;—for the patriotic hymns; and the musical interludes. A dainty maiden,—who recited the prologue, which declared that the noble deeds of ancestors, as recounted in the play, should serve as examples to be followed by every good Tyroler in these later times,—received a merited share of applause. Otherwise all was received in tense, solemn silence, broken merely by occasional long-drawn sighs, or low murmurs. The partly-covered stage has for back-ground "the eternal hills,"—the very hills which were the scenes of much of the fighting which eventually gained for the Tyrol the expulsion of the French enemy and the desired annexation to Austria. When the French march off the stage to do battle at the Küchlberg, the audience by lifting the eyes, can see the puffs of

smoke among the grey rocks of that precipitous mountain. The shots echo, and re-echo, about the rugged cliffs. There is nothing, then, of a too-absorbing nature going on in the immediate foreground; but the stage is never left absolutely without interest. Speaking generally, the play is scenically well, and intelligently, "staged." The beautiful costumes are almost identical with those worn to-day by the people of the different districts.

The market in front of the inn near Meran is a beautiful spectacle in the opening of the play. The colors are harmoniously grouped in front of the characteristic châlet-inn, with its bunches of burning-orange ears of corn hanging from the balcony. The quaint little girls and boys, dressed exactly like their elders (in the historic costumes of their districts), are delightful features of the stage-crowds. Strangers grow accustomed slowly to the little people in unchildlike garments. It is as if one should see dolls dressed as soldiers, sailors, and policemen.

The scene inside the inn, where Hofer calls upon his compatriots to defend the flag is less ornate than the market scene; but it visibly deepens the enthusiasm of the audience. There was something essentially Irish in the bearing of those spectators. They showed the passionate love of country, the hero-worship of their patriots that are so truly Irish,—*and Greek*—characteristics.

When the peasants of the Vinschgau join Hofer's band, it is again an open-air scene. Few women are on the stage; there is less bright color; but it is a rich and impressive scene. The spoken parts are in the local dialect, and the play is well-written.

The peasant-*levées* saying good-bye, to friends, home, and families is a crowd-

HOFER CALLS THE TYROLESE TO DEFEND THE FLAG.

THE ARCHBISHOP GIVES HOFER A MEDAL.

IN THE CASTLE AT INNSPRUCK.

ed, yet not confused, assemblage. The men who have no guns bring pikes, and pitch forks.

The first adherents to the cause formed, earlier, a fine out-door group, with Hofer for the chief figure.

When the Archbishop gives Hofer a medal,—the consecration of the piece appears to be complete. There is a scene in the inn-parlor (after Hofer returns from his visit to Vienna, secure of Austrian support against the French), that is well-conceived.

It is touching when Steinhuber, a peasant-soldier, is carried home mortally wounded, and bids farewell to his family. Then come reverses—Andreas Hofer has to fight for the right with weak weapons, but, before he is taken prisoner to Meran he is received in the Hofburg at Innspruck.

In silence, and with trembling, the audience looked on at Hofer's examination in Meran. His nearest and dearest kneel by him as he utters his defence. He is condemned, and taken to prison. In Mantua, just before his execution, a few faithful Tyrolers came to clasp his hand in farewell.

He gave his life; but, soon, the Cause was to be triumphant. Spectators showed that they felt *that* forcibly. Pity, grief, and anger were shown; but also gratitude, pride, and satisfaction.

STEINHUBER, A PEASANT SOLDIER, CARRIED HOME WOUNDED, BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS FAMILY

When I saw the play performed, it was on sodden ground, under rain that increased to a downpour. Hardly any of the places in the whole auditorium had any shelter whatever over-head. As umbrellas obstructed the view, they were forbidden, until the rain became a real deluge. The conditions were badly suited to an open-air theatre. Nevertheless, burghers, peasants, and foreign visitors sat on, through hours, in the constantly "worsening" weather. The foremost

HOFER'S EXAMINATION IN MERAN.

HOFER TAKEN TO PRISON.

HOFER IN MANTUA: JUST BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

groups on the stage knelt, and stood, and dragged about their fine clothes, *in water!* Yet, there was no diminution of the red-hot enthusiasm.

One of the actors said to me: "We play for *love of the beautiful;* and, —for PATRIOTISM! It *is* a splendid drama. And nothing will teach love of country to the children so well as a great historical play teaches it." He spoke more fervently than any Ammergauer I ever met.

It cost much money to build the big open-air theatre. The stage properties —ancient French, and Austrian uniforms, old guns, peasants' dresses of the showiest kinds, as worn in Hofer's day, etc.,—represent a considerable capital, and the performances are intended to pay back expenses, and to keep things in working order. At first, almost all the actors rehearsed and performed "for love;"—only the manager (who is the author of the acting version of Hofer's story), and a few of the chief actors receiving varying percentages on the takings. As the play is announced for every Sunday and holiday for many months of the year, the time devoted to "Hofer" by even the "supers" is great. Of late, all receive a trifling honorarium of whatever money may remain after the current expenses are paid, and the railways, and the city fathers, subsidize the undertaking.

Every Tyroler knows the history of his country. The story of the rising is familiar in their mouths as household words; hence partly comes the absorbing interest in the great play. But it is great enough, as art, to be worth a long journey to any intelligent stranger, especially if he have enough knowledge of German to enable him to guess at the meaning of the speeches in the local dialect.

MY GIFT.

BY LIZZIE TWIGG.

I offer you roses of crimson, I offer you roses of gold,
Velvety-soft and dark and sweet, chalices bright that hold
The liquid pearls of the morning, the gems of the diamond dew—
Roses of shadowless crimson, roses of gold for you.

I offer you roses of crimson fresh from the hands of June,
Roses that bared their beauty under the mystic moon,
Roses of gold I bring you, fairest that ever grew,
Storing their garnered sweetness, Heart o' my Heart, for you.

Gathered in earthly gardens, roses of earth will die,
Velvety leaves will wither and fall when the day goes by;
But, type of a love unchanging, type of a love that's true,
Roses of shadowless crimson, and gold do I bring to you.

—*"Songs and Poems."*

THE TAILOR OF ST. BOTOLPH'S.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

Jimmy is dead and buried. We have just returned from his grave, where we chanted the *Benedictus,* and said the burial prayers. The boys of St. Botolph covered his grave with flowers, and to-morrow we shall place there a simple marble slab, telling Jimmy's name and the dates of his birth and death. Then we shall, I suppose, go our accustomed ways, and forget, save in our little prayers, the good, old man, whose body we buried to-day.

But before we leave his grave, with the succinct biography on the grave-stone, I feel in duty bound to tell you something about Jimmy. Many a pleasant hour did I spend in his little work-room, while I was at St. Botolph's, and I owe a word of praise to the genial host of those pleasant hours; and moreover, though Jimmy was only our college tailor, few men at St. Botolph's, at least within the college precincts, were better known or more deeply loved. He did not wear an academic gown,—though he made many of them in his last years,—but he was a part of our academic life, an important part, and I know not how we shall fill his place.

Jimmy, I have said, was our college tailor. He never acquired elegance in his art; to the last he was more proficient in mending than in constructing. He was by long practice an adept at patches, a kind nurse to battered elbows, but his hands trembled when they attempted to ply the scissors over a curved line. Angles, acute or obtuse, never troubled him, but the patch that required any curved line, spherical or elliptical, set him trembling like a boy before his examiners in school. Many an outer garment showed where Jimmy had, though unconsciously, squared the circle. Yet there was never any great fault-finding over Jimmy's clumsy work, nor was there, during his early years as college tailor, any incentive to spur him on to artistic achievements. His customers were only the college boys, who brought their fine walk-out clothes from home; for the rough wear of yard-play and benches they were glad to take the strong jackets and trousers, graceless though they were, that Jimmy made. It mattered little to the St. Botolph boys on ordinary days whether their coats hung as shapefully from their shoulders as a London tailor could make them, or whether the legs of their trousers were, to the very thread, of even length. Yard-play at St. Botolph's was vigorous action, not sedate posing as in a parlor, and we needed sturdy garments for the daily fray, cloth that would not blanch in ten rain-storms, and stitches that would not give at a score of wrestling bouts. Only two boys in my time at St. Botolph's were not patrons of Jimmy's handiwork, and they received many a scolding from home for expenses in dress. The rest of us, whatever our other failings were, had no such complaint against us.

Jimmy, however, in his later years, acquired some proficiency in his art. For when St. Botolph's grew, and a seminary was built near the school, Jimmy set to work, with almost a holy zeal, to learn how to make a soutane, and make it to please the "young men," as he called the seminarians. We were "boys" while at college, and, to the last, Jimmy never bothered much over our "duds," as he called them. But the seminarians he labored hard to please; they got all his attention. A glance of the eye was the only measurement that he gave any of us from the college, even if we were seniors;

if a seminarian stood before him, Jimmy labored, in his measuring, through an elaborate cycle of gestures. No seminarian ever found fault with a soutane made by Jimmy.

But we liked Jimmy, even we of the college, notwithstanding his poor ability with the scissors and needle. It was the treat of the day to get into Jimmy's shop, to sit and chat awhile with the lovable old man, to hear him give out, smacking his lips all the while, the proverbs and classical phrases that he had picked up about the school. He kept his little shop in a room under the college infirmary, and we had free access to it for a half hour after breakfast. The windows of the room, excepting one, looked toward the east, and took in, as if a blessing, the first rays of the morning sun. Through the other window, looking south, a broad, tranquil river moved on to its ocean home, and I have often thought that Jimmy used to look on that river to take from it that broad, tranquil spirit which was his. Constant was he at his daily tasks, like the river, and like it he allowed the clouds or storms to shadow his countenance perhaps for a moment, but not to disturb his inner self.

In this quiet little room, Jimmy got stray bits of classicality from the boys, hearing them repeat their memory lessons, as they waited to have a button or a patch put on one of their garments. English lines from the poets he found the easiest to catch, sometimes learning entire ballads; Latin he got in small doses; he never tried Greek, agreeing with many of us that it was barbarian; though knowing something of philology, we made sure to tell him that barbarian originally meant anything but Greek. His principle was, as he often said himself, *"nulla dies sine linea,"* and once he learned a line it was his forever after: for he had ample time in his long solitary hours to master his fragments, and fix them in his memory and on his tongue, beyond error or hesitation.

His literary nibbling began after breakfast. Some boy, book in hand, would come into Jimmy's shop, mumbling some lines out of his morning lesson. Jimmy, hearing a clause or sentence out of his lines, would catch it up, and, if it were not English, he would find out its meaning. If he took to the thought or the expression of the sentence he spent the remainder of the morning masticating the new bit; forever after it was part of his speech.

So, day by day, he took in phrase and couplet, till he had so great a store that he could answer any question with one of his quotations; not forced or far-fetched, but almost always appropriate and happily rendered. And his citations always pleased us, and often conquered us beyond the power of reply. It was not rhythm and rhyme in them nor their logical aptness that made them "puissant," to use one of Jimmy's mighty words. They were charming to us or powerful over us because they were Jimmy's quotation. Trite they might be, but they tickled our hearing like sweetmeats on the tongue; and if we were cross or displeased with Jimmy's work, they were his gentle answer to turn away our wrath. Even if he did not quote exactly, which seldom, very seldom occurred, they lost none of their potent charm. All we cared for was Jimmy's speech, and the way he spoke, looking over his glasses very wisely, and smoothing the cloth with his left hand, as the phrase or sentence came out.

One of the first sayings that he picked up was a couplet from Pope;

> "'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
> Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

How often have I heard him speak those lines to silence the complaint of some collegian, or a set of morning wranglers

in fierce debate over the last school game or the coming elections.

Of his Latin learning, his most frequent citation, and, as an apology for any poor work with his scissors and needle, the most appropriate, perhaps, was

"Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor."

One other Latin sentence that I heard him speak, I have never forgotten; he gave it to me, as I stepped into his little room one morning, and asked him what he was humming. *"Arma virumque cano,"* said he, holding up his scissors, and lifting his shoulders pompously.

But Latin came easy to him after the advent of the seminary; not the rich, round phrases of Virgil or Cicero, but the terse words and sayings out of the scholastic Latin, the jargon of our young dialecticians. The seniors of St. Botolph had already taught Jimmy the *distinguos* and *ergos* of their disputations before the seminarians settled among us; but when they arrived and went about with their magisterial airs and filled our ears with Aristotelian syllogisms, Jimmy gave his heart over to the new learning, and a word, smacking of dialectics, became more fascinating to him than the best epigram we could find in any of our classical authors. Parnassus he forsook for the halls of the peripatetics; poetry went down before logic; and fancy, with her glittering train, passed away before the dry skeletons of syllogisms.

Still he remained our interesting Jimmy through all the new learning that he acquired. Our lower class boys did not appreciate the new phrases; that made Jimmy feel an advancement in his mental pursuits. We of the upper classes, having a fairly good drill in *barbara, celarent* and all the technicalities of minor logic, could parley with Jimmy, not to his admiration, however, for, in his eyes, only the seminarians, in soutane and biretta, were the rightful owners of scholastic language. We were suffered to use it; we could not spend its sweet-sounding coin too frequently.

One of Jimmy's philosophical quips remains in my memory, as if I heard it but yesterday, and the occasion of his using it comes back to me whenever I ask for a second cup of coffee at breakfast. It was at breakfast whilst Jimmy, according to his wont, was serving us seniors, that I said, "Jimmy, I think I'll take a little more coffee."

"Kempis says, 'rather a little less than more,'" Jimmy replied, as he stooped to take the cup.

"Yes," said I, "but Kempis is not quoted in Tongiorgi."

And Jimmy, looking down as if in pity, said, *"Quid inde?"* and moved off victorious.

It seemed to many of us at first that the new learning made Jimmy less genial, that it took from him the sunny disposition he had when he delighted in our college rhymes, the boyish pleasure he found in our conversations and wrangles; that, in its stead, he acquired a hard, forbidding air, a seriousness of demeanor, and an utter contempt for our youthful diversions. But our surmises, being hasty, were wrong. Jimmy changed not his heart. His affections were the same: he still liked the smallest fancy of any one of us; he did not wholly give over his quoting of our lines and phrases, and he neglected no conversation in which we were interested, nor any game that we played, and, being come to his little room, re-played in long debate. Indeed, he tried to be more attentive to us; his botchy work on our clothes he tried to better, and, on more than one occasion, he spoke an apology for the uncivilized appearance that he gave to some of our garments. But the seeming seriousness, which we noticed in Jimmy, came from his old age. Time

was beginning to mark him for the end. His years had reached the limit of biblical sanction; his heart was more fixed on the great truth of eternity, and sometimes, unawares, he spoke of the thoughts that were now uppermost in his mind. He grew more meditative, but when we strolled into his shop, as had been our wont for years, he tried to put aside his sober mood and bring back the playful disposition that he knew we liked.

But the day came when Jimmy had to leave his little workroom, and all the clamor of our morning voices, and go to the infirmary. It was a day in November, a cold, rainy day, and doubly dismal to many of us when we missed old Jimmy from his little throne. A heavy cold had settled on his lungs, the Brother Infirmarian told us. Jimmy was not strong enough to make a bold fight against the severe attack. We sent him little tokens of our remembrance, pictures that one or two of us used to draw to please him long ago, and news of our games. The seminarians were allowed to visit him; their company was a great solace to him. One of them, visiting Jimmy on a December morning, spoke of the coming ordinations and of the expectancy of those who were awaiting a "call" for Orders. A light, brighter than usual, came into Jimmy's eyes at the mention of "call," and he waited a few moments for his breath, and raising his head a little, he said, "I'll get my call soon; I hope the Master will not be hard."

And, indeed, the call came very soon. He was not unprepared for it; his heart accepted it meekly and lovingly. Those who were with him during the last hours told us that he seemed to be falling into a deep sleep, like some child after a happy day. Occasionally he muttered some sentences that he had memorized in the past years. They heard him say in one long breath, "Stay with us, Lord, for the night is coming on." And, early in the morning, as the sun rose, and dipped its golden rays in the river, the college bell sounded the hour for rising. The sound seemed to awaken Jimmy, for he made an effort to raise his head, the last feeble effort, and the priest kneeling close by him heard him whisper, *"Fiat voluntas tua."* Jimmy had heard and accepted his call.

HIS NEIGHBOR.

BY MARGARET CHADWICK.

(Concluded.)

"I'll take him with the greatest pleasure," Katherine promised, "and try my hand at converting him."

"I shall be most grateful for that, as for all the rest. You're ready, Doctor?"

"Quite."

"Well, then good-bye, Miss Aylesford. By the by I forgot to introduce myself, my name is Lennox, Hugh Lennox."

"Good-bye, Mr. Lennox." Katherine took his outstretched hand. There was such pity in her voice that he looked up in surprise to see her beautiful eyes full of tears.

"Positively crying," he thought, much moved as she hastily retreated to her room, "crying over me, a perfect stranger."

Man-like he could not understand the almost divine pity of the eternal feminine mind for the spectacle of the strong man stricken down.

Katherine shut her door to avoid seeing her poor neighbor carried down the stairs, and sank into a seat to recover from the eventful hour just passed. An odd, unexplained feeling of additional loneliness and homesickness — probably owing to reaction after intense excitement—came to her.

It seemed impossible to realize that she had first spoken to this Hugh Lennox so short a time before. Their brief, unusual acquaintance made him seem a friend whom she followed in spirit to the hospital with infinite pity.

"I must inquire for him," she said to herself as she at last began her interrupted preparations for her modest evening meal. "It would be positively inhuman not to do so. The circumstances quite warrant it." Thus arguing down the home warnings oft repeated. It seemed almost cruel next morning at the art school all the measuring and drawing in and rubbing out insisted upon by the master. Art seemed so unreal, so trivial, compared with life's stern realities. She realized, as she recalled the drawn, suffering face and crippled form of the night before what such an injury might mean to a poor young man just beginning life, and sympathy possessed her to the exclusion of all working capacity. She was glad to put away her drawing things and go round by the hospital to hear news of the patient.

A white-coated doctor, who chanced to be passing through the hall, gave her all the information in his power, not very much—the extent of the injuries might not be positively known for some time.

"Shall I give him your card?" he asked, glancing at the card-case in her hand.

Katherine was about to produce a card, but hesitated, said she would write one instead, and went to the desk for that purpose. She simply wrote the words, "*Your neighbor,* to inquire," and handed the card to the doctor, who involuntarily looked at it. Katherine explained. "Your patient will understand," she said, "he is a perfect stranger to me, but I happened to be near when the accident happened and am naturally interested."

"Quite so," said the doctor, bowing. "I will give him your card with pleasure."

He watched her go down the walk and out at the gate. "A beautiful girl," he thought, "full of character, too; a fine,

modern type. I daresay the young chap will be very glad to hear that she remembers him."

Meanwhile Katherine worked away at her chosen career conscientiously, if not enthusiastically, nor burned with that will-of-the-wisp fire of genius, which ever interferes with the true appreciation of the domestic hearth-glow. In fact art was not her vocation, merely one of those makeshifts which struggling women so often adopt on their journey to their destined shelter—the home. Self-reliant, large-hearted, she was what Protestants call an earnest helper, and passed unconsciously through life holding out helping hands to those who needed her. Art had seemed to her the most feasible way of establishing her home and dear ones on a firm basis, so she had chosen it and was following its up-hill flights as well as in her lay, waiting patiently for the day when, her education finished, she might do her work in the home circle, her period of exile past, and settle down to the uneventful life of her family.

Which was the *last* thing her family desired for her. They loved Katherine, above all earthly things, but admired her if possible even more, and longed to see her beauty and undeniable talent appreciated and her place in life assured, as all loving, unselfish women will, even if it ends forever the old sweet ties of childhood and early girlhood.

And Hugh Lennox lay at the hospital, also, waiting pluckily, if not patiently, for that verdict which was to decide his way of life hereafter. The doctors had asked about his relatives. Should they communicate with them?

"No," he had said, "they were far away and it would only worry them needlessly."

He was under no expense as he had asked to be placed in the common ward. His means were of the smallest, he explained—he was just beginning to study a profession. No complaints escaped him. He was enabled to bear this heavy cross by means of the same grace which had brought him from the religion of his fathers to the Catholic Church, though it had placed him beneath the parental ban and condemned him to poverty. His father had forbidden his mother, who, mother-like, was interceding for him, to hold any communication with her son. Therefore, he could not in honor send her any message and must, like his Master before him, "tread the wine press alone."

"Why shouldn't I carry my share of the cross like these others?" he often reflected looking at the suffering occupants of the cots about him—"life has been jolly easy for me up to the last few months, more than I deserve."

"A lady has been inquiring for you," the doctor said in the afternoon of the day after the accident.

"A lady; no, surely, I don't know a soul in the place."

"Nevertheless," said the doctor, smiling, "there is her card. She said you would understand."

Hugh's face brightened as he looked at the few words.

"How awfully good of her," he said. "You see we happened to lodge in the same house, and she heard me fall and ran for help. I daresay I should have lain there till the servant came to my room next morning if she hadn't heard me. I shall be very glad to see her if she should call again."

"Oh, she said she would, certainly. I shall ask her to come up if you wish."

"How kind of her," thought Hugh gratefully, meditating pleasantly on the earnest, beautiful eyes that had looked at him so pityingly last night. "I wonder if

she will come. Perhaps not. She will probably forget all about it."

He little knew Katherine if he could imagine her forsaking any one in *need* of her help. She came on the following Thursday, the visiting day, carrying a pot of flowers which she placed on the little table near his bed.

"I hope I won't tire you," she said doubtfully.

"If you only knew how glad I am to see you."

Katherine smiled. "You won't laugh at my flowers? I am not at all sure that men like them about, but I always think they take away the dreary look of a sick room."

Hugh's lips quivered as he thanked her. Her kindness unmanned him.

"I am so very glad to hear that the doctor finds you improving. I have been anxious to hear and have asked every day, and he is really pleased with your progress to-day."

"You are really awfully good to me," Hugh said brokenly, "and you may imagine how I appreciate your kindness when I tell you that I have not another friend in this city."

"I am very much in the same condition. Indeed I begged of mother not to go hunting up old friends for me. I really am studying hard as I can, so as to get home again."

"You are studying art, are you not?"

"Yes, how did you know? Oh, probably Mrs. Hogan. I have heard her already styling me the 'young lady artist' on the top floor—which is rather premature."

"Well, I don't aspire to anything like that," Hugh said smiling. "I was just cramming for my exam as a mechanical engineer when I took that tumble. I dare say it will put a very effective spoke in my wheel for some time at any rate."

"I do hope you're not going to get discouraged," Katherine pleaded. "I simply wouldn't let myself. Have you told your friends?"

Hugh looked at her thoughtfully. "I don't want to take up your quarter of an hour (wasn't that the time they mentioned?) talking about myself. But I should like to explain matters if you don't mind."

"I should rather think not. Women are always curious—so you say."

"Perhaps I shall say 'sympathetic' instead hereafter. Now about my parents. You see they have cast me out, and I suppose, justly, according to their point of view. They are very strict Protestants, and I have become a Catholic. Even my name is proscribed at home, and mother forbidden to see me. Is it likely I should send for them? No, I have chosen my own way cheerfully and will abide by it. I suppose you cannot understand."

"I am a Catholic myself," said Katherine, "and simply can't imagine any other religion. I feel sure God has sent this trial to test you. But I who never suffered anything for the faith mustn't dare to preach when you—"

"Please don't stop," he entreated. "I'll consent to listen to preaching, as you call it, or anything, if you'll only go on talking."

"Well you are very complimentary, but I suppose to an *only* friend quite natural. You have never asked for Poll."

"I had forgotten the rascal completely. Is he very troublesome?"

"Perfectly delightful. Rick, that's my canary, is quite jealous of the attention I pay him, but I am bent on his conversion. He certainly reflects credit on you as a teacher."

"Oh, I say, that's a little too hard on me. He's been half round the world

among sailors and — oh, bother that nurse!"

"Yes, my time's up."

"I simply can't believe that you've been here fifteen minutes. Miss Aylesford, you know visiting the sick is the very essence of charity. Don't you think so?"

"I've heard it mentioned among the corporal works of mercy."

"Then do a good act. Come and see me again, I am so desperately lonely."

"You must be," Katherine said kindly. "Yes, I'll come soon, it is wearisome to be among strangers," then she laughed, "as if I weren't one myself till a few days ago."

"Strangers?" he repeated earnestly. "It seems to me impossible that we ever were strangers."

"Probably a little feverish," thought Katherine pityingly, as she said good-bye rather hurriedly.

"That's the worst of men" she reflected, "if one *is* the least bit civil they say such ridiculous things." She did not look seriously annoyed, all the same.

Through the days that followed, the stricken boy—he was little more—lay thinking of many things, but oftenest of the girl who had come so suddenly into his life, filling it to the exclusion of many of the old dreams and hopes. He was almost ashamed to think how little his absent parents and lost home seemed to matter in comparison with this new feeling which so possessed him. The few moments of quick sympathy had done what seasons of the gayest social life had failed to do, awakened in this somewhat quixotic and simple-hearted youth that ideal, enviable sentiment—first love.

With the astuteness of her sex Katherine divining the trend of his thoughts made her second visit still more brief, and brought him, instead of flowers, a little booklet of verses by a favorite spiritual author, and talked gravely of her own plans and intended visit home, setting him subtly at a little distance which the invalid was not slow to feel.

"She has guessed," he concluded, "and naturally resents it. She comes plainly from a sense of duty alone."

"I wish he wasn't so impressionable," Katherine thought as she walked homeward, "he *is* lonely and fancies himself in love with me *because* there's no one else. But it places me in an awkward position. Coming to see a man, a stranger, too, that—*Pshaw,* it must be fever, but if he looks like that and goes on talking absurdly I must go away sooner than I had intended; that is all. I shall see on Sunday. I shall not go till then."

Four days had elapsed before she went again to the hospital, days that seemed endless to poor Hugh, who looked very desolate and woe-begone it seemed to her.

"He was slowly mending," the doctors agreed, "if spinal trouble did not show itself later. There was always danger of such development."

In the face of this possibility Katherine had not the courage to altogether frown down the dawning symptoms of a love which began to seem only too apparent, ridiculously so.

" I was beginning to fear that you had deserted me altogether," he said huskily, "and have been wondering if I could have said anything to annoy you."

"I have been busy this week," she replied evasively.

"Be frank with me, Miss Aylesford. Am I a perfect nuisance?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Lennox. I am only too glad to come and chat with you, or any one who is ill and lonely."

"Just as you would come and visit any

of these fellow-sufferers, I suppose?" indicating the men about him.

"Yes, if they cared to have me," Katherine asserted cruelly.

"If they valued your visit as I do they must all be suffering the tortures of jealousy at this moment."

"Oh, I fancy they are bearing the sight with perfect equanimity," Katherine answered, laughing his love-making to scorn, but coming to a decision nevertheless.

"Do be sensible, Mr. Lennox, and talk; because I shall not be able to come again for some time. Mother is urging me to come home for a bit, and I'm going to throw off the harness and be lazy for a while."

She was rattling on, but Hugh stared at her, unheeding her latter words.

"Going away!" he asked brusquely. "Where?"

"Where but home?"

"Soon? I mean are you going soon?"

"To-morrow," she said, "I think to-morrow. There are things they want to see me about."

"To-morrow?" he repeated, looking absently at his hands, white and nerveless, lying stretched out on the bed.

Katherine sat still. She was at a loss what to say, very sorry for this suffering admirer of hers, and conscious of a vague, deep-lying regret that she must go.

"Why should I think of detaining you?" he said faintly, "I shall get courage to bear it like the rest I daresay. Don't worry about me." He looked up at her, with melancholy eyes, "I'll struggle against this selfishness. I've never been so happy in my life as during these days you have come to see me—moments only that were worth years. Will you, will you ever come back again?" The bell had rung. Katherine had risen to go.

"I am not sure," she said bravely.

"I had no right to ask." He pulled himself together, "Why should you indeed? Forgive me if I have annoyed you in any way, Miss Aylesford, God bless you! good-bye."

"Good-bye," she echoed, too deeply moved to say more.

A swiftly formed resolve hurried her away. "I will find his mother," she declared. "She should have been here from the first. It has been an absurd romantic piece of business, from first to last."

But even in her home that night, seated between her admiring mother and aunt, before the fire, she saw the face of Hugh Lennox looking at her with sad pitiful eyes.

"Is it possible I should have stayed?" she asked herself. "Is it possible I wanted to stay?"

"Mother," she said, when the story of the accident had been told, "I am going to take it on myself to find Mr. Lennox's mother—she should know."

"Certainly she should," said Mrs. Aylesford, who had been listening with great interest to Katherine's account, "but may not your visit lead to misconstruction? Mothers of sons are so liable to think—"

"Does it really matter what she thinks if we can do a sick man a kindness? As I saw the accident, and all that, I can be more convincing than one who had not."

"As you like, dear" — Katherine's mother was as fond of shifting responsibilities as her daughter of assuming them —"is it far?"

"Just a few stations away, about an hour's journey, Hillford, you know. We have often passed it. Do you mind taking care of Poll, mother dear? He will be sure to shock you."

Katherine had brought her birds, as

she always did when coming home, being loath to leave them to busy Mrs. Hogan. Poll was learning a few new words, but still clung fondly to early teachings and was apt to break out at times—an offence which brought down upon him darkness and starvation until he learned to mend his manners. Generally Katherine tended him with infinite care, probably exciting the jealous wonder of poor, good little Rick who seemed to keep a watchful eye on the progress of events.

Shortly after Katherine set out upon her journey, something happened, a customary occurrence, which yet had the appearance of a coincidence. She had been the only passenger in the car for one or two stations when the train stopped suddenly at a place called Enderly, and a little old lady got in, seating herself not far from Katherine. The girl was reading intently and scarcely noticed the newcomer, who regarded the fresh young face with interest, as it was bent over the book. After a few moments the little old lady got up and began one of those struggles with train windows, so familiar to all travellers.

"Oh, do let me help you," offered Katherine. "I think I have discovered the secrets of these windows." She pressed a spring and the window flew up obediently.

"Dear me! that is very kind of you. I am very much obliged indeed. The breeze is delicious. Are you travelling far?"

"No, just a few stations up the line. I forgot to get a time-table and am not quite sure how many. I am going to a place called Hillford. Perhaps you may know how long it will take us to reach there?"

"Why, I live there," the old lady answered. "We shall be there inside of half an hour. So you have never been in Hillford?"

"No. I am going there to-day to seek a lady, Mrs. Lennox."

"Then I think you must be coming to see *me*," her companion answered, looking puzzled. "I am the only Mrs. Lennox in Hillford, I feel sure."

Katherine flushed to the roots of her hair in sheer surprise, but determined to make use of the occasion, while Mrs. Lennox tried to imagine her errand with her.

"If you are the mother of Mr. Hugh Lennox, at present studying civil engineering in New York, I am very lucky in meeting you. I have taken it on myself, Mrs. Lennox, to let you know that your son has met with an accident—not a fatal one by any means — and is at the hospital, very helpless and lonely, very much—I should think—in need of his mother."

"Tell me about it," the mother gasped, leaning back against the chair-back, white and trembling. "You are sure he is not—dead?"

"No, no indeed. There is no need for alarm, you know," Katherine assured her. "I will tell you all, just as it happened."

The mother listened breathlessly, leaning forward with nervously working hands.

"And he is alone there in the hospital. You left him?"

Katherine smiled. An unreasoning, loving old mother had her fullest sympathy.

"Do you think I should have stayed?" she asked, perhaps a little wistfully.

Hugh's mother looked at her absently. "Will you add to your kindness, my dear," she pleaded, "by coming up to the house with me. His father is—Hugh perhaps told you—very angry and disap-

pointed about him. He has gone over to the Romish Church! just fancy—poor Hugh! and his father says he cannot conscientiously allow him to remain in his house, though I can see that it is breaking my poor husband's heart," she added.

"I thought all Protestants believed in the right of private judgment."

"Well I think we do, my dear, in the case of any other church but that of Rome. Our last minister, Mr. Dutton, quite terrified us at the time that Hugh left our church. He gave us a most frightful idea of the iniquities of the Church of Rome, though from the conduct of many Catholics in our town I am really puzzled what to believe. This is the station, and the carriage is waiting, if you will do me this favor."

"With pleasure," Katherine asserted, feeling her work to be only half-done.

"Now I want to ask you as we go along—What kind of a hospital is Hugh in? And has he a good room?"

Katherine glanced at the smart carriage and its attendant coachman and footman, and thought bitterly of the banished heir.

"He is just in the common ward," she said, relentlessly.

Mrs. Lennox bit her lip and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Poor, deluded boy," she said, "with everything to live for—our only child, you know. And it all came from a *mission.*"

"A mission?"

"Yes, that is what they call it. He went with some friends to hear some preacher and lost his faith."

"I am sure he would say found it," Katherine said earnestly.

"Ah, perhaps you—I do not know your name, by the way—I have been so shaken."

"No, I didn't mention it; it really doesn't matter, but my name is Aylesford."

"Well, Miss Aylesford, I was wondering if you too are a Catholic, if you don't mind my asking."

"Yes, I have that great privilege, I only wish I could say a very good Catholic, but how few there are who live up perfectly to what our dear Church teaches."

"I hope I have not seemed rude!" Mrs. Lennox began anxiously.

"Oh, I am quite accustomed to my Church being abused, a privilege she shares with her Founder."

Mrs. Lennox relapsed into anxious thought, and Katherine sat looking out at a very pretty country till the carriage turned in at the gates of an imposing mansion.

"Is Mr. Lennox in the library, Peters?" Mrs. Lennox asked, and without waiting for an answer she threw open a door and invited Katherine into an ideal room where a gentle-looking old man sat reading at the fire.

"Oh, Emily, there you are," he said. "The train seemed late somehow."

"Henry, this young lady, Miss Aylesford, has kindly come to give us news, bad news, of poor Hugh. He has had an accident, dear," she said, "and is all alone at the hospital. Just fancy, oh! just fancy."

The old man sat down suddenly, but tried to rally his pride.

"Won't you sit down Miss Aylesford? It is very kind of you indeed. But—but what am I to do? Hugh has by his own act cut himself off from us. Mother"—turning to his stricken wife.

The words were cold, but the old man trembled violently, and grasped the arms of his chair for support. Katherine saw and was sorry.

"Your son has had a fall from a ladder, and though it is not dangerous he will be confined to his bed and be very helpless for some time, at the best."

"And at the worst?"

"At the worst the doctor *suspects* some spinal injury which would make his helplessness permanent," Katherine said frankly.

"Oh, father, father!" the mother cried, breaking down, "our own Hugh, a few years ago only a little baby that we tended so lovingly. Will you leave him lying there all alone? You *can't* be so cruel?"

"Cruel!" the old man said hoarsely. "Cruel! I wonder who could have loved Hugh better than I? But I have been trying to do right if it broke my heart. Perhaps I have been wrong and that God is punishing me. You have always told me that you thought Mr. Dutton oversevere. I will go to Mr. Herriott. He is a righteous man I do believe. I will be guided by him."

"Oh, thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Lennox who had been vainly urging this for some time. "I feel sure he will direct us right. Will you go now, my dear, at once?"

"Certainly, at once. There is no time to be lost. We are most grateful to you, Miss Aylesford," he said, holding out his trembling hand. "Do not think too hardly of an old man who has tried to follow his conscience," and so saying he left them to prepare for his journey.

"You have made me very happy," declared the mother, taking Katherine's hand. "I only wish I knew how to show my gratitude. I know what Mr. Herriott will say. He is quite a friend of the Roman Catholic priest, and most liberal. Is there anything in the world I can do for you, dear."

"Nothing, indeed, except to let me go now, if you please. I am very anxious to get back as my mother is expecting me."

"But you will leave your address at least? We must not lose sight of you."

"I shall be returning to town in a few days, and your son knows it. I must really go," and refusing to wait for the carriage Katherine walked down the avenue, and away, thus, for the present, blotting Hugh Lennox out of her life.

Indeed a year and a half had gone by before she again encountered him, and then by the merest chance. She had come out of the art school where she worked early and late and had gone but a block or two when a gentleman came hastily down the steps of a club and very nearly came in collision with her before she saw it was Hugh Lennox, no longer the grub of the attic, the invalid of the hospital, but the smart man of fashion, elaborately dressed and evidently once more the heir to all the Lennox splendor.

It was an embarrassing meeting and Katherine looked about instinctively for an escape, but Hugh Lennox forestalled her eagerly.

"Is this the way you meet me, Miss Aylesford?" he asked impulsively. "What have I done that you should be less kind to me than you were at the hospital?"

Katherine evaded the question. "I am very glad to see you so fully restored," she said.

"Are you? That doesn't sound as if you cared. You never once inquired for me since that day you left me to die, for all you cared."

"I knew you were not going to die, and I sent you your mother, for which you haven't thanked me, by the way. Then my mission of Good Samaritan ended."

"I will go on thanking you all my life

whether you like it or not. But see here, Miss Aylesford, will you think me brutally persistent if I ask you why you refuse to me what you would accord to any other man of your acquaintance—the privilege of occasionally seeing you?"

"It seems to me that circumstances in a measure forced us upon each other, Mr. Lennox, if I must be frank, and into an intimacy of—well—say exotic growth, but—"

"I know perfectly well what you mean," he broke in, "that I have been on occasions too frank as you call it. But don't you think that those very circumstances account for that. A sick man in danger of death perhaps is apt to talk from his heart. That has been my offence. But if I promise to stop at thinking?" he said.

"You are *too* ridiculous," Katherine was half angry, half amused.

Hugh smiled. "Let me begin at the beginning," he requested, "just like any casual acquaintance. I simply *won't* be dismissed from the ranks of your acquaintance, without a strong protest."

He looked so smiling and, at the moment unsentimental, that Katherine laughed and said she supposed they would meet now and then. This seemed to satisfy Hugh.

"And now that we are friends again," he said, "for we are, are we not?"

"Why not?" Katherine asked, amused at his persistence.

"Well then, my mother is most anxious to call on you and your mother, in solemn state, if it will not be an intrusion. She has been talking much about you and scolding me for losing sight of you, as if it was my fault that you changed your boarding-house to escape me. You did, I fear."

"Well, partly, if you don't mind my saying so," Katherine answered frankly. "You see I came to the city to work, and for that reason only, and I didn't see my way to accomplish much with a neighbor bent on thanking me half a dozen times a day for going a message for him. Besides you see mother and I are the quietest of people who live so much to ourselves that we are really not society for any one else. Our little home at Stratford is not entertaining to the outside world, I can assure you."

Katherine did not explain that her mother, a Ralston of Virginia, purposely held herself aloof from the rather heterogeneous society of Stratford and was looked on askance by ordinary mortals of that town. But she felt bound to add, "But mother and I shall be most happy to see Mrs. Lennox—and you, I suppose," mischievously.

"Then we will not fail to do ourselves the honor, most condescending of women! When will you be at home next, may I ask?" humbly.

"Just before the Christmas holidays. In time to hang up the holly and make the plum pudding. After that," she added, sadly, "we are all coming to town, and home will be *here* among this bewilderment."

"Is this a sudden decision?" he asked.

"Well it means that I have secured a position which will necessitate my being here permanently, so they are coming—my mother and aunt you know—but we are all very sorry. I take my car here," she broke off, stopping at a corner.

"So we shall see you then in Stratford."

"Which means that I may not see you *here*—"

"Yes, something very like that," she said. "I am not a woman of leisure till I shake the city dust off my feet."

"In Stratford," then he said, and left her.

Katherine had only been home for a day or two when they called, Hugh and his mother walking unpretentiously from the station. They instantly established themselves on a friendly basis with pretty Mrs. Aylesford. She was sitting at the window when they arrived, and received them with all the charming simplicity of the famous Ralston manner.

"Everybody likes mother," Katherine said as she watched the evident impression made by the gentle little personage in shabby black gown and mourning cap, "but I suppose Mrs. Lennox has made up her mind to like us at any rate out of gratitude for my imaginary kindness to the one and only."

"I like them exceedingly," Mrs. Aylesford proclaimed after they had departed. It had been a delightful visit, and Katherine had given the visitors tea out of ancestral china, and dainty little cakes of her own making, which Hugh had eaten with enthusiasm.

"He is a charming boy," she sat sitting down again at the window, "and, don't get angry, Katherine, I think he is in love with you."

Katherine was above all affectations.

"I fancy it is gratitude, mother. He was so lonely there in the hospital that it would have been the same with any other girl, and I hate people to be grateful and that sort of thing, at any rate."

"Men don't show gratitude in that sort of way. Now do be sincere, Katherine. What do you think yourself?"

"I think he *likes* me mother."

"And you?"

"Oh, *I* have never seriously thought of *him* at all."

"Would you be enchanted to hear that he was to be married for instance," her mother demanded.

"Mother you are—well no, I shouldn't be enchanted, not perhaps even pleased. I haven't so many friends that I can afford to lose one."

"Did he tell you whether his father accepted him unconditionally as to religious matters. You don't know for instance whether he has gone back again?"

"'Tis plain you don't know him, mother," Katherine said, taking away the tea cups that were never entrusted to a servant.

Nor did she ever ask him the question during any of the many visits which he had begged to be allowed to pay during Katherine's remaining holidays, until some reference to religion prompted her to do so as they were walking about the wintry garden a day or two before her departure. He had asked her to put on her things and come out.

"How did you settle your affairs of conscience?" she asked, apropos of his last remark.

"How's that?" he asked in surprise.

"Well, I mean, you are *still* a Catholic?"

Hugh flushed red and then paled visibly.

"Is that what you think of me?" he asked sternly.

"Well, I felt almost *sure*," Katherine said contritely, "but—"

But Hugh looked very angry and walked on in silence for a while.

"My father and mother never even hinted at such a thing as my giving up the faith I had chosen," he said stiffly.

Katherine said the most felicitous thing she could have said.

"The difference is that *they* know you," she said gently.

Hugh flushed again, but with pleasure this time.

"That is *indeed* the *amende honorable*," he said. "But don't you care to know me, Katherine? That is what I have come to ask you to-day. My love

began the day I saw you first," he said, "it has grown with every fresh sight of you, it will last till death. Is it to be yes, Katherine?"

"I don't know—yet—" she answered doubtfully, "your father and mother? Do they know?"

"They are waiting anxiously to welcome you—if you will come. That is the message I was to give you if you would listen. When will you tell me—soon?"

"Will you let me *think, really* think about it," Katherine asked.

"I will wait my lady's pleasure," he said, kissing her hand, whereat Mrs. Aylesford, unselfishly rejoicing in her ambush of lace curtains, saw that Katherine's *art* career had ended in the old hum drum way.

THE SEA.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

I love the music of thy depths, O, Sea,
Forever sounding upon every shore
Of every clime in deep-toned harmony.
Like harps æolian, all thy glad waves pour
Their murmurs forth, when warring winds are o'er,
But when upon thee awful tempests rise,
Thy billows break in dirges with the roar,
And crash of echoing thunder in the skies,
When death rides on the gale, and in the lightning flies

I love the march of thy majestic waves,
In glory rolling in the golden moon,
Resplendently agleam with light that laves
Their crests in silver as they toss and swoon.
I love to stand upon a lonesome dune,
As twilight darkens and thence gaze on thee,
When all the skies with scurrying clouds are strewn,
And all thy face seems dark with mystery,
And "deep calls unto deep" but distant far from me.

Thy grandeur is most terrible, O, Sea!
Thine aspect most magnificent! Thine own
Vast bounds are fixed by the Most High for thee.
Surviving kingdom, dynasty and throne,
Thou art the same forever. Thou alone
Endurest still in all thy glorious sway,
Amidst the wrecks of ages that have flown,
And tempests that have swept thee since the day,
That heeding, "Peace, be still," thy fury died away.

GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

V.

ST. TERESA.

St. Teresa's Book-Mark.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Let nothing affright thee,
All things are passing,
God only is changeless.
Patience gains all things.
Who hath God wanteth nothing
Alone God sufficeth.

I always find almost all the wisdom I need in St. Teresa's book-mark. It is a volume in itself. My great comfort in distressing circumstances is that "all things are passing."

Father Joseph Farrell, Author of *Lectures by a Certain Professor.*

But when borne on swift wings the white Dove of God stirs in the air that has almost bowed St. Teresa down, she is filled with a new and splendid energy. She is in truth no longer a mere woman saint, but a very angel burning with a pure flame, shining in the light of an invisible sun. And it is with this new strength that she accomplishes her great purpose, and becomes the great practical General of her Order.

—*Edward Hutton.*

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all of God we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

—*Crashaw.*

"You do well to appreciate the writings of St. Teresa, I found this fine thought in them: 'The soul of man should look upon things as though in the whole world there was but itself and God.' That is an idea which has been of great use to me in my philosophical researches, and I have turned it to good account in my hypotheses."

—*Leibnitz to Morelli.*

She has left behind her an inheritance in that Reformed Carmelite Order which still continues at all points of the compass to protect souls who desire, in their Mother's most fitting words, to hold high the banner of the life of abnegation and sacrifice and everlasting hope. In order that some of that healthy perfume may be ever spread about this world, ever bent, as it is, on the pleasure of the moment and on forgetfulness, must there not be much, as it were, compressed, in a small number of elect spirits with a specially privileged calling? . . . How many activities would have been still further enervated by mistrust of self and of God, how many desires after holiness would have recoiled still further before difficulties wrongly held to be insurmountable, and, on the other hand, how many pious souls would have gone still further astray in puerile or vainglorious dreamings, if the figure of the great Carmelite were not there to strengthen some, to soften others, to calm the impatient and uplift the humble, to teach, in fact, to all what the resources are of a soul, which, although it has renounced false pleasures, has not on that account—indeed far from it!—renounced any true gift or well-being! Therefore, it is that so many impulses and prayers go forth to her who has done so much honor to our nature that Father Banez could say of her in words as expressive as true: "She is great from head to foot, but the influence that radiates from her is incomparably greater still."

—*Henri Joly.*

ST. TERESA.

St. Teresa held that the suffering endured for such a short space of time by the martyrs was a cheap price to pay for a happiness that was to endure everlastingly. When she was seven years old she persuaded her brother Pedro to go with her, begging their bread as they went, into the country of the Moors, where the infidels were to send them to a blessed death and everlasting glory. They even got as far as Ajara, then at the turning in the hilly road they were met by an uncle and taken back home.

There are some so out of measure perfect, to their thinking, that all they see seems to them a defect: and these are ever they that have most defects.

—*St. Teresa.*

To receive favors from God is a first grace, to understand the nature of the gift received is a second grace. —*St. Teresa.*

HARVEST.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
  Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
  All day long,
It hath the brook's wild gayety,
The sorrowful cry of the sea.
  Oh hush and hear!
  Sweet, sweet and clear,
  Above the locust's whirr
  And hum of bee
Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
  Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
  All day long,
That exquisite music calls
  The reaper everywhere—
  Life and death must share,
The golden harvest falls.

So doth all end,—
  Honored Philosophy,
  Science and Art,
  The bloom of the heart;—
Master, Consoler, Friend,
  Make Thou the harvest of our days
  To fall within Thy ways.

From *American Anthology.*

IN A LARGE CENTRAL OFFICE WHERE SCORES OF TELEPHONE OPERATORS ARE BUSY AT A SWITCHBOARD HUNDREDS OF FEET IN LENGTH.

AT "CENTRAL."

BY E. F. HARKINS.

It is a popular idea that during working hours the telephone girl is an inhabitant of Bedlam. The American word "hustle" is so generally confounded with bustle and noise that, perhaps naturally enough, the telephone exchange is supposed to be a veritable storm centre. The subscriber who takes a look through his telephone directory and sees that there are thousands of subscribers, with any one of whom he may be placed in communication in the fraction of a minute, may imagine that the connection is established with a scream and a thud. So, by multiplying this single instance by 5,000 or 10,000, he is led on by his imagination to picture a central office as a sort of twentieth century combination of gymnasium and foundry.

He hears the voice of the operator so distinctly that he thinks she is shouting like himself. Then he waits. In fancy, he can almost hear the operator moving about and doing her best to connect the wires. Then comes the familiar voice of his friend. Sometimes, during the conversation, he may hesitate and say: "Well, I will tell you about that privately," for he fancies that the operator is listening, waiting for the conversation to end, so that she can cut off the connection. Perhaps, too, after saying good-bye

to his friend he attempts to chat with the operator, thinking that she is now familiar with his business and might as well continue to be so. Or, if he thinks the connection is not made quickly enough, he hammers the arm that holds the receiver, supposing that he is waking the girl up. According to his idea the operator may be taking time now and then to refresh herself with her bouquet of violets, or to read a page or two of one of the "best-selling" novels. To this subscriber—to the average American, in other words—a visit to one of the telephone central offices such as are maintained by the Bell companies in the larger cities produces surprise after surprise.

When the visitor enters the room, he sees before him a row of girls shoving metal pegs at the ends of long cords into holes in an upright board that extends along the side of the room. Looking around, he notes that the same thing is going on along the other sides of the room. Tiny lights flash here and there along the board, reminding him of fireflies on a country road at night. There is still another suggestion of the country at night-time in the low murmur—as of the denizens of meadow and dell—that he hears; and this faint sound made by the voices of the operators speaking in tones hardly above a whisper but emphasizes the predominant quiet. If the caller were to drop a dime, the noise would be heard above everything else.

The visitor, seeing the holes and the pegs, thinks of cribbage. The board, however, is many times the size of a cribbage board; it stands upright instead of lying flat, and the game is not slow but fast and furious. The players are pegging away at the rate of many holes a minute. At times there seems to be a perfect tangle of lines; but there is no sign of conflict. The player must be swift and accurate to hold her position. Women older than most of the players are moving to and fro behind the chairs. They are, as it were, the referees. The little flashes of light might be regarded as points scored in this game of telephonic cribbage.

The players are so busy that they have no time for distraction. Not one of them has noticed a visitor. All he sees is backs ever swaying and arms ever reaching. In this respect he is reminded of the gymnastic exercises of a class at Radcliffe, say, or at Wellesley, and were it not for the surroundings he might think that what he saw before him was a new development of the Swedish movement.

Flash—click—click—flash—buzz! So it goes on, second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour. The game, the exercise, or whatever you have a mind to call it, continues incessantly. For what you really see before you is the company of girls who serve as mediums of communication between yourself and the other subscribers, who speed the call of the patient for his doctor, of the terrified householder for the policeman or the fireman, of sweetheart for sweetheart; it is all the same to them. For all the feeling they show, they might serve as part of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works; but here is where the impression is misleading, for a more alert, more energetic, more intelligent company of girls than the telephone operators is seldom to be met in the business world.

It is interesting to look at them and consider their relations with the outside world; but the rush of their work leaves no room for imagination on their part. While they sit at the board they are wholly at the service of the subscriber; their time and their energy, even their minds, are at his command. Obviously they have no time to gossip, or to munch caramels or macaroons, or to discuss the relative merits of ready-made suits and

tailor-made gowns; they might not have time even to look around if the President of the United States were to walk into the room. The world is speaking to them through the receivers fastened at their ears, and all they have to say is spoken into the little black transmitters suspended before their mouths, and looking very much like inverted shepherds' horns.

tions that every girl can reach all the lines connected with the switchboard, because every line branches to every section. If the wires number 7,000, say, it is possible to make nearly 50,000,000 combinations or connections.

"When you talk over the telephone," continues the guide, "three of the small lamps take part in telling the operator that you want to talk, how your conver-

AT THE RELAY RACK

Here is the apparatus which lights the signal lamps upon the switchboard and rings the telephone bells.

"This," says the visitor, looking around the room, "is—"

"The switchboard," explains the guide.

"Oh, yes. That pegging—"

"Is the joining of lines to make the connections."

"And those lights—"

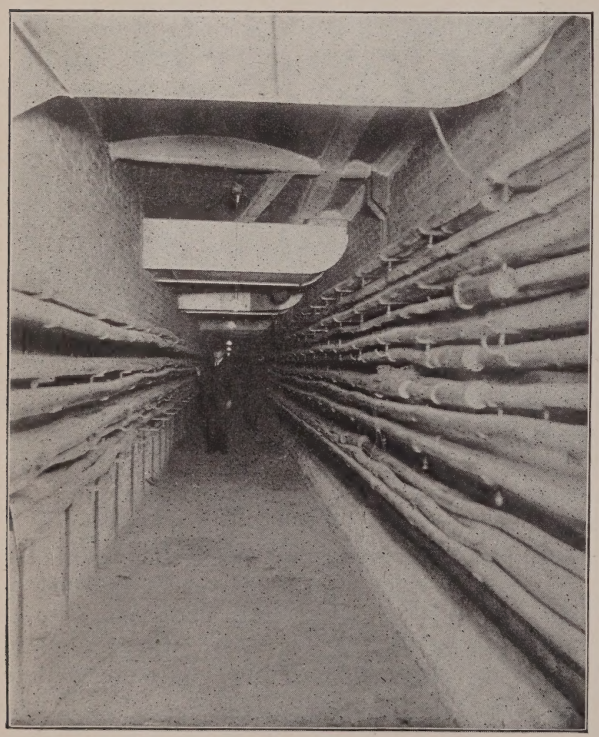
"The signals—calling and answering. You see, the board is so divided into sec-

sation is progressing, and when it is over. First, the lamp by the side of the switch socket in which your line ends gleams its notice. The operator pushes the plug at one end of a cord into the switch socket, turns a switch, and says, 'Number?' You give her the number of your friend's telephone and she then puts the plug at the other end of the cord into

one of the thousands of little holes in the upper part of the board.

"By means of the wires in the cord your line is now joined to that of the person whom you are calling, but the cord does not extend directly from one switch socket to the other; it passes through two holes in the shelf which runs along the front of the switchboard. Close to these holes you see there are two little lamps. When the operator plugs in on the line which you want, one of these lamps is lighted and it continues to shine until the person whom you are calling has taken the receiver from the hook; then the light goes out. When you hang up your receiver at the end of your talk and the other man hangs up his receiver, both lamps glow and the operator knows that you are through talking. She quickly removes the plugs and the cord disappears through the holes in the shelf, leaving only the metal ends showing. Before each operator there are fifteen or seventeen cords, and sometimes they are nearly all in use at once, criss-crossing over the face of the telephone cribbage board.

"What makes the telephone bell ring? Oh, the operator does that. She presses the button, or, in other words, the ringing key, as soon as she has plugged in on the line wanted, and the bell rings. When the lamp on the shelf goes out she knows that the ringing of the bell has been heeded and the call answered. Those two little lamps on the shelf, by the way, tell something else about a telephone conversation. You have probably said a good many times, when a question has been asked over your telephone, 'Hold the line a minute and I'll find out.' If you hang up the receiver, of course one of the lamps on the switchboard shelf lights up but as long as the other one fails to burn the operator knows as plainly as if you had told her that your friend is 'holding the line.' When you come back and resume the conversation the light is again extinguished."



THE TELEPHONE CABLES.
They enter the central office through a tunnel-like room in the basement and are then carried to the upper floors

"And then, perhaps," observes the visitor, "the young lady hears what it is that I have been finding out about."

"Not at all," the guide asserts, "for the moment she made the connection, when you first called, she snapped back a little switch on the shelf and shut herself completely out of the conversation. She can hear nothing that goes over the wires. The signal lamps tell her all that it is necessary for her to know."

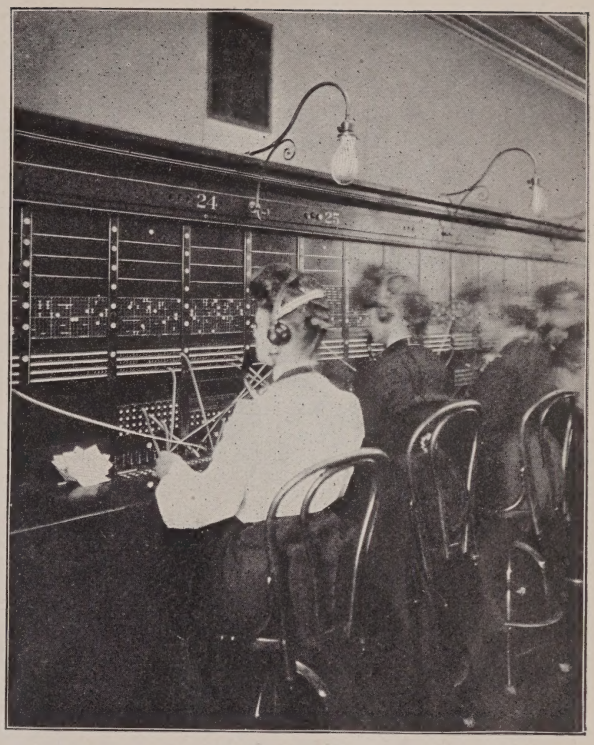
"But how is it that you pre-

vent two operators from connecting with a line at the same time? How is a girl at one end of the room to know whether the line she wants hasn't been put in use by a girl one hundred feet away? They certainly can't see each other."

"All the visitors ask that question," says the guide. "Watch the operator. You will notice that before plugging in on a line she touches the metal rim of the switch socket. If the line is busy the metal is slightly charged with electricity and the operator hears a click in her telephone. It is then that she says 'Busy' to the calling subscriber."

Interesting as is the operating room in a telephone central office it does not contain, by any means, all the wonderful things which surprise the visitor. Somewhere nearby is the terminal room, where the wires from outside the building end and are joined to the wires directly connected with the switchboard. The line from your telephone is carried into this room in a cable, the covering of which looks like a lead water pipe. This cable contains hundreds of wires, each wrapped in paper. These wires are carried to one side of a great iron rack, a set of shelves called the main distributing frame. It reaches from the floor nearly to the ceiling and is many feet in length. The wires end in lightning arresters and other devices to head off stray electricity which might work havoc with the delicate and costly telephone apparatus.

On the iron shelves are great bundles of wires, known as jumpers. The jumpers connect the outside lines with those from the switchboard, the switchboard wires being brought to the opposite side of the distributing frame, and by the arrangement of the jumpers outside lines may be connected with any lines in the switchboard.



TOLL LINE OPERATORS.
They sit at a switchboard where the long distance business is handled.

For illustration, if a subscriber moves his place of business from one portion of the city to another, by a similar change made at this frame his new telephone may be connected with the old line in the board and consequently retain the same telephone number.

The main distributing frame is not the only big iron rack in the terminal room. There is also the intermediate frame, where still other changes are made in the arrangement of the wires leading to the switchboard. While every operator can reach wires branching to every line connected with the board, she answers the calls originating on only a few lines. If she can properly take care of the business over one hundred lines she is given

that number; if the lines are very busy and she can handle only fifty, that number is apportioned to her; and it is by the frequent re-arrangement of the wires on the intermediate frame that each operator is given just the amount of work which she can do properly.

There is still more to the story of the terminal room. Besides the main and intermediate frames there are racks on which are placed the apparatus which brings the electrical current to the lines, rings the telephone bells, and makes the little signal lamps glow. In the modern central office the telephone current is supplied from a large storage battery placed in a room by itself, a room filled with lead trays and permeated with the fumes of acid so powerful that the visitor is likely to beat a hasty retreat.

The visitor to the central office, if he has been looking at one of the largest of the standard switchboards, has seen a piece of apparatus which is capable of including lines from about 10,000 telephones. In such a switchboard there are 4,000 miles of wire. To fasten a multitude of tiny parts in place bits of solder are used, and there are more than 2,000,000 of these soldered parts. The little signal lamps number 15,000. Almost equally wonderful when compared with the large switchboards are the little brothers of the family, the apparatus which is the meeting-place of the wires in rural exchanges and in hotels and of-

IN THE TERMINAL ROOM.

Where the wires from the switchboard are connected with the lines from the outside world.

fice buildings. There are no figures to show just how many telephone switchboards there are in the United States, but the Bell telephone companies, which own most of them, have an investment of more than $20,000,000 in this portion of their plants, and to the engineers of the Bell companies, the pioneers in the business, is due the credit for the development of this essential part of the telephone mechanism from its crude beginnings, when the telephone was new, to its present perfection.

A visit to the telephone exchange is a revelation even to those who have some general understanding of what they would see there. How surprising it is to a good many persons, well informed upon most subjects, was shown by the remark made by an elderly gentleman when he first saw a large telephone switchboard:

"Why," he said, "do you know, I have always pictured to myself a telephone exchange as a place where there were hundreds of telephones hung in long rows upon the walls with operators running to the different telephones as the bells rang? I never could figure out how they connected one telephone with another, but knew there was something called a switchboard which they used for the purpose."

MOTHER'S MINSTREL.

BY DAVID BEARNE, S. J.

Willie, o'er the plough land lift your bonnie rhyme,
(Violets in the hollow, blossom on the thorn!)
Warble o'er the furrow to the tinkling harness chime,
And sing me all the meaning of the holy Easter-time,
For 'tis you can set a ringing all the music of the morn.

Willie, with the mowing men harp upon your scythe,
(Light upon the lily-bud, dew upon the lawn!)
Of honey and of roses you shall ever have your tithe,
So fling unto the summer blue a lyric high and blithe—
For the boy may sing at noonday who knelt to God at dawn.

Willie of the mellow throat, where'er you be you'll flute;
(Peaches on the south wall, apples in the croft!),
My laughing minstrel laddie, take your meed of ruddy fruit,
For your voice is throbbing truer than the viol or the lute,
Loud, my laddie! low, my Willie! lower, now, and soft!

Willie, in the wet wood, make the hatchet ring!
(Rain upon the roof-tree, wind upon the wold!)
Of the coming Christmas all the day you're carolling,
And soon the log of Yule-tide merrily home you'll bring—
My ever-working Willie darling with the heart of gold!

AN INDICTMENT OF THE DEAD.

BY THE REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

"A man is not his father, but himself."

"Of the dead say only good things."

The historian in the presentation of facts may often desire to present his analysis and conception of character. How far he may be wise or justified in this is to be determined by no general rule, but rather by his own bent and abilities. What may be proper for one will prove disastrous to another. What on one page illumines, on another mars. From the finished labor the judicious reader can decide on the fitness of the historian's narrative, analysis, and reflections.

Miss Tarbell has written a notable series of articles on Standard Oil. She has found, collated, and published facts. She has accumulated evidences of iniquitous methods, of supreme self-seeking, of crushing injustices. There some historians would have quietly rested, leaving to the general judgment of present and prospective readers to estimate the merits and demerits of her work.

But this historian desired to read the mind, analyze the motives, search the heart, of the head and fount of Standard Oil, John D. Rockefeller. The result: a study of this man.

The object of this short paper is not to discuss the man treated, nor Miss Tarbell's treatment of him. Yet in passing it may be said that those who live in an intimate acquaintance of living men know that life in every individual is complex; that man is to himself a mystery; and that his motives frequently elude his own investigation. Too often caprice, circumstances, accidents, give a better explanation of a life than an honest study of motives.

The question at issue here is the value, the utility, and the ethical right of introducing extraneous human life or lives. Miss Tarbell has deemed it fit to write up John D. Rockefeller's father. He is dead; she had no good things to say of him. She has said some mean things, perhaps untrue, certainly uncalled for. When only evil was to be written, nothing should have been written, unless it had a bearing on the subject at issue.

The Czar of Russia, the King of England, the Queen of Holland, does not stand apart from ancestry. Princes and lords with hereditary power and title stand in such relation to their progenitors that for them history includes past and present generations. But in this country conditions are different. So far each man carves out his own destiny, and holds his position apart from his ancestors, independent of their birth, origin, condition. When a man has ascended into full view before the public his life becomes of general knowledge, and is reflected on those who follow him. But wherein does it bear on those who preceded him? Outside of mere generalities, of broad statements, his forebears need be only glanced at. They were poor, he is rich; they were of humble station, he is of social prominence. Why more? Why search court records for misdemeanors, or for evidences of crimes more or less common in unsettled conditions? Why revive the memories of olden neighbors to learn of a dead man's weaknesses, follies, or crimes? Why sweep all assertions into one seemingly broad, but vague, statement of viciousness? The subject of the sketch is accused of none of the things for which the father is branded. He is set forth as free from all other human failings, follies, passions, and crimes, except greed. The vast attraction exercised by

this trait has swept all other human tendencies into its vortex, to enjoy them all, itself mounting victorious upon their stranded wreckage. It has not helped to grasp the character of the son to thus portray the father. On the ground of information, of practical study of the son, this detailed study of the father should have been omitted. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

From the ethical standpoint. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." But is this custom the worthy one? Is it not rather more noble to say the least evil possible of the dead, all the good possible? This man has passed from among men. His life has no perceptible influence on the present generation. He is like millions, of all times and places, who have filled their simple destinies and have departed unknown and unsung. So, let him rest. Unearth only the good. In the presence of death we are naturally silent about a man's shortcomings. We magnify his virtues, we extol his small goodness, we praise his life. Death gives sacredness to the body of even a condemned and executed criminal. And unless it be question of one who has stood so completely in public view that all know of him, silence and oblivion are best. His body may be consumed by quicklime; so let the memory be effaced of his failures and his sins. This is at least Christian charity; it may be even eternal justice.

Again, the living have their rights. And the effort to show forth one living man by the alleged degradation of an ancestor may throw shadows on other members of the family, who have by reason of upright lives earned the right to general esteem. Their rights are certainly as sacred as can be the claims of a supposed morbid public to learn all that may be tainted in the blood, as in the money, of the person studied.

It is best in this country to take man or woman on personal worth. Let us give to John D. Rockefeller what his own life merits of praise or of blame; let us give to his son whatever that son may deserve, apart from our bias or condemnation of the father and his methods.

Booth Tarkington in his charming *Monsieur Beaucaire* fittingly treats Lady Mary Carlisle. Knowing the hero for Beaucaire she has treated him with scorn. She would gladly be the wife of the same man when she discovers that he is the Duke of Orleans. But he who had pleaded with her to accept him for himself, not on account of his father, leaves her to return to one in France who will accept him for himself. If we admit this principle in fiction, we should aim to live up to it in life, and in the portrayal of life.

The wisdom of many a great historian has held him close to facts pertaining solely to the subject in hand. A wrong was done to a man long dead, and to living relations, when Miss Tarbell resurrected faults, some real, some imagined, all unknown to the general public, and all useless to the study of her subject.

THE NEW BOY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

BY HALL S. LUSK.

It was a fine day in late June that the new boy took his first stroll in the neighborhood. The day before he had moved into the double house with the big porch —the house formerly occupied by Jimmy Saunders.

He walked leisurely down the street, his hands in his pockets, and on his face supreme satisfaction with all the world. The sky was of a perfect blue, the sun of a sufficient warmth, and honeysuckle, rose and wisteria combined to fill the air with a delicious perfume. The street was lined on either side with maple and oak trees that were heavy with leaves and cast a generous and cooling shade. The boy was quite positive that he had never seen so many well-kept lawns, of such a degree of luscious greenness and smoothness. He at once pronounced the move to the suburbs a success and showed his conviction in his beaming face.

Down the street from the opposite direction came another boy. In appearance he was only an ordinary boy, and the new boy did not mind him, or take any particular notice of him, save to regret that he was such a poor whistler. Otherwise, he was a very passable boy and might improve on acquaintance.

So the new boy went placidly on his way, returning with no interest whatsoever the searching glance that the other gave him. He recognized and accepted without murmur that it was the particular privilege of a boy who had lived in the neighborhood to look at a boy who had not lived in the neighborhood as though he had recently committed a theft, or at least was a coward and a hypocrite.

The other boy passed the new boy, whistling with a tunelessness that was obviously contemptuous; and, having passed him, he turned around and gazed after him for a second or two, and at last ceased his whistling long enough to call out: "Hello, Fatty," whereat he turned on his heel and resumed his journey and his whistling.

The new boy turned around. "Say," he demanded quietly, "you weren't speaking to me, were you, Slippery Face?"

"Yes, I was, Fatty," came the angry reply, and the other boy's eyes blazed indignantly. "You're pretty fresh for a new boy."

"O, don't talk so fast, it makes your face slip."

"Shut up, you're a fatty."

The new boy was undeniably fat. He had a round face and a round body and round legs, and generally speaking, he was built something on the order of the stump of a tree. He was very healthy looking and probably as hard as most tree-stumps.

He walked quietly toward his disturber. "Well, that's my business, if I am," he said. "It isn't my fault, and my face doesn't slip when I talk."

"Now, you shut up," insisted the other, "or I'll hurt you."

And the boy who had lived in the neighborhood doubled up his fists and made a rush for the boy who had not lived in the neighborhood. The latter eyed him coolly, and as he came on stepped quietly aside and struck at him, causing the blood to spurt from his nose in a bright stream. The aggressor's ardor was immediately cooled, and, picking up his hat, he resumed his journey, with never a word. And the new boy

went his way in placid contentment. He was of a very wonderful sweetness of disposition.

. . . . . .

There was a gathering of the clan that night on the back porch of Joe Kelly's house, and the cool of the evening was given up to debates and plots and plans.

The new boy was responsible for it all. The boy whose face slipped had been loath to tell of his painful experience of the morning, but the news, like all bad news, travelled fast. The encounter had taken place in front of the home of Reddy Johnson, and had been witnessed with intense delight by little Tommy Johnson, who had given a very vivid account of it to his brother, who in turn told the rest of the fellows, who all believed it. It aroused considerable indignation, and promised to furnish no end of pleasure and amusement.

Indeed, when I tell you there had never been a Fatty in the neighborhood you will not wonder that the boys should be indignant. There had always been a Skinny, and Skinny Roberts at present had that distinction, and a Reddy, being Reddy Jones, and a Shorty, being Shorty Green, and a Lengthy, being Lengthy Lang, and nearly everybody else essential to every properly constituted community of boys, but there had never been a Fatty, and now, when one did come along, that he should resent the appellation was a thing not to be lightly passed over.

"He isn't fair," said Freddy Lucy, "he hit me when I wasn't looking."

"That isn't the way Tommy told me about it," said Freddy Johnson, between whom and the other Freddy there was bad blood, as the result of a personal encounter in a ball game.

"What business did he have seeing it anyway?" asked Freddy indignantly, and the rest tittered appreciatively.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" inquired Joe Kelly, who was of an eminently practical turn of mind.

"I tell you what I'd like to do," said Skinny Roberts, "I'd like to punch his face."

The remark excited not a little admiration.

"Call him Fatty and he'll give you a chance," suggested Freddy Lucy, maliciously.

"Shall I, fellows," asked Skinny doubtfully.

"Certainly," they all said, "go ahead."

"Can he—can he—hit very hard, Freddy?" asked Skinny, still very doubtful, despite the encouragement he was receiving.

"You're afraid," said Joe Kelly.

"I'm not," denied Skinny indignantly; "why don't you call him Fatty, Shorty Green? I guess you're not afraid, are you?"

Shorty did not reply. He was used to being singled out in that fashion and didn't mind it any more, knowing that no offense was intended and that it was just a way for a fellow to get himself out of a hole.

"You said you wanted to punch his face," said Joe Kelly, "now you go ahead and do it."

And as that was what they all thought, they all told Skinny to go ahead and do it, and there was no way out of it.

. . . . . .

Next morning, Skinny Roberts, like a warrior of old, chosen by his fellows to engage in single combat with the best man of the enemy's army, sallied forth, on conquest bent. He met the new boy as the latter was coming home with a loaf of bread in one hand and a box of breakfast-food in the other, and informed him that he was wanted on the lot by the school-house, for the purpose of "being licked." The new boy said that he would be there.

Some two hours later, when they were all engaged in a spiritless game of three-knocker, the new boy put in an appearance at the lot. He stood modestly on

the edge of the field and watched the game with apparent interest. Little Tommy Johnson was the first to catch sight of him.

"Hey," he called out, "there's the new fellow." The game was at once abandoned and the boys all came in toward home plate, where Skinny Roberts was standing on the very eve of knocking the cover off the ball. They spoke to him words of encouragement.

"Come here, Fatty," Skinny shouted, "come here, I want you."

The new boy did as he was bade. He came at a leisurely pace and seemed to be utterly indifferent to everything, save to the beauties of the scenery round about him. He surveyed the sky, the honeysuckle vine climbing the back porch of the Smithson residence, and especially the green and level ball-field, with an eye keenly alive to the artistic and practical advantages of the spot. He was, as I have hinted, a most remarkably calm sort of a lad.

The two boys finally met in the middle of the diamond, the crowd standing back at a respectful and interested distance of some ten paces.

"Do you want me?" asked the new boy.

Skinny admitted that he did.

"What do you want me for?"

"I'm going to lick you. You watch me. You called me Skinny, didn't you? Just watch me lick you, just *watch* me."

The new boy watched him with amazement, as he went through a series of most curious and mystifying antics.

"Say," he asked, "does it hurt you to do that?"

Whereat Shorty Green tittered, and was indiscreet enough to say: "O, why don't you hit him?"

Skinny made a rush for the new boy, who, not yet recovered from his amazement, was taken off his guard, and received a smart blow.

"Good boy!" cried the crowd, "good boy!"

But the new boy was still cool. He stepped back and, putting up his fists, eyed his opponent deliberately and waited for the next rush. He was a little pale, and his eye gleamed somewhat dangerously, but beyond that his expression was unchanged.

And when his foe, elated by his first success, rushed the second time, the new boy met him half way, and neatly avoiding the blows that were aimed at him, hit Skinny twice in the face, and following up his advantage, drove him steadily back, striking him at will. At last, when Skinny could fight no more, but was too brave to cry "enough," Joe Kelly and Reddy Johnson were forced to jump in and pull him away.

The new boy said nothing. He merely looked around for his hat, and when he had found it, walked slowly away. The group of boys gazed after him, awe-stricken.

"Gee, but he can fight," gasped Shorty Green, and the silence of the rest was an eloquent assent to the proposition.

. . . . . .

About half a mile from the neighborhood was Stony Creek, a little stream, never more than thirty yards in width, that foamed and rippled over a rocky bed betwen high and wooded banks. A mile or so up the creek was a dam above which the waters ran cool and still and deep. Here the boys went swimming off a great rock that rose out of the water, and was known as Black Rock.

Two days after the memorable battle between Skinny Roberts and the new boy, the crowd, at the suggestion of Shorty Green, who was a most remarkable boy for always wanting to do something, went swimming. Before undressing they used sometimes to lie around on the ground under the trees, dozing and dreaming, and looking up at the sky, and seeing strange shapes in the white,

piled-up clouds that hung, like immense roses, above them. It was the most unlikely place in the world for a fight, and I do not believe that the boys would have deliberately chosen it for any such purpose, and I am quite sure that the new boy did not, either. However, it would seem that the new boy was responsible, for it was he who interrupted their peace by appearing among them, as cool and indifferent as ever.

There are times when boys act by instinct, and this was one of those times. An impartial observer would have said that Skinny Roberts and Joe Kelly and Reddy Johnson all jumped up at exactly the same instant and rushed for the new boy. The others were quick to follow, and with six boys attacking him at once, the new boy fared ill, walking off, at last, with his face badly bruised and his persecutors calling after him and inquiring with much solicitude as to whether he had had enough.

From that day forth there was open war, with the new boy the aggressor. He became wary, and did not suffer himself to be again caught by the crowd, but woe it was to the boy who in single-handed helplessness was so unfortunate as to meet with Fatty.

The feud became the sole absorbing topic of talk and reflection among all the boys, and finally penetrated to the very hearth-stones of their homes, bringing pain and anxiety to many a fond mother, and anger to many an indignant father. Parents became tired of seeing the prides and consolations of their lives enter the house with their faces disfigured, a black eye, a swollen lip, a front tooth conspicuous by its absence; and through the length and breadth of the neighborhood indignation and anxiety grew and waxed strong.

The new boy's parents were appealed to, but quietly, firmly, and with dignity, refused to have anything to do with the matter. For this they suffered, being excluded from the Euchre Club, the Sewing Club, the Cultus Club, and all other little social organizations which added so much to the zest of life in the neighborhood.

It would be hard to say what might have been the upshot of the whole affair had not the boys themselves at last grown tired of it. It would not have been so bad had the new boy contented himself with thrashing them all once, and then calling a halt; but his vengeance was not to be thus sated, and when he had gone the rounds once he started all over again, so that it was well into the middle of August when every boy in the neighborhood had been thrice soundly whipped, except Joe Kelly, who had suffered on but two occasions.

Joe, in the meanwhile, had been thinking hard, and as he judged that the time was fast approaching for his third encounter with the new boy, and as he desired very strongly to avoid that encounter, he unburdened his mind to the boys one day down at Black Rock. And, with Skinny Roberts insisting that they must do nothing "to besmirch their escutcheon" (Skinny being wont occasionally to indulge in light literature) they finally agreed to meet in front of the new boy's house on the following morning.

And so they did, all of them appearing a little uncertain of themselves — all except Joe Kelly, who sat on the carriage-step and threw pebbles at the sparrow in the street, and whistled with a self-satisfied complacency quite annoying to the rest.

When the new boy finally appeared on the porch, Joe got up and leaned carelessly against his fence.

"I want to speak to you," he called out.

"All right," the new boy replied, "speak ahead."

"We've come," began Joe in his best manner, "to see if we couldn't fix up things. We want to stop this fighting

business. We're not the scrappy kind, you know. We're not toughs. We like a fight once in a while, but we like other things, too. Isn't that so, fellows?"

"Uh-huh," they assented.

"So, as I said before," Joe resumed, "we want to stop it. But we don't want to 'besmirch our escutcheon,' as Skinny says. Isn't that so, Skinny?"

Skinny said that it was.

"Now," said Joe, "we've been fighting for a principle. Isn't that so?" Joe addressed the question to the new boy.

"I reckon," was the reply. "I don't know." The new boy appeared to be indifferent in the matter.

"What is that principle?" pursued Joe, speaking slowly and impressively. Nobody appeared to know.

"Isn't it this — to call him Fatty?"

"Of course," they agreed, alarmed at their own ignorance.

"And why did we call him Fatty?"

"Because he is fat?" suggested Shorty Green.

"*Is* fat?" echoed Joe; "did you say *is*, Shorty? You mean, *was* fat."

The answer startled them all, and they began to inspect the new boy more closely. It was a fact, an undeniable fact — the new boy was getting thin. His cheeks were no longer puffed out like two rosy apples, his double chin was gone, his waist was small, his legs could almost have been called slim. And all at once it struck them as it had struck Joe Kelly. What was the use of calling a fellow Fatty when he wasn't fat?

Joe pursued his advantage. "What's making him thin?" he asked.

"Licking us," said Shorty Green.

"Isn't that so?" Joe asked the others.

They reluctantly admitted that it was.

"Then, what's the use of fighting? No use, is there? We haven't any reason for calling him Fatty, because he isn't fat. And he hasn't any reason for fighting because we don't call him Fatty. There isn't any principle any more."

"I guess you're right, Joe," put in Skinny Roberts. "It's an honorable compromise."

"We might as well be friendly, anyway," said Reddy Johnson.

Joe turned to the new boy. "Is it all right?" he asked.

"I reckon so, my name's James Wilson." And the new boy was the new boy no longer. He was simply "Jim."

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

A little more than a year ago the Rev. Joseph F. Hanselman, S. J., President of Holy Cross College, Worcester, addressed the alumni on the urgent need of farther accommodation for the ever-increasing number of students, and proposed that the alumni erect a hall that would be an enduring evidence of their love for their college. The suggestion was taken up eagerly and acted upon so promptly that "Alumni Hall" will be ready for occupation in September. It contains one hundred rooms for dormitory purposes, and more than any other fact shows the progress that Holy Cross has made in the past few years. This magnificent addition to the College buildings is a direct result of the cordial spirit that unites faculty, alumni, and students, and the reverend President no doubt appreciates even more than the erection of the hall the loyalty and devotion of which it is a visible proof. Father Hanselman's faith in the alumni has been justified. They have shown that as Father Hanselman said, "If individually each alumnus of Holy Cross is not an overwhelmingly large factor in the financial world, by judicious, enlightened, concerted action, all the alumni are able to achieve something that will be creditable, and highly so, to themselves as well as to the college."

The reverend President of Holy Cross was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. October 28, 1856. He attended St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, and after graduation, in 1877, he entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he remained one year. In 1878 he began his novitiate in the Jesuit Order. Father Hanselman has taught at St. Peter's

College, Jersey City, N. J. and at St. John's College, Fordham, going to Holy Cross in 1893, where he filled the office of Prefect of Studies and Discipline, and that of Rector since August, 1901.

That Holy Cross is so rapidly increasing its membership roll is due in greater part to the magnetic personality of the Reverend President, who possesses in a remarkable degree the happy faculty of moulding youth along the lines of highest development. What he expects of those who come under his care was made clear in his memorable address on the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to the College, at commencement. While eulogizing the sterling character of the Nation's chief, Father Hanselman said:

"The predominant note of that character is his unflinching courage in securing the 'square deal' for everybody; individual, corporation, high or low, rich or poor, weak or strong, native-born or naturalized. Others, no doubt, had the same instincts for the right, but none, perhaps, had the same happy combination of qualifications for enforcing that right. At one with the best and highest in the land, he is at the same time in ready sympathy with the best aspirations of the lowliest.

"His natural gifts of intellect and person are broadened and enhanced by the highest liberal culture of college and university, so that he now stands before us in the strong and varied equipment of the ripe scholar,

REV. JOSEPH F. HANSELMAN, S. J.

the daring soldier, the consummate statesman.

"He knew how, with heroic courage, to take the heights of San Juan, and he knows how with no less determination to hold out the olive branch of peace to warring nations.

"Never afraid to engage in a conflict when the interests of humanity, of patriotism, are at stake, he knows how to end the conflict, when to end it means the protection of the self-same interests of humanity.

a character of high and correct principle, of courage and of common sense, is what we are striving to develop here at Holy Cross, and of such a character we find an inspiring example in him, who to-day sheds luster on the college by honoring us by this distinguished visit."

Father John J. Farrell, O. S. A. of Atlantic City, N. J., has been notified by the Commissioner of Patents that his application for a patent device for the rapid count-

REV. JOHN J. FARRELL, O. S. A.

"The typical figure of the daring soldier of the 19th century, he has become the great peacemaker of the 20th.

"We are proud of these characteristics, especially here at Holy Cross, where it is our conscientious duty to develop such traits of character.

"A character enlightened by scholarship to direct the mind how to grapple with the great problems that confront the nation, a character strengthened by strenuous endeavor to nerve the will to recoil at no obstacle, a character poised by moderation, in a word,

ing and wrapping of coins of all denominations has been granted. The machine, in a single operation, counts and wraps coins of any denomination and of any desired size bundle in from three to five seconds.

It will count and not wrap, that is, will verify the amount or number of coins received in bulk, as in a bank, from the Sub-Treasury or from very large depositers. It will wrap even if the counting is done by hand. Crooked, foreign, or mutilated coins are snapped out. By a register the number of all coins is recorded or registered.

It places the owner's name on the wrapper of each bundle for identification by the bank receiving his deposit. When the number of coins in the hopper of the machine is insufficient to make a full package, the counting mechanism will lock, and remain so until released or more coins are placed in the receptacle. As for accuracy it will not vary one coin in its count of a million and will count 160,000 coins in an hour.

Father Farrell also holds a patent for a coin-assorting device. Any number of coins may be thrown into the machine and after three or four half turns the device opens automatically and all coins—dimes, pennies, nickels, quarters and half dollars—are found, each denomination in its own compartment.

The rumor that the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who is now in Rome, is about to enter the Church, will recall to readers of DONAHOE'S, the late Father Fox's interesting reminiscences of the Gladstone family, one member of which was a Catholic, with a rather eccentric devotion to unimportant details.

"There were some," says Father Fox, "who believed that these fads of his sister actually interfered with the conversion of Mr. Gladstone himself. Mr. Hope Scott of Abbotsford once told me that there were four gentlemen, of whom he was one,—the other three being his brother-in-law, Lord Henry Kerr, Mr. Braddely, another prominent barrister, and Mr. Gladstone, who arranged with Dr. Newman to call upon him, on a certain day, to discuss the important affair of becoming Catholics, but that when the hour fixed by Dr. Newman for the interview arrived Mr. Gladstone alone failed to keep the engagement. The remaining three persons were faithful to their appointment, and soon afterwards all of them were received into the Church. If this were true, as I have no doubt it was, it would seem that he thus tampered with the proffered grace of God and that it was never at his disposal at any subsequent occasion."

Lord Acton. Mr. Armitstead. Rev. Stephen Gladstone. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

A NOTABLE GROUP. (1893).

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, son of the late Premier, resigned the living at Hawarden a short time ago. This excited surprise, for it could not be explained either on the ground of years or of the loss of interest in his avocation. The Gladstone family have, of course, always been of the most advanced High Church school, although that is not the section of the Anglicanism from which the majority of clerical or other converts usually come. "It has been a special joy of this Dec. (1868)," wrote William Ewart Gladstone, "that our son, Stephen, is given to the Church, 'whose shoe latchet I am not worthy to unloose.' "

GENERAL VIEW OF LUNA PARK, CONEY ISLAND.

TENPENNY DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The whole world may not have heard of Luna Park at Coney Island, but this is not the fault of its managers. So much has been said about it, so insinuating is the printed information, that only the air goes deeper and farther into the human consciousness. One could believe the story of a man wandering down to the place without formally proposing the act, passing through its brilliant scenes, and returning home to resume his dinner or his business, or whatever had been interrupted, ignorant that he had done Luna Park; so hypnotic in its universality and its persistence is the advertising scheme to bring the whole world to the amusement shrine. Most of us philosophers used to think that the basis of public amusement was the haphazard. We used to say to our disciples that man must sleep, eat and play twelve out of the twenty-four hours, simply because his nature demanded the triple relaxation; and it mattered little how these things were done so that the sleep were refreshing, the food nutritious, and the play inspiriting. Now we know better. The hygienists have taught us much about the relation of food not only to health but to thought and feeling. The fine frenzies of the minor poets have often been due to a dose of beans. Thoughts of murder in commonplace people have often been brought on by

the modern forms of mince pie. The popular amusements of ancient Carthage and ancient Rome developed a people as cruel and bloodthirsty as the Greeks were generous and refined.

Evidently we have considerable to learn about the basis of amusement, particular and general. Strangely enough it is the commercial people rather than the scientific that are stumbling on the psychological principles which underlie the amusements of the people. Whenever they discover a new one, the amusement which flowers from it brings in a handsome revenue. Luna Park represents a new application of an old but not well-recognized principle. I went down to the sea purposely to discover what was the principle, and spent an afternoon testing with scientific zeal and skill its character through its manifestations. I shall not name it until the reader has been carried through the experiments which made it clear to me. The managers who are profiting by it have not yet learned its name. I doubt if the sharpest reader will discover it for himself in this article, which may also be the fault of the writer. Luna Park covers several acres of land, and at first glance seems to be a combination of circus and theatre. There is a main street lined with buildings of gorgeous Japanese, Chinese and Moorish architecture. These structures contain restaurants, theatres, ballrooms and offices. In the center is a lagoon, and over it rises an open-air stage. One-half the upper end is taken up by a village of Igorrotes from the Philippines and the other half by a spectacle which in miniature reproduces the capture of Port Arthur. A tremendous

THE DRAGON GORGE.

THE ILLUMINATED TOWER AT NIGHT.

tower rises in the center, from which run slender arches to all parts of the establishment. At night the form of the park and its buildings is outlined by electric lights, and the splendor thereof is visible far out at sea.

An old mill with picturesque facade and a grumbling wheel is the first attraction to greet the eye. The stream which turns the wheel runs lazily at the base of the mill, appearing at the mouth of a cave and disappearing into another cave some distance away. You are invited to enjoy a boat-ride on this mysterious stream for the sum of ten cents. A deep and heavy boat at the landing accommodates perhaps eight passengers. Two small boys on this occasion were my fellow-travelers into the unknown.

"Are you not coming with us?" said I to the boatman.

"No need," he replied, "you can manage the trip yourself."

And with that hardly comforting remark he gave the bark a shove on the descending stream, it passed gently through the mouth of the cave, and we were plunged into Cimmerian darkness. The darkness gave way shortly to a soft gloom like that of the Dismal Swamp. The artist who designed the river must have had that idea in his mind. We passed through scenes of a terrifying kind; fungous growths, dead trees, water-soaked logs, trees encircled by serpents, stumps garnished with gigantic frogs; occasionally we entered a clearing and saw far off a pleasant country dotted with houses, only to pass into the gloom again. The stillness of a veritable swamp rested on the stream whose gentle murmurings merely intensified the silence. Although we knew the journey was going on under the floor of a ramshackle building the illusion was too perfect to permit any comfort from the prosaic fact. The stream itself was only a wooden canal four feet wide and two feet deep, and the boat bumped familiarly the wooden banks as it glided on. A kind of terror seized the deluded senses. What if the boat should stick somewhere in the darkness? The windings of the stream became interminable. Finally it entered the very bowels of the earth. The darkness became so intense that one's body seemed to evaporate with the paralysis of the sensible faculties and only the troubled soul remained. The little river had flowed into the depths of the sea. A green gloom suddenly relieved the darkness, such as a swimmer sees at the bottom of a lake, beautiful

and terrible; and through it became visible the weird vegetation that rises ghost-like from the bed of the ocean.

A shark or a cuttle-fish might be lurking in those awesome shadows. The hair on the head began to rise and strange creepings chilled the spine. Manly pride alone hindered the willing yell that rose in the throat. The boys spoke to each other such comforting phrases as "Gee! if the boat stuck here!" and were encouraged by a discreet cough from the man upon whose presence they relied. After the passage through the sea the stream meandered into another tunnel, whose depth of darkness struck into the very soul. Here was the lurking-place of the devil-fish, his tentacles might encircle the boat at any moment; but the strain on the nerves yielded suddenly to the vision of daylight, the boat glided through the mouth of the cave, and a smiling boatman helped us to land. The old mill and the grumbling wheel welcomed us from our voyage, which ended almost at the point where it began. The artist who designed this illusion deserves the highest praise for his achievement.

Speed as an element in pleasure has long been recognized by the human kind, in particular by the children, whose sledding and skating in winter, races and roller-skating and stealing rides on wagons in summer, have given such anxiety to prudent mothers. It is a commercial value in the trolley-car systems. Its extreme has been reached in the diversion known as shooting the chutes, which is the nearest thing to a fall off a precipice that man may experience and live. There is no need to describe the ascent to the platform from which the car-boats

FIRE AND FLAMES, LUNA PARK.

start, the pleasant seating of the adventurers, the guides taking their places at bow and stern. The point of interest lies in the physical sensations at the moment of highest speed just before striking the water. It must be precisely the same sensation which affects the unfortunate aeronaut the moment before he strikes the earth which is to be his grave. It is composed of a conviction that not even the stars in their orbits travel faster, of a thought that to hit any solid just then would reduce the factors in the bump to liquids, of an exaltation that laughs at such a disaster. The three leaps which the boat-car makes out of the water through the violence of the contact fill the spectators with mirth and the adventurers with a kind of desperation. It would hardly do for a creditor to present his bill to them on landing.

The scenic railways are based on this pleasurable factor of speed, but they add compensation to speed and indulge in humorous spurts and turns designed to tickle the traveler to laughter. The open-air scenic railway gives no illusions, although its course is set to scenery like a poem to music. The enclosed affair is all illusion. The cars await you close to a waterfall tumbling from the mountains through which you are to travel. The sights of the trip are most remarkable. At first the car climbs the mountains until their snow-capped peaks shining in the sun seem to stretch for miles into the distance. You are gazing in ecstasy at this scene, when the car turns a corner so suddenly that your dignity vanishes along with the mountains, and you find your eyes resting on a placid farming country, clothed with the ripe

THE ILLUMINATED TOWER BY DAY.

grain. It fades as the car drops into a hollow so deep that your stomach gives notice, but withdraws it as the car leaps upwards to another level and then turns a corner so sharply that several words not found in the dictionary leave your mouth like stones from a catapult. You are flying through a coal-mine, where the miners dig unconcerned; the next minute the polar sea flashes upon you, cool and dazzling with fur-clad hunter chasing the white bear; then you are in Siberia by night, catch a glimpse of a bivouac of Russian soldiers in the snow, and next of a fortified city with harbor and war-ships. While you are wondering at the beauty of these scenes, so unexpected and realistic, the car drops into the daylight in front of the waterfall with a rush that draws shrieks from the travelers, and climbs the other side. The first trip is repeated from another point of view, the moon shines on the mountains, on the arctic sea, all sense of direction is lost, the turnings, sudden drops and sudden rises of the car become more frequent, and at last the journey ends at a convenient door, where one is surprised to see daylight and the United States.

The sense of a long, hurried, vivid journey is so perfect that one yields to weariness in the open air and sits for some minutes to recover. In full view are the new-fashioned swings in which speed is the chief factor of amusement. The people enter little chariots suspended from long arms fixed in the iron collar that encircles a lofty pillar. This collar moves freely around the pillar, and as it swings gently climbs to the very summit of the pillar and as gently descends; so that the people enjoy an upward, downward and circular motion, while the view of the earth beneath changes with every ten feet. Another swing has only the circular movement, but its cars have the shape of balloon-baskets, and as its speed increases these baskets swing outward from the pillar and upward at the same time, at an angle so acute and with a motion so swift as to give the sensation of flying about in a balloon. As the speed abates the baskets slowly close in on the pillar to the natural position. By this time I had stumbled on the principle which actuates Luna Park and has made it so great a success. The discovery gave a new interest to the place, its patrons and its amusements. The formula given below ought to increase the effectiveness of its administration and the amount of its profits.

The principle was finely illustrated in the Trip to the Moon, which is made with circumstances so dignified as to complete a very impressive experience. The entrance to the balloon station is spacious, attractive, even decorous. The waiting room with its pillared walls and lounging-chairs and settees appeals to the cultivated taste. The attendant informs you gravely that the balloon has just gone, and you must wait ten minutes before it returns. At the appointed moment a lively gentleman in naval uniform throws open the doors and cries "all aboard for the moon!" as impressively as the conductor of the Empire State Express. Attendants in sailor garb stand at the gang-plank and guide us into the air-ship. It is anchored in semi-darkness, but has the appearance of a schooner-deck, roofed, with doors at bow and stern and seats in three tiers, one below and the other, at the sides. Far below is visible the outline of Coney Island with its electric-light palaces softened and beautiful by distance. The captain of the expedition sings out his orders to the sailors of the atmospheric deep, the lines are cast off, the big wings at the sides begin to flap with the lazy motion of a tired sea-gull, the car sways and creaks, a rush of wind sweeps the

deck steadily, the darkness increases, the lights of the island sink beneath us, and we are fairly on our way to the moon. A thunder-storm passes by, the twinkling stars appear in multitudes after it, then a silver light floods the balloon, and far below in dazzling brightness appears the moon-land, upon which the balloon alights like a bird. The forward doors are thrown open, the sailors guard another gang-plank, and the whole party enters the moon. It seems the people of that planet live on the inside. In this matter their civilization excels ours, since only a small percentage of our American people, like Rockefeller, Rogers, Hyde, Depew and their company, have succeeded in getting on the inside of all the good things. The moon-people have made the inside their home, and while the profits are not to be compared with those of the Equitable pirates, still they are doing very well. A gnome four feet high guided us through many galleries and chambers to the illuminated hall in which the King and Queen of the Moon received us in state, dwarfs also, as were all their attendants, and sang us a song that showed how close is the communication of the moon-people with the Bowery. An obliging dragon at one end of the throne-room opened his mouth graciously for our exit, and permitted us to walk through his interior, which wobbled considerably under the tread of a hundred humans, until we found ourselves in the open air.

The town-criers invited us at once to attend the fire-fighting scene in the next building. Here was a section of a circus, seats rising one above another, facing a canvas curtain. When the curtain was drawn the puzzled spectators saw a hitherto unknown section of the island; a real street, a whole block of real houses with a saloon at one corner and a hotel at the other; the trolley-cars passed every minute, trucks, delivery wagons, carriages flew by; people passed up and down the streets, chatted, bargained, loafed in the stores; a boy stole a watermelon from an Italian fruit-stand and was chased by a policeman; Mrs. Murphy leaned out of a window and called for Johnnie who declined to come; there was a fight at one place and a dance to hurdy-gurdy music at another; women and children appeared at the windows of the houses, and a woman with a baby in arms made herself conspicuous, as did the well-dressed ladies of the hotel. As a piece of realism this street surpasses anything that has ever been achieved on the modern stage. The practiced observer is deceived for a minute; the simple people cannot be persuaded of the fiction. The acting goes on for ten minutes. An old-fashioned fire-parade with a roaring band takes place. It has hardly passed when a fire breaks out in a paint-shop in the middle of the block, explosions of benzine occur, and the modern fire department rushes upon the scene with all the apparatus of the profession. The next five minutes are filled with the terrors of a spreading conflagration; the north half of the block is in flames, the curtains burn in the windows, great gusts of flame leap from the doors and windows; and so many things happen at once that the eye and the memory cannot take in all the details. Women leap into the safety-nets spread for them, others are carried out unconscious by the firemen, a few slide down the ropes, and the mother with the child escapes to the street leaving her infant behind. It is rescued nobly by one of the firemen, and the fire-drama ends with an audience hysterical with enthusiasm and emotion.

There are other sights and scenes in Luna Park, such as the Igorrote village and the capture of Port Arthur, but I have described only those which illustrate the principle at work in this insti-

tution. Fifty thousand people pass through Luna Park every fair Saturday, sixty thousand on Sundays, thirty thousand on week days. The number is bound to increase, even with the increase of competition, if the managers develop their amusements according to the nature of the principle which has brought them success. What is that principle? Has any reader yet discovered it? After some testing of phrases this seems the most accurate formula for its expression: *the audience are the actors in each drama.* Consider this attentively. In the ordinary drama the audience sits in silence, mere spectators of the action on the stage. In the little dramas of Luna Park the audiences are also the actors. The journey through the Dismal Swamp provides only a scene in which the traveler does the acting, portrays the emotion, in his own proper person. In shooting the chutes and in the open-air railways and the swings this is self-evident, for the audience is in full view of the actors, whose emotions are portrayed as no actor could ever portray them. The enclosed scenic railway and the trip to the moon depend entirely upon the audiences for their actors, since they are, with the exception of the attendants, mere masses of scenery. Even the fire scene, although more of a spectacle, in which the leading work is performed by specialists, makes the audience play the part of the street-crowd at a fire, and the audience plays it with almost as much emotion as the real crowd.

Clever, isn't it? Without training or experience or instruction, the average man, woman and child are suddenly converted into very fair actors, under ideal conditions. They are surrounded with the most effective scenery and the finest stage management. No ambitious star ever had so sure a financial support, and every performance is a success. Place on paper the proposition to make every audience play their own plays, and you would be laughed to scorn; yet here is it done to perfection without any proposition or scheme or even attention. Neither the manager nor the audience knows just what has given so much pleasure and won so much money. They have had to await this analysis to learn the principle upon which their scheme has been carried on. Since it revealed itself to my wondering gaze, strange applications of the principle to other forms of human activity have suggested themselves. Is not our Republic based on the patriotic interest and participation of all its citizens in state affairs? Was not the ritual of the Church Divine based and built up on the participation of the people in the holy service? Do not tell me that this is mingling things sacred and profane irreverently. Answer the direct question, and you will see how far we have drifted in State and Church from the safe foundations of the ancients.

IN THE SHADOWY GLENS.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

The night was calm, and long shadows from the rising moon fell over quiet Glen-na-nigh. It was May-time and the odor of blossoming shrubs filled the air, the peculiar, haunting scent of the hawthorn predominating. Seen over the far hills, through the moist atmosphere, the moon looked startlingly large. A poet would have likened its mystic and glowing face to the burning disc of Cuchulain's brazen shield.

The Suir flowing nearby was at full tide, its murmurless waters lapping the verdure of the banks. Amid the groves a belated and querulous blackbird broke into intermittent song. The white-walled villages framed with dark and heavy foliage were suggestive of peace and contentment; but the passions of men were astir.

Gillkiernan, gun in hand, left the high road, and went forward through the fields. In the shadowy moonlight his tall form loomed giant-like, and there was a suggestion of relentless purpose in the onward swing of his quiet shoulders. A chance wayfarer gazing on his face as the light struck it would have been appalled at the tumult of passion there depicted,—the mad fire that gleamed in his eyes. Gillkiernan's mind went over the events of the past few days. He saw his home, which he had given the best years of his manhood to redeem and hold, surrounded by the armed forces of the Crown. He remembered his futile and desperate attempts to ward off the dreaded eviction. How he had abased himself, begging with tears in his eyes for a little time in which to make up the balance of the rent! How he had pleaded the sickness of his wife, Aileen, lying on what proved to be her death-bed! But the landlord, the Earl of Holton, was inexorable, and bade the cruel work go on. This heartless nobleman attended in person, and seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in the sordid and pitiful details. A dull pain throbbed in Gillkiernan's brain as he recalled the pale face of his sick wife where she lay by the roadside in the bitter wind and rain. His Aileen of the sweet voice!—the shock had proven too much, and her gentle, uncomplaining spirit had fled, ere the night, to a fairer Land where there are no such words as rent and evictions.

To Gillkiernan the whole thing seemed a monstrous and revolting crime, and that it was abetted by the law and the forces of the Crown did not lessen its malignity; for the law seemed to him a resistless machine formed for the purpose of crushing the poor and of exalting the rich. It appeared to him that justice should be done on his enemy, and, since the law would not do it, he had sworn a deep oath that he himself would be the avenger.

By stealthy inquiry he had become acquainted with the fact that the Earl was dining this evening with a neighboring squire, and would return home late at night by the park entrance to his mansion. There and then would the sated voluptuary meet his doom! Never more would he grind the faces of the poor. Swift and sure death would leap upon him from the darkness, and his naked and frightened soul would be swept into the presence of the Judge. The guarding soldiery of a hated and hostile Government could not save him in that hour of need.

Although the night was so beautiful and still, throbbing noises surged through Gillkiernan's brain, and a world of whis-

pers seemed to come to him from the tremulous trees and grasses.

All his life he had been a stranger to the fearful passions that now possessed him. He acknowledged to himself with a shudder that the Evil One was exulting in the anticipated deed, but there was no idea of faltering in his purpose. Crossing a narrow belt of wood he came suddenly upon the ruins of an ancient abbey, and full through its time worn chancel the solemn moon stared him in the face. To the startled eyes of Gillkiernan a blood-red band surrounded its disk! Incredulously he passed his hand across his eyes and looked again. The blood-red mark had disappeared. A huge night-bird darkened the face of the luminary for a second, with his dusky wings, and vanished through the trees with a harsh discordant cry.

A laugh, strained and unnatural, died on Gillkiernan's lips.

"This will never do," he muttered. "I must keep my head and hand steady tonight."

With a grim smile he took a firmer grip of his weapon, skirted the ivy-covered walls, and came to the hedge that bordered the park road. Along this he strode cautiously till he came to a small stone stile some few perches from the demesne entrance. With deadly deliberation he seated himself on one of the steps, placed his gun on top, commanding the roadway, and waited.

The long minutes dragged by; an hour passed, and Gillkiernan remained motionless at his fearsome vigil. Meanwhile his brain was busy with many thoughts and fancies. He saw all the consequences of his dread act:—how he would become a hunted outlaw; how capture and the shameful death of the gallows would be his.

But these things, terrible though they were, affected him not a particle.

The dead face of Aileen was before him, and his distorted imagination pictured upon it an appeal—not for mercy but for vengeance. Yes, come what might she should be avenged. The blood of the guilty would be but partial payment for the blood of the innocent. But the night wore on, and still no carriage wheels grated on the road-way. Would his victim never come? Had he returned by another way, and cheated fate?

A little breeze came up and stirred a thousand blossoms round about the silent watcher. A sweet odor filled the air, and strangely stirred him in the depths of his being.

What was this odor? And why its subtle effect upon him, that for the first time he half forgot his dread mission?

Laboriously unclogging themselves the wheels of his memory went back through the years. Ah, yes! It was the scent of hawthorn and primroses. It was the perfume of May-time. It was May itself—the month of Blessed Mary, and all that it meant to his innocent youth.

It brought back visions of long, bright, happy days when in company with other innocent ones he had gathered flowers for the altar of God's Mother. How delightful those beautiful evenings of the "May devotions" when he had sung with the other boys and girls of his age in the village choir. God and His blessed Mother had been so near him at the hallowed moment of the Benediction that he had often thrilled to the rustling of angels' wings.

The lights of the altar, the flowers, the fragrant incense,—how like Heaven it had all seemed to his sinless soul, and what holy raptures were his! Instinctively a prayer rose to his lips:—"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now" —and as he prayed his stern purpose melted like ice before a furnace. A horror of the deed he was about to commit

took possession of him. What! he, who was once so innocent and beloved of God's Mother, had he come to this;—a murderer with the brand of Cain upon his brow?

No, thank God! there was yet time—he would not commit this crime. But there came at that moment the long expected sound of carriage-wheels and the devil seemed to shout to his soul. "Ha! Ha! it is too late now—you have gone too far! When you see your enemy's bestial face you will be forced to fire. Think of Aileen dead by the roadside!—think"—A dreadful struggle was going one in the soul of Gillkiernan. His great chest heaved and sobs shook his frame, but once more by God's grace he prayed: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now—"

Then he got his strength. "I will not do it," he cried, and flung his gun far behind him into the underbrush.

Just then the *Thing* passed. The reins were dragging about the horse's feet and the moon shone full upon the Earl's upturned face. God! *it was the face of a dead man!* And such a face! Gillkiernan could never again forget it. Black, livid, and distorted it seemed already to have upon it the stamp of God's reprobation.

With a weight of sickness and fear upon him, Gillkiernan turned and staggered homeward through the shadowy glens, and as he went the prayers of his childhood rose to his lips and comforted him.

* * * * * *

A shock of horror went over all the countryside when it became known, next morning, that the Earl of Holton had been stricken with apoplexy on his way home from the feast of the previous night, and that his faithful horse had carried back a blackening corpse.

There was only one, however, who knew that the justice of God had but closely forestalled the vengeance of man.

DAWN.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

A brooding hush; no stir, no sound;
The earth is wrapt in sleep profound.
The fragrance of a million flow'rs
Makes languorous the still night hours.
The wakeful wind sighs thro' the dark,
But hark! yet hark—

From out the fragrant brooding hush
A burst of melody. The lush
Green grasses waving in the breeze,
A new life stirring in the trees.
From dying darkness springs the morn.
A new day born.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Mirror of St. Edmund, done into modern English by Francesca M. Steele. Burns & Oates, Ltd., London, England. 1905.

This little book is the fruit of the zeal of St. Edmund in the closing month of his life. From first to last it is full of a childlike gentleness, and yet readers of the deeper sort will find here something more than a mere literary interest. The Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P., says in the preface: "The student of psychology will recall in the clearly marked divisions, the former professor of logic—in the recurrence of *threes* and *sevens* the teacher of arithmetic,—in such fine phrases as the 'Master of Thieves,' the consummate rhetorician—in the proof of God's existence, the thinker who first introduced Oxford to the Metaphysics of Aristotle. The historian will recognize in the matter and manner of the work the imprint of scholasticism, and especially of that subtle blend of formalism and devotion which Edmund carried away from the schools of Paris. And the student of mystical theology will be glad to find in this archbishop, taken from the professor's chair, one of those master-seers who first laid down the broad ways of English asceticism."

The Catholic Scholar's Introduction to English Literature, by Arnold Harris Mathew, revised by the Rev. W. A. Sutton, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1905, $1.25 retail.

The need of a text-book on this subject, distinctly Catholic, has been urgent, and the volume in hand should be well received by Catholic instructors. The aim of the compiler was to be accurate, impartial, and just in his estimate of literary men and women, and the scope of the work he attempts ranges from the dawn of English letters to the age of Tennyson. Theologians, historians, essayists, novelists, and poets are passed in review. We find here all the names familiar to mature readers, and some with which many have no acquaintance. "Though as a general rule," the compiler says, "it has been impossible to include in this notice writers who are still living and working, space must be found for a short mention of a Catholic priest, Father Sheehan, who is an author of the present day, and whose novels belong actually, as well as nominally, to true literature." Then follows a summary of Canon Sheehan's best known books, with discriminating comment on each.

One could wish for more generous notice of Adelaide Anne Proctor, who will always be a favorite with young Catholics. For these, too, it might have been well to devote more space to Lady Gilbert, to call their attention to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and to tell them something of other writers, such as Blackmore and Black, whose stories, once read, cannot be forgotten.

Through Suffering to Happiness. By Rev. V. Van Tright, S. J. Adapted from the French by the Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis. Herder. 1905. Price 30 cents.

This thoughtful treatise is a careful analysis of the purpose and object of suffering, according to the plan of God. It will solve many a doubt and answer many a question. For no reflective man can view the multitudinous sorrows that afflict the children of men without asking: why does God permit these varied miseries to weigh down His faithful children? With striking skill Father Van Tright shows that the highest and most enduring happiness springs from suffering nobly and resignedly borne. No one can peruse this book without seeing the sunshine behind the clouds and the crown above the cross. It is a pity that the translation was not carefully revised, for some of the sentences have a very unusual ring about them.

The Sanctuary of the faithful Soul. By the Ven. Ludovicus Blosius, O. S. B. (Louis de Blois.) Abbot of Liessies. Translated from the Latin by the late Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O. P. St. Louis. Herder. 1905.

This is a translation of the Speculum Spirituale, written by the renowned Abbot Blosius, who was a man of remarkable gifts and of a deep insight into the spiritual life. Born in the castle of Donstienne, near Liege, in the year 1506, the author entered at an early age the Benedictine Abbey of Liessies in Hainaut. At the early age of twenty-four, in 1530, he was chosen Abbot of his monastery and he set himself the task of governing his community according to the strictest interpretation of the rules of St. Benedict. Charles V, whom Blosius knew intimately from boyhood, wished to force him to accept either the Archbishopic of Cambrai or the important Abbey of Tournai, but the devout Abbot firmly refused these dignities and consecrated all his energies to the spiritual advancement of the monks of Liessies. For this purpose he drew up a set of rules which received the approval of Paul III in 1545. A model of exact religious life himself, he made his monastery the home of the loftiest

virtues and of the highest spirituality. He died as he had lived, a faithful follower of Our Lord in 1563, according to some authors, in 1566, according to others. His writings, published for the first time in 1571 by his disciple, Frojus, breathe an unction and a fervor which go straight to the heart of the reader. The translator has given the present volume the title of "Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul" and not "Mirror," in order not to have it confused with the "Mirror for Monks" by the same writer. Not only persons in the cloister but those living in the world will find much profitable advice in this little book. Probably the most unique chapter in the volume under review is that entitled: "Comfort for those who are imperfect, but of good will." This will appeal to a large class of readers.

The Spirit of Sacrifice and the Life of Sacrifice in the Religious State. From the original of Rev. S. M. Giraud. Revised by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905.

Christianity has an ideal of life far higher than that held by all other religions. It was this lofty ideal which won so strongly the noble-hearted men and women of Roman times and which gave to the world that long line of courageous Christian martyrs. Christian life is, consequently, something very different from the life which springs from Confucianism, Materialism or Paganism. Now the spirit of sacrifice is essential to true Christian life; for self-denial is the basis of genuine Christianity. And since the Religious State is in itself the highest form of Christian life, it follows necessarily that it must demand the most complete self-effacement. This absolute sacrifice consists in striving after the perfection of the life of a victim. The religious is the priest who offers the sacrifice of which he himself is the victim. No one can be a true religious who has not thoroughly mastered this truth. The great merit of Fr. Giraud's book is that it emphasizes with striking force this fundamental principle, and not only will professed Religious find the work of great service in renewing the fire of their original fervor, but novices will find here the secret of solid sanctity and the mainspring of stable virtues. Those who aspire after the Religious life should carefully weigh the words of Fr. Giraud, for countless mistakes would be thereby avoided. There are many who have an extremely poetic idea of the Religious life and these need to have their illusions dispelled before being clothed with the religious habit. We cannot too strongly insist upon the truth that the religious life claims unconditional self-denial and constant sacrifice, and only those should assume the obligations of this state who have the courage to face, with God's help, the trials of the martyr.

Notes on Christian Doctrine. By the Most Rev. Edward G. Bagshawe, D.D., Archbishop of Selencia. Second Edition. London. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Ltd. 1905.

Busy preachers and catechists will find it of advantage to have this well-printed volume within easy reach at all times, for the author has managed to compress into the smallest possible compass a wide range of dogmatic and moral truths.

The Catholic Truth Society, 562 Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Among the pamphlets recently received from this society are "The Church in the Philippines," by Capt. Wm. H. Johnston, U. S. A.; "God With Us"—a letter from Pope Leo XIII; "Mixed Marriages," by Rev. Chas. Coppens, S. J.; "What You Want;" "Are You Sincere?" and "Woman Under Socialism," by Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin. Single copies 5 cts. $1.00 per 100.

The International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y. has just published the interesting and timely little pamphlet by Right Rev. Mgr. Canon John Vaughan, entitled "Is There Salvation Outside The Church?" In the compass of a few pages Mgr. Vaughan shows how untenable on the one hand is the view that it matters not to what church one belongs and on the other hand he makes it clear how those who are innocently outside the visible fold may be saved.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

EVOLUTION OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

It has been said that a nation is known by its commerce and the proposition blends so harmoniously with truth that it needs neither apology nor defence.

In the same general proportion it might be argued without fear of too strenuous dispute or contradiction that the modern city is known by its department stores—those magnificent emporiums of trade which are to be found today on a more or less extensive scale, in nearly all the large cities of the American republic. It can be safely recorded that in some cases at least, they have paved the way of ambitious municipalities to more than local fame.

The great department stores of the present day have gained a prestige and importance which renders impregnable the strong position attained by them in the field of retail trade. They are not only the logical "bargain" centres in their respective cities, but their thousand and one wonderful attractions have given them a resistless fascination for the casual visitor and sightseer as well as the intending shopper. They have long since been included in the "Points of Interest" which the discriminating tourist should not miss.

The department store idea in itself is as old as the proverbial hills—certainly much older than the generation which culled from it the real essence of its worth and made it what it is. The early traders who taught the Indians the first principles of barter and sale, found it useful in their business. They may be said to have originated it in fact, since they collected every conceivable article that could possibly appeal to the color-loving redskin and sold it to him at bargain prices. Unfortunately, however, the bargains were usually in favor of the traders. The scattered country stores which sentineled the pathway of civilization found the plan the only one on which they could do business and anything desired could therefore be had for a price. Some of the more pretentious establishments of the time even added a tooth-extracting department, but there is no record as to how much it contributed to the profits.

When the department store plan in its crude and primitive form was handed down to the present generation, it seemed, figuratively speaking, to be suffering from stunted growth. Even the powerful tonic of public favor had added but little to its size. No one had read its future and it remained for the masterful brains of modern merchants to grasp its tremendous possibilities. How well they succeeded is evidenced in the marvelous retail establishments of the present day, catering as they do to almost every conceivable want of the public and by their splendor and magnificence continuously challenging the admiration of the passing throng. These great temples of trade with their acres of space, thousands of employes, and millions of dollars' worth of merchandize are practically cities in themselves and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to transform the broad aisles into well-kept streets and the hundreds of departments into as many different stores. The big establishments are governed much on the same plan as a city and have their fire and police branches, hospital service and lighting, heating and cleaning departments. Here the main points of similarity cease and the department store immediately asserts its prerogative and its superiority by blossoming forth in the extraordinary role of perpetual host.

It has been argued, perhaps not without cause, that dollars have no kinship with sentiment and yet the management of the big retail trade emporiums of the present period have made the welfare of their armies of employes second to no other consideration. Luncheon and recreation rooms of the most approved pattern have been provided and opportunities afforded for social intercourse and innocent amusements. In many places employes are freely given the use of pianos. while the lover of good fiction finds a well-stocked library at his or her disposal. It is a tribute to the employes as a class that these privileges are rarely abused.

The patrons of these great trade emporiums no longer worry over the many vexatious problems which confront the shopper. They are all solved in the department store. Luncheon may be obtained in cozy and delightful dining rooms, often to the accompaniment of sweet strains of music. Beautiful reception rooms make it possible to keep engagements with friends under the most pleasing conditions and also furnish opportunity for rest after the fatigues of shopping. Waiting and reading rooms aid materially in the general plan of comfort. Courteous attendants are at hand to perform any reasonable service.

This surrounding of patrons with many of the comforts of home and all the conveniences of the club, represents a substantial outlay, for which, of course, there is no direct return, but it demonstrates the farsightedness of department store managements in general and shows how keenly

they have analyzed the environment in which the patronage of the public is most apt to thrive. It is not to be wondered at that the gentler sex, which of course is largely in the majority among the patrons of these magnificent institutions, give them their unqualified endorsement and support, for while the department store bargain will ever be an allurement in itself, the delights which may be enjoyed while seeking it add a hundredfold to its charm.

The city of Boston is peculiarly favored in the possession of some of the best department stores to be found anywhere on the American continent. They are not only in the first rank in the matter of size and facilities but lead in several of the departments which have been added by up-to-date establishments within recent years. The names of Jordan, Marsh & Co. and R. H. White are known in every trading port of the world, while those of other great establishments in the cultured city of the east recall to the visitor of yesterday as many memories as any of the historic points which have made the city the mecca of eager tourists. A few words descriptive of two of these superb trade centres well becomes this narrative.

The firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., was founded by the late Eben D. Jordan in 1851 as a small jobbing house. Its principal assets were integrity, industry and a firm determination to win success. From the very first the quick intelligence and indomitable will that characterized the founder, was ever in evidence, with the result that the house survived the great panic of '57 and added steadily to its strength and prestige.

From 1851 to 1861 its trade and resources steadily increased. Salesrooms and manufacturing departments were added and the wholesale house of Jordan, Marsh & Co. became one of the best known in New England.

In 1861, the retail branch was established by the purchase of a small store at the corner of Washington and Avon Sts. This was the nucleus of the present immense establishment. It was successful from the start. From time to time additional space was acquired by taking over adjoining stores on Washington, Summer and Avon Sts.

In 1894 the retail branch had reached such tremendous proportions as to call for the undivided attention of the firm, and the wholesale business passed into other hands and assumed another name. In 1898 the 8-story building on Chauncey St., from Avon to Bedford Sts., was leased and given over exclusively to house furnishings of every description.

At the present time there are projects in the process of consummation that will make the selling area of this house unsurpassed by any in this country.

The main store is in the very heart of the retail district, having a frontage on Washington St., between Summer and Avon Sts. This building is 6 stories in height, with basement, and has a floor area of 7 acres.

The Annex is practically a separate store. The main portion, 8 stories high, is entered from Chauncey, Avon and Bedford Sts. The selling space occupies 6 acres. In the basement are the great electric light, heating and power plants. A subway under Avon St. connects these two great establishments.

There are 46 large display windows, those on Washington St. being especially noteworthy for their alluring exhibits. There are 70 departments in the main building, of which the street floor contains 31. The main offices of the house are on the fifth floor, which also contains the restaurant and recreation rooms for employes.

The waiting room on the fourth floor of the main building offers to visitors welcome opportunities for resting, reading or writing. Here one will find inviting chairs, writing tables and materials; the leading magazines and daily papers; a checking room for parcels and wraps; local and long distance telephones; and emergency hospital room and retiring rooms. Attendants are at the service of visitors. A branch United States Post Office, a telegraph and cable office and a public telephone booth are located on the street floor.

The store contains many interesting features for visitors. Its vastness and the throngs that crowd the aisles make a first and strong impression. The great iron stairway winding from the street floor to the top of the main building, with wide landings midway between the floors, is utilized by thousands every day. From the first landing a magnificent life-size painting of the late Eben D. Jordan instantly attracts one's attention.

The service and protection equipments of the store include the most improved modern appliances. The plant for supplying light, heat and power for the entire establishment is located in the Annex basement. It consists of 4 direct connecting engines whose 5 great boilers consume 6000 tons of coal annually. An immense switchboard controls 8,000 16-candle-power incandescent and 720 arc lights. There are 18 passenger and 8 freight elevators; 6,000 automatic sprinklers; the pneumatic tube cash system; a private telephone exchange connecting all departments; a fountain supplying drinking water that has been cooled and filtered.

THE LATE EBEN D. JORDAN.

The store has a well-drilled fire brigade composed of employes. The delivery system requires 200 men, 100 horses, 100 delivery wagons, caravans and automobiles.

The custom of the company is to advance its own employes rather than draw upon other sources for filling important places of trust and responsibility. The opportunities for promotion are most encouraging for the conscientious worker. Practically all of the high positions in the house are held by men and women who have risen from the ranks by their own efforts. The body of employes represents a growth of years and the number who have been with the house for twenty years and over is surprisingly large. For the army of employes are the following conveniences: a lunch room providing wholesome food at nearly cost; a recreation and reading room; a room for the sick; a mutual benefit association.

The establishment of Jordan, Marsh & Co. is, in every way, one of the largest of its kind in the world. Every section covers its field thoroughly. Permanent buying offices are maintained in each of the large cities abroad. The scope of assortments in nearly every department ranges from the best produced to the least expensive grades which it will pay a customer to buy.

MAIN STORE

ANNEX

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF JORDAN, MARSH & CO.

Evolution of the Department Store.

Fifty years ago a little Yankee boy in western Massachusetts saw how to better meet the commercial needs of the people in that community, and although not yet in his teens, he at once put his idea into execution. Procuring a stock of notions and a few pieces of cloth of the kinds most in demand by the people of his neighborhood, he began business. Its result was a saving of time and money for his customers and a small profit to the youthful merchant.

The whole stock in trade was contained in an ordinary flat-top trunk, which for the next nine years was the "store" of R. H. White.

That was the beginning of the business and the policy of the great establishment of the R. H. White Company, which today occupies one of the largest mercantile blocks in the United States, in addition to two large storehouses and a stable of over 250 horses for the delivery service. Its employes number from 2,000 to 3,000, according to the season, while a staff of 46 buyers collects goods from all quarters of the world.

As a mere boy Ralph H. White caught a vision of the possibility of the modern department store. He was a born trader. He took to the business of merchandising as naturally and as easily as a duck takes to water. He knew how to buy, and he knew how to sell. He knew intuitively what the people wanted.

He met with success from the start and while his stock was not extensive, and for some years did not test the ability of the little green trunk to contain it all, it was quickly "turned over," and often renewed.

Mr. White remained in the little agricultural and manufacturing town of Hinsdale in the very heart of the Berkshire Hills, for nine years after he first embarked in the dry goods business.

In March, 1862, a few weeks after gaining his majority, Mr. White formed a partnership in Boston under the firm name of Tower & White, and opened a store at 52 Hanover St. Eleven months passed and the store proved too small, so removal was made to larger quarters in the more fashionable Winter St. In 1863 the firm became Wilcox, White & Roraback, which in 1864 was succeeded by Wilcox, White & Co.

On Jan. 1, 1865, Mr. White bought out the interests of his partners and organized the firm of R. H. White & Company. At the same time the whole of the four-story building 44 and 46 Winter St. was leased, and the business was carried on upon a really large scale for that day. A few years later an adjoining store and basement were added to the establishment.

By 1876 the quarters had become altogether too small and a bold step was taken. Negotiations were entered into with the Frothingham estate for the erection of a building on the present site.

Plans were prepared for a building having a frontage on Washington St. of 125 feet and a depth of about 150 feet, giving a floor area of 17,500 square feet. Compared with the Winter St. stores it was a mammoth emporium.

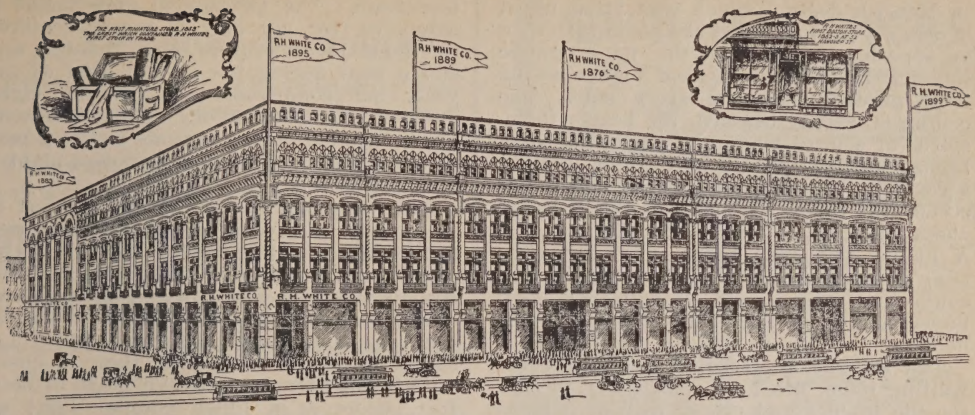
In the latter part of 1876 the new building was completed and the stock and fixtures of R. H. White & Company were transferred thereto. The great constituency of customers gladly followed. There was an immediate and substantial increase in the business, and less than five years had passed by before the spacious quarters were proving inadequate. By erecting an extension in the rear, extending through to Harrison Ave., which the city had just opened, the capacity of the store was just doubled.

Again the foresight of Mr. White was justified, for the addition seemed to stimulate public confidence, and business increased as it never had before. The store was one of the largest in this part of the country, but in 1888, five years after the addition had been opened, there was an imperative demand for still more room from many departments. Negotiations were then made with the owners of the property adjoining on the north, and a building with a ground area of 4300 square feet was constructed for the company's purposes, in architectural conformity with the original building. This addition was completed and opened Sept. 23, 1889, and was called the "annex," a name by which it has since been known.

Another period of five years went by. Again there was call for more room. In 1894 Mr. White secured by lease the two estates which then remained between the annex and Bedford St. The buildings standing thereon were removed and a new structure erected thereon, giving a further increase of ground space of 4300 square feet. This addition, also called the annex, was opened April 22, 1895.

But just as surely as the five-year period passed by came the continuous call for more room. In 1899 the property at the south of the original building, extending to the corner of Norfolk Pl., was secured, rebuilt and added to the store. By the accession of that property it put the company in possession of the entire block, having a frontage on Washington St. of 290 feet, on Harrison Ave. of 165 feet, and on Norfolk Pl. of 265 feet. The ground area is nearly 55,000 square feet, and the floor area of the building over seven acres.

The block is five stories high. The ori-



GREAT ESTABLISHMENT OF THE R. H. WHITE CO. THE FLAGS INDICATING THE ADDITIONS TO THE BUILDING MADE NECESSARY BY THE EXPANSION OF THE BUSINESS

ginal part occupies the front center, and is called the main store. The addition on the north is known as the Bedford St. annex, while that on the south is known as the Norfolk Pl. annex.

From the very beginning Mr. White has been a leader. The cash carrier system first saw the light of day in the store of R. H. White & Company. Its introduction gave a tremendous impetus to the development of large stores and overcame in great measure the tedious waiting for change and bundles, which had increased with the growth of large stores. The system long since gave way in the store of R. H. White & Company to the pneumatic tube system, which is quicker, safer and more reliable. In this departure also, Mr. White was among the pioneers.

To make shopping pleasant and convenient for customers has ever been in the mind of the founder of this great business. Elevators have been added from time to time until there are now 16 in this store. The installation of the duplex movable staircase, by which 7,000 persons per hour may be moved up and down stairs, marks another achievement of the R. H. White Company for progressiveness and originality.

The business is wonderfully systematized. Daily thousands of packages arrive from all quarters of the globe, and their contents are distributed all over this country by mail and express, with rarely an error of misdirection. Goods in bulk are received on the top floor fresh from the manufacturer, mill or customhouse. There the packages are opened and every article marked. This of itself is a work of no small magnitude, and though unseen and almost unknown by the great public, a force of no less than 138 persons is here employed. Nearby are the buyers' offices, where the commercial representatives assemble at certain specified hours of the day to show and sell their goods.

The fourth floor is devoted almost altogether to furniture, and is claimed to be the largest single furniture salesroom in New England. It embraces nearly 50,000 square feet. One of the attractive features of the floor is the gold room, with decorations and carvings on walls and ceiling that cost $8,000. Several other important departments find location on this floor. The window decorator has a room in which are kept the apparatus and material for the handsome window displays for which the R. H. White Company has become so famous.

Along the Washington St. front is the art gallery, occupying a series of rooms whose walls are covered with magenta burlap, giving an ideal setting for the hundreds of pictures hung against it. Another room is occupied by the mail order department.

In the main part of the third floor is the department of foreign and domestic rugs and carpets, an enormous salesroom occupying no less than 37,000 square feet of flooring.

On the third floor of the Norfolk Pl. annex is the newest feature of the great establishment, and not the least in point of beauty. This is the dining room. Nothing more attractive it would seem, could be designed. A brilliant red velvet carpet covers the floor, the walls are tinted olive green, the ceiling a green of a lighter tone, and the pillars are adorned with paintings of luscious fruit in high colors.

A large number of departments are located in the main part of the second floor.

Leading from the first floor on the left side of the store and toward the rear is the ladies' waiting room, a marvelous creation

in Moorish design, which was fitted up at a cost of $50,000. The architectural effect is superb, and worthy the finest public building in the land. Great arches swing their graceful lines on every side. The ceiling is heavily beamed, the beams themselves of a dead black and the ceiling of a bronze green. The walls are of a dark green tone. Tables and comfortable chairs occupy the room. In one corner is a parcel check room at the free service of patrons. A public telephone booth and the company's own private telephone exchange, connecting with every department, every buyer and every superintendent, are also here.

The Emergency Hospital is opposite the waiting room, fitted up with every facility for the prompt and proper care of persons who may be taken ill.

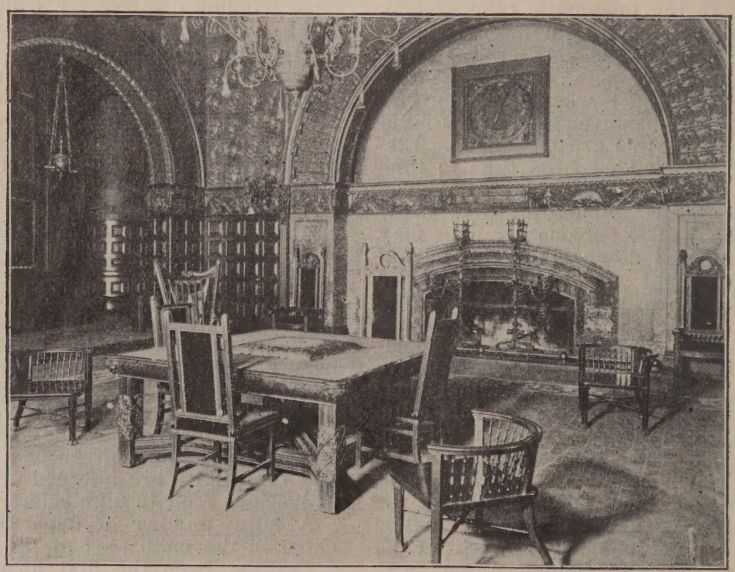
On the first floor is a sub-station of the Boston post-office, where stamps are on sale and where letters may be registered. A telegraph office adjoins.

Near the main entrance is the wonderful duplex moving staircase, which is the first of the kind to be installed in Boston.

The shipping room occupies a large space and is admirably arranged. A large locker is assigned for each district of the city and suburbs, and packages for those places are distributed in much the same way as in a post-office. The drivers of the delivery wagons have keys to their respective boxes and are responsible for all articles taken therefrom. The mechanical department is extensive, for not only is power required for the sixteen elevators in the building and steam heat during the greater part of the year, but compressed air for the eight miles of pneumatic tubing used in the cash-carrier system, which extends to every part of the building. The electric power plant is also extensive.

But while looking out for the comfort of the public, Mr. White has never forgotten the comfort of his employes. Every two employes are provided with a locker and key in which to keep their clothing. Two dining rooms are provided for them, one in the basement, where there are tables and chairs for those who bring their luncheon with them so as to partake of it in comfort, while at a lunch counter light refreshments and hot drinks may be purchased at a merely nominal fee. This one is patronized mostly by the juvenile employes. Up stairs on the fourth floor another dining room is provided for the people engaged in the various workrooms.

In fifty odd years Mr White has seen the little green trunk, with its numerous small compartments, grow into a colossal establishment, each compartment a great store in itself, with a total number of employes more than twice as numerous as the total number of men, women and children in the little Berkshire town in which he began business.



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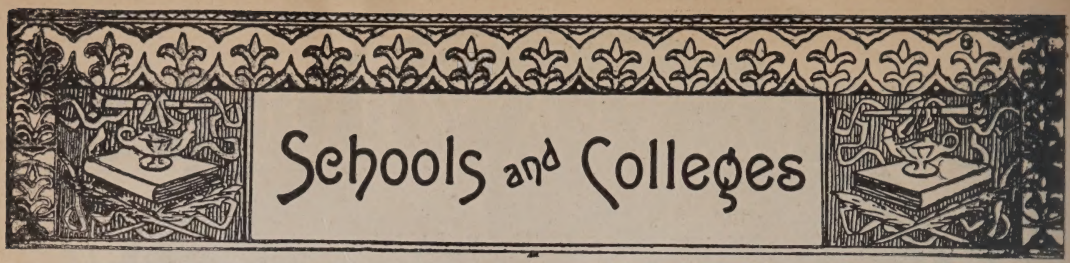

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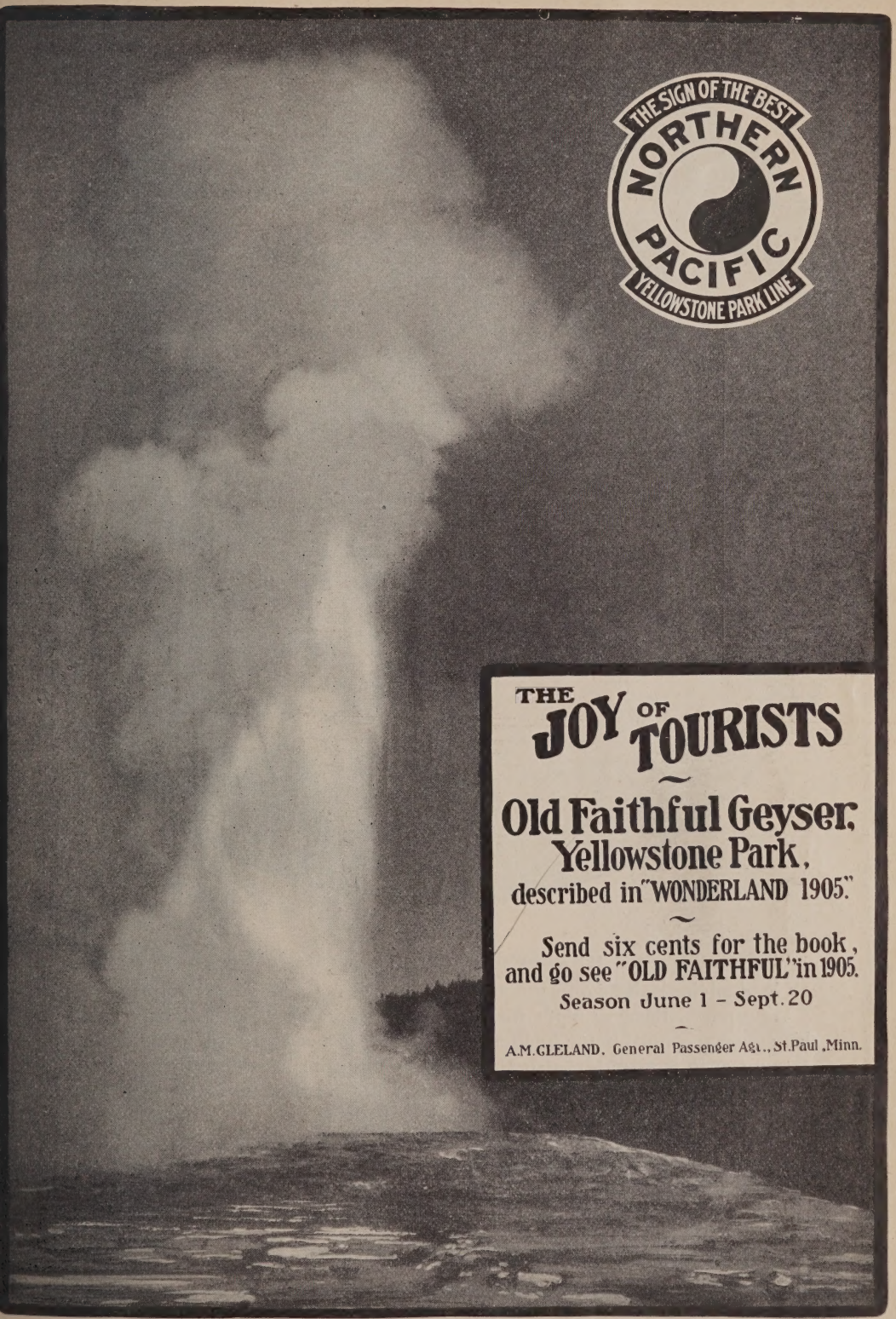
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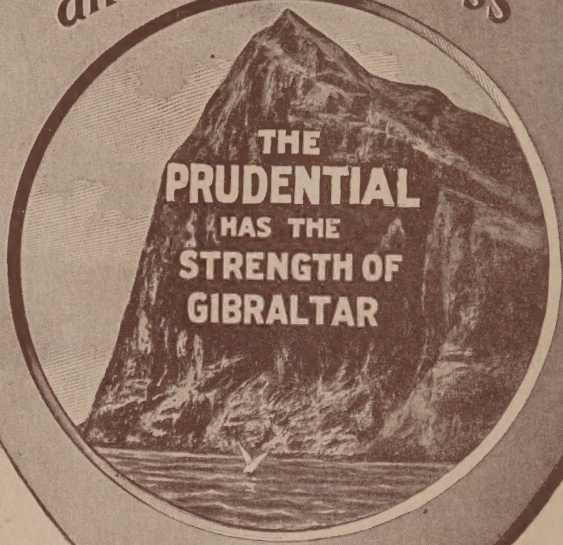

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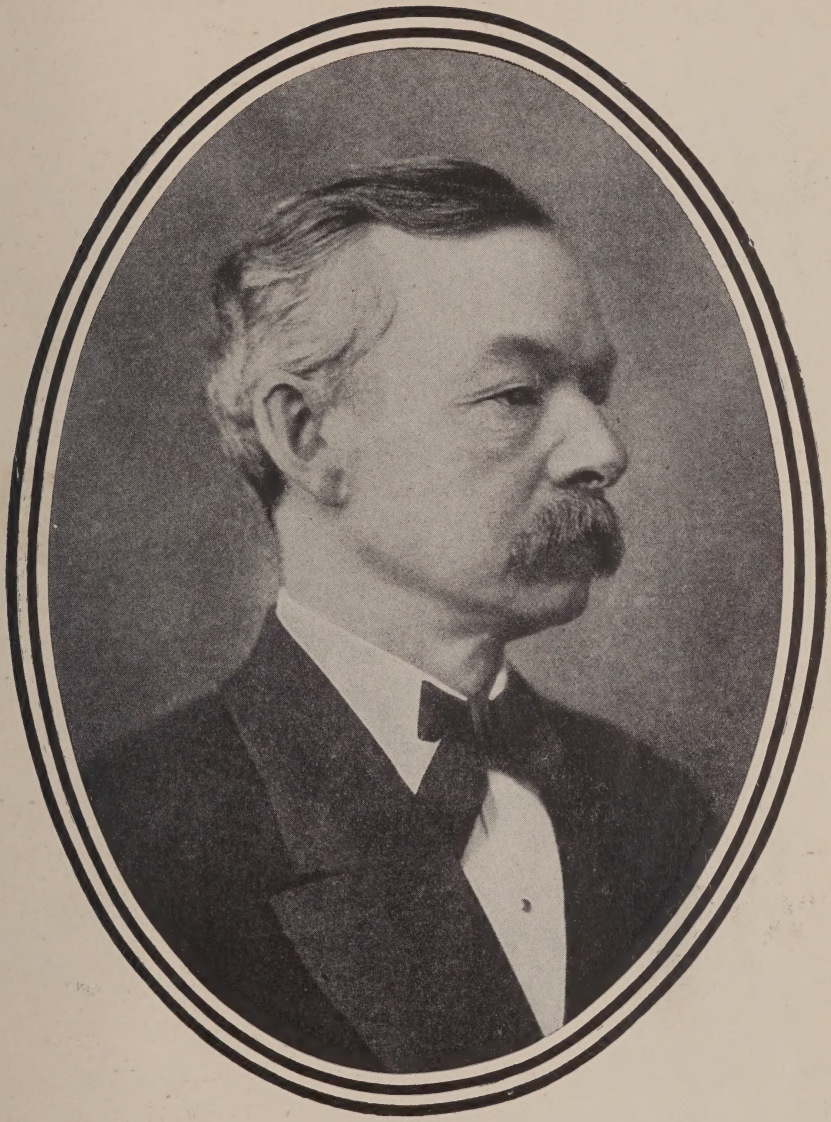

THE LATE HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS.

Mayor of Boston.

"I had known him for a great many years, in fact since he was a young man. He was always a good citizen and a Christian gentleman."—*Archbishop Williams.*

"As mayor of Boston he had achieved a unique position in the public mind, and the absolute integrity and independence of his administration of the office was known of all men."—*Josiah Quincy.*

HARVEST DAYS.

Donahoe's Magazine

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BEFORE SCHOOL OPENS.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY MILDRED BRENN.

At exactly five o'clock a small boy sat up in bed and looked about him. A wrecked train lay on the floor and a horse without mane or tail stood in a corner, in a forlorn sort of way. The boy had no thought for either toy. In the past such things had meant much to him, but now a new world was opening before him, a world of competition, of much endeavor, and, perhaps, of many hard knocks. The dawn was ushering in a wonderful day—his first day at school.

The serviceable suit on the chair, the stout shoes, the oblong box, boldly lettered "Scholar's Companion" were the insignia of the school-boy's career, and with fine impatience he sought to hasten the hour when he should assume them. Tumbling from the bed he ran down the hall and threw himself against a closed door, at the same time clamoring shrilly —"It's to-day. I'll be late. It's to-day."

"Go back to bed for a couple of hours," entreated a sleepy voice—to no avail. Was there ever such lack of understanding? Imagine going back to bed while even now the school world was stirring. There was so much to be done,—so much washing and brushing, the new suit to be donned, the real boy collar and tie prop-

erly adjusted, the shoes tightly laced, and every defiant hair coaxed into place. And then there was the walk to school. That would be miles and miles in length, and a fellow's mother always took so much time to put on her hat and pull every finger of her gloves into place. It was all very trying and nerve-racking to have grown-ups so neglectful of the importance of the day that they could actually sleep.

But even the farthest away hour comes at last, and nine o'clock finds the beginner sitting at a stiff little desk, a queer sensation tickling his throat, and something misty dimming the brightness of his round, blue eyes. The years of infancy have receded from him, leaving him to wrestle with the first sorrow of the new life—the parting from the dear one, whose world-old admonition "Be a good boy, good bye" almost breaks down his self-control. A new personality is asserting itself, a compelling personality that presently absorbs his attention, diverting it from the long lines of children, who, like himself, are adrift. All known ideas of governing forces are merged into the conviction that "Teacher" now holds their destiny in her hands.

WATCHING THE FUN.

"Teacher" differs widely from the potentate of the class-room of long ago, as widely as the modern reader with its art pages, and handsome type, differs from the primer of early days. Women teachers were ill-rewarded for teaching in early New England. It may not be out of the way to mention here that Woburn, (Mass.) has an unenviable record as to its liberality in this respect. The town agreed to pay one Mrs. Walker, the sum of ten shillings for keeping a school in her own house, but after deducting seven shillings for taxes and various small amounts for produce she received finally from the town *one shilling and three pence* for her year's work. In Franklin, (Conn.) a "qualified woman teacher" had but sixty-seven cents a week pay. There may have been a wise intention in fixing compensation for a woman's service at so low a rate. These were not the times of higher education for the gentler sex. Such ambition was discouraged. The History of New England, by Winthrop, points a warning for all women.

"A godly young woman of special parts, who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years by occasion of giving herself wholly to reading and riting and had written many books. Hir husband was loath to grieve hir; but he saw his error when it was too late. For if she had attended to her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men whose minds are stronger, she had kept hir wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably."

History of New England.

It requires no great effort of the will to believe that these underpaid ladies were "amiable, mild, and good." They

could not have been so imposed upon otherwise.

But this is straying far from "Teacher" as she is known to our own young America, and whose amiability, mildness, and goodness are wisely tempered by sound sense and a due appreciation of her own value in the educational estimate. She it is who enters first into the child's mental vision on that first day in school. And what a revelation of character is unfolded under her observant eyes! There are masterful, exuberant spirits; timid, shrinking mortals, enduring agonies until the formative process moulds them into the new life; phlegmatic little creatures stolidly accepting the changed order; aggressive characters seeking trouble; infantile diplomats, and the caressing, clinging element—all are represented in the first day roll-call. When the bell rings for dismissal "Teacher" has added a new collection to her gallery of notables.

It sometimes happens that a new pupil does not at once make known his real self. In one primary class a little boy preserved unbroken silence for two weeks, and farther emphasized his shyness by disappearing under the desk when a grown-up glanced his way. These disappearances were becoming embarrassing, when an over-sensitive conscience—or was it the common disposition to make known another's misdeeds? forced from the silent one the alliterative complaint "Dick Stack stole a strawberry!" It was the turning point in his school career. He had found his tongue, and soon was easily persuaded to get on his feet instead of under the desk.

GIVING THE SCHOOL YELL.

The iniquitous Dick was the opposite

THE TRUANT'S RETREAT.

type—a ready talker, possessed of much skill in making excuses, guileless laughing eyes, and a plausible manner,—an almost irresistible combination of forces for moving the world at one's will. Before the first week was at an end he was openly acknowledged the leader of the class and a born organizer. There was the making of a ward "boss" in that five year old.

The candidate for undeserved honors crops up in every school. A first year pupil was found at the noon hour, crouched under a stairway, her long hair dishevelled, her face stained with tears. A bitter conflict waged within her, but it was only in the privacy of home that she told the cause of her distress. "I want to be mean for five minutes," she wailed. "What good would that do you?" asked an elder. "I could tell Sister that Nellie D—— swears," was the startling reply. "She—she's going to get the prize for manners." The same child while being praised for her forgiving spirit in making up a quarrel disclaimed all credit in a way that rather embarrassed her family. "I didn't do it all by myself, Sister," she explained. "I asked papa, and he said 'You mustn't expect too much of the N—s, there's a mean streak in all of them.'" Three of the N—s were listening to the candid child.

Happily the precocious child is grow-

ing less evident. His passing is the natural result of abnormal development. Looking into history we find his priggish virtues eulogized on many a page. In Colonial days boys entered the Boston Latin School at the age of six and a half years. Alice Morse Earle, writing of their precocity, tells us:

"They began to study Latin frequently when much younger. Zealous and injudicious parents sometimes taught infants but three years old to read Latin words as soon as they could English ones. It redounds to the credit of the scholarship of one of my kinsmen, rather than to his good sense or good temper (albeit he was a minister of the gospel) that each morning while he shaved, his little son, five years of age, stood by his dressing-table, on a footstool, and read Latin to his father, who had also a copy of the same book open before him, that he might note and correct the child's errors. And the child when grown to old age told his children and grandchildren that his father, angered at what he deemed slowness of progress, frequent errors of pronunciation, and poor attempts at translation, would throw the book at the child, and once felled him from the footstool to the floor."

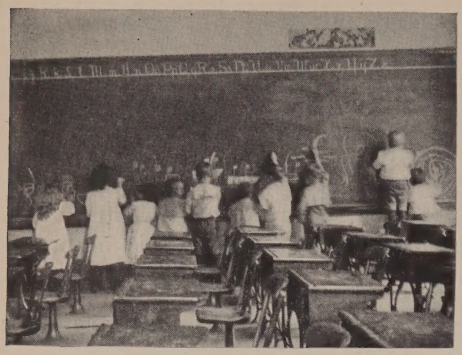
Another child wonder of early New England was Timothy Dwight, who at the age of four read the Bible and taught it to his companions. At six he begged to be taught Latin, but his request was denied, so borrowing a Latin grammar from an older boy, he went through it twice, without a teacher.

A father writing to his son thus counselled him:

"This is the last letter I shall write to you as a little boy, for to-morrow you will attain your ninth year; so that for the future I shall treat you as a youth. You must now commence a different course of life, a differ-

Photograph by N. Brock, Asheville, N. C.

A PUZZLER.



HARD WORK

ent course of studies. No more levity. Childish toys and playthings must be thrown aside, and your mind directed to serious objects. What was not unbecoming to a child would be disgraceful to a youth."

John Quincy Adams, when eleven years old, composed the following:

"Honoured Mamma: My Pappa enjoins it upon me to keep a journal, or diary of the Events that happen to me, and of objects I seen, and of Characters that I converse with from day to day; and altho' I am convinced of the utility, importance, and necessity of this Exercise, yet I have not patience and perseverance enough to do it so Constantly as I ought. My Pappa, who takes a great deal of Pains to put me in the right way, has also advised me to preserve copies of all my letters, and has given me a Convenient Blank Book for this end; and altho' I shall have the mortification a few years hence to read a great deal of my childish nonsense, yet I shall have the pleasure and advantage of Remarking the several steps by which I shall have advanced in taste, judgment and knowledge. A journal Book and a letter Book of a lad of Eleven years old can not be expected to contain much of Science, Litterature, arts, wisdom or wit, yet it may serve to perpetuate many observations that I may make, and may hereafter help me to recollect both Persons and things that would other ways escape my memory— My father has given me hopes of a Pencil and Pencil Book in which I can make notes upon the spot, to be transferred afterwards to my Diary, and my letters, this will give

BROKEN IN.

me great pleasure, both because it will be a sure means of improvement to myself and make me to be more entertaining to you.

"I am ever honoured and revered Mamma your Dutiful and Affectionate Son.

"John Quincy Adams."

In Charleston, S. C., Martha Laurens, aged three "could read any book," and Boston had a "pious and ingenious" baby who before the close of her second year could speak distinctly, knew her letters, and could relate many Bible stories "to the satisfaction and pleasure of the most judicious."

George Washington obtained most of his education in what was called an old field school. It was presided over by one Hobby, "The most conceited man in three parishes." A daily ride on horse-back to a similar school ten miles away, and for another year a morning and night row across the river to a Fredericksburg school ended his school career when he was thirteen. The Library at Washington treasures a big pile of manuscript school books that bear silent witness to the boy's desire to be educated.

The diligent, studious child is still with us, but the infant prig who absorbed and diffused learning has ceased to edify and instruct. He was a product of a system long fallen into disuse. A new order reigns, and a new discipline controls the home and school-room. The prodigy has been supplanted by something better. Among the first day pupils enrolled in a primary school was a quiet, silent child, who applied himself earnestly to learn what he could each day. At the close of the session he gathered up his little outfit, and disappeared, to appear again in the morning alert and attentive. He kept to himself with a reserve very unusual in one so young, but that he had a purpose in his conduct the teacher felt assured. One day the secret came out, but not from the child: He was absent through illness, and his mother calling to make his excuses took the teacher into her confidence. "Don't let him know that I told you," she said, "but his father is just like him, dark and close, and the little fellow is teaching him to read. He's that loyal to his father that he doesn't want the boys to know why he takes his things home. My husband never had a chance to go to school, and I'm no hand at reading myself, but Robbie's smart." And smiling with maternal pride she went away.

There are many equally purposeful children, self-reliant, and devoted, in the schools of the present day, and while such are enrolled we shall not miss the child-wonder. He has no place in the dancing, tripping hosts who throng the streets, arrayed in their best for the opening of school, and for the greater part eager for the new life, reaching out towards it with the beautiful enthusiasm and confidence of childhood.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE WYOMING MONUMENT.

BY NED NEWCOME.

When President Roosevelt visited the Wyoming Valley on the 10th of August, as the guest of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, he made a pilgrimage to the historic monument which commemorates the great massacre. Under that simple obelisk are buried the bones of those who fell in defense of home and loved ones during the savage whirlwind of slaughter which swept the banks of the Susquehanna on the 3rd of July, 1778, when Colonel John Butler invaded the settlement at the head of a powerful force of British and Indians.

The story of the valor and fate of the home defenders is epitomized in the inscription on the shaft which marks their final resting place. President Roosevelt read it with profound interest. It runs as follows:

"Near this spot was fought on the afternoon of Friday the third day of July, 1778, the battle of Wyoming in which a small band of patriot Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged, spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Denison with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory and Indian force of thrice their number. Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader, and wide spread havoc, desolation and ruin marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the Valley. This monument, commemorative of these events and the actors in them, has been erected over the bones of the slain, by their descendants and others who gratefully appreciate the services and sacrifices of their patriot ancestors."

No less striking than this monument is another landmark which looks down upon it from the opposite shore of the Susquehanna River. It is a tall cliff called Campbell's Ledge, so named in honor of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," after he wrote his famous poem "Gertrude of Wyoming." Prior to that time the striking cliff, on which many an Indian signal-fire was lighted when the Six Nations held dominion from Niagara to the Chesapeake Bay, was known as Dial Rock. That name was given to it by the earliest settlers who "manned their rights" in the Valley. They noticed that always at the hour of noon the sun cast a shadow across the face of the rock, and then they took a brief season of rest for themselves and their horses in the harvest field. In gratitude to the poet Campbell for his beautiful poem, which touched the heart of the civilized world, the people of the Valley gave his name to Dial Rock which is still known as Campbell's Ledge. Poet could not have wished for a grander or more enduring memorial than this rugged cliff which lifts its front like a sentinel at the head of the valley and overlooks the scene of the massacre.

It deserves to be said, however, that while Campbell may have earned such an enduring tribute to his genius by his artistic work, the historic spirit with which his epic is informed does not call for such grateful acknowledgment. He carefully avoids the great fact of the massacre, namely, that the expedition which led to it was planned and personally conducted by Colonel John Butler the truculent British commander who gladly availed himself of the co-operation of the savages as soon as they were released from service with General Burgoyne after the latter had surrendered at Saratoga.

Although studiously avoiding mention of John Butler, the descendant of the House of Ormond, Campbell places the brunt of blame for the desolation of the Valley on the famous Mohawk chief,

Joseph Brant, to whom he refers in these terms:

"The Mammoth comes, the foe, the monster Brant,
With all his howling, desolating band;
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine;
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!"

It has been claimed that Brant was not in the invasion or a participant in the massacre; but when Campbell's poem was written the belief in his presence on the scene was general. There are those who still believe the great Mohawk chief was at Wyoming. It is known that some noted savage leaped into the breach, when John Butler's red coats began to give way before Zebulon Butler's Connecticut men in homespun, and uttered the war cry that brought the Six Nations like yelling demons from their hiding places.

That was the signal for the massacre. Then the savage spirit burst all bounds. The Indians flung away their guns and resorted to the spear, the scalping knife and tomahawk. Soon they had strewn the plain with the bodies of 160 victims, reserving others, including the captains of the six Wyoming companies, for the torture-fires which were kindled on the river bank as night fell.

The vanquished patriots to whom life remained fled through the fields of ripening grain to the Susquehanna River and flung themselves into the flood where many were scalped and slain. A few swam to Monockasy Island but were pursued and butchered there. An instance of the evil spirit of the time is furnished in the case of a patriot named Peveril who knelt at the feet of his Tory brother and cried out, "Brother, spare my life, and I will serve you as your slave all my days!" To this appeal the heartless brother replied: "You damned rebel," and killed the suppliant. Years later the fiendish Tory brother met his Nemesis in Canada where he was torn to pieces by wolves.

One of the wildest scenes of the fateful day had Queen Esther, the Amazonian ruler of the Senecas, for its central figure. Some twenty of the Connecticut settlers who were taken prisoners by the British and Indians were ranged around in a circle. Outside this ring of death a row of savages stood with drawn spears making escape impossible. Then Queen Esther entered the circle armed with a death-maul and crushed in the skulls of her victims whose scalps were afterwards fastened to her golden girdle in ghastly adornment. Queen Esther's rock is still preserved as a memorial of this bloody episode.

The most fearful scenes of all were witnessed as night fell. Then, more than a thousand homes of the settlers were set on fire and the Valley became one red scene of ruin from Dial Rock to Nauticoke, below Wilkes-Barre. At Forty Fort, where most of the women and children of the settlement had been placed for safety, the wildest panic prevailed, and hundreds fled in terror before the cry, "The savages are coming!" Many of the women were drowned in the Susquehanna; others went down the river in canoes and on rafts, but the greatest number made their way to the wilderness, known as the Great Swamp, and plunged into its depths to escape the nameless horrors which they dreaded.

The saddest, most pathetic phase of all that terrible chapter is the story of the sufferings endured by those refugees. They perished pitifully in scores, and the region now called the Pocous was strewn with their famished bodies. For years the place was known as "The Shades of Death."

History has never done full justice to

the sacrifices and sufferings of the people of Wyoming or given their sad story its proper perspective. They were as much the victims of the Revolutionary War as were those who died fighting by the side of Washington. The immortal Washington, himself, evidently recognized this fact when he sent a force of four thousand men, a year later, under command of General John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, to chastise the Six Nations in their stronghold, and destroy their homes and fields as a fitting reprisal for the devastation of Wyoming.

It is sincerely hoped by the people of the Wyoming Valley that the visit of President Roosevelt to this historic scene will result in an intelligent effort to give the story of Wyoming its proper place in American History. Even the best writers have slurred the subject. So painstaking an author as Washington Irving has treated it so indifferently, in his "Life of Washington," as to say that General Sullivan's retaliatory expedition went up the "west branch" of the Susquehanna, when it pursued the Six Nations, and nowhere is there proper historical significance attached to the invasion.

It was the intention of the British commander, Colonel John Butler, so soon as his conquest of Wyoming was completed to press on into the counties of Berks and Northampton and cut off General Washington's supplies at those points. The terrible excesses of his savage allies at Wyoming prevented him from carrying out his programme and caused him to turn back in horror from the Valley which he had found a paradise and transformed into a charnel-house.

The Wyoming Valley of to-day is a scene of happy homes and great industrial prosperity; but deep in the hearts of its people are treasured the sacred memories of those early days when the pioneers met death unflinchingly, for home and country, in battling against civilized and savage foes. No incident of President Roosevelt's Pennsylvania trip was more interesting than his visit to the Wyoming Monument which marks the scene of one of the most memorable struggles of the Revolutionary period.

THE VALLEY OF VISIONS.

BY KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

O beauteous vale of joyous dells,
Thy every breeze with music swells
And some sweet tale of rapture tells,
Thy every bird sings rondelay
In turns and trills, high, clear and gay,
Resounding of the rose-wreathed May.

Thy palaces are all of gold;
Thy gardens, free from thorn or mold,
In all their loveliness unfold.
Within thy walls, fair silvery glen,
There are no dreams of "might have been,"—
No mysteries beyond our ken.

THE PREACHING OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY THE REV. LEO. L. DUBOIS, S. M.

Until the twelfth century, the ministry of preaching had been almost exclusively reserved to the bishops and a few priests specially delegated by them. By far the greater part of this preaching was done in church on Sunday and it was generally an explanation of the Gospel or of the Feast of the day.

This method, particularly with the Greek and Latin Fathers, had been not only sufficient, but also productive of much good during the first centuries of the Church. However, it began to lose its efficacy under the new conditions brought about by the barbarian invasions, so that, by the tenth and eleventh centuries, preaching had largely ceased to accomplish the object for which it was intended—the spiritual improvement of the people. Not only was this preaching little adapted to the needs and capacity of Christians in those later centuries, but it was often entirely neglected by the pastors themselves. We see this from the records of the Councils of that epoch, particularly from those of the Council of Lateran in 1215. Nor could the religious of that period be called upon to supply the deficiency: the monks of St. Benedict and St. Augustine, by their very vocation, consecrated their life to prayer and not to preaching; the abbots administered the Word of God only to the members of their convent.

The first exceptions to this rule appear at the end of the eleventh and during the twelfth century, with Peter the Hermit and Bernard of Clairvaux. With them we find the first traces of the popular preaching of that epoch. Traveling through France, Germany and Italy, they preached sometimes in churches, but more generally on the roads and public squares, exciting an enthusiasm seldom paralleled in history. But these were exceptional cases and the object of their preaching was limited; they preached the Crusades and the love of the holy places sanctified by the presence of Our Lord.

It was with the coming of the Mendicant Orders that popular preaching attained its perfection, and this perhaps more among the Franciscans than the Dominicans, for while the latter preached specially against heretics, the former addressed themselves to all.

This preaching in its highest perfection lasted but a short period. It practically died out with the immediate disciples of the two men who had inaugurated and perfected it—Francis and Dominic. After them, the subtleties and abstractions of the theological schools invaded the pulpit and preaching declined again from its true standard; it ceased to be popular.

The system of preaching which obtained in the early days of the Mendicant Orders deserves to be noticed in a special manner, if only on account of the wonderful results effected by it in the countries and age in which it was used. It is in St. Francis that we have the best representative of this popular method of speaking to the people, the following pages will be devoted to giving a brief description of the mode of procedure adopted by him in his discourse.

The first preaching of St. Francis dates from the day when in the little church of the Portiuncula, he heard the Gospel of the Feast of St. Matthias read by the priest at Mass; Our Lord, giving His last recommendations to His disciples before sending them to convert the nations, says to them: "Do not possess gold nor silver, nor money in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, nor

two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff," etc. It was the 24th of February, 1209. Immediately after Mass, Francis threw away his purse, his stick, his shoes, put on the poor habit of the Italian peasant, and girded himself with a rope. Then feeling that he realized fully the ideal of poverty as given in the Gospel, he resolved to go and preach to the world. The Apostles and the disciples, having embraced evangelical poverty, had gone out and saved the world. Francis, likewise, in his holy enthusiasm, did not hesitate a moment, but immediately after having heard the Gospel of St. Matthias' feast and thrown away what did not become a poor follower of Christ, he began to preach evangelical perfection, penance, and peace. "His language was very simple, but it was inspired by the Holy Ghost and it penetrated to the heart and to the marrow, so that those who heard him wondered." Francis was then a simple layman, nor was it in a church or cloister that he preached, but in the open air. This was the inauguration of the Franciscan method of preaching.

When his first companions had joined him, they went two by two on their apostolical missions. Francis' instructions to the people were very simple, "for the man of God did not preach sermons yet, but simply exhorted all to love God and fear Him and do penance." Brother Egidio contributed to the effect of the preaching by confirming all that Francis had said and advising the people after the exhortation to do as his master had taught. Often the Brothers would work in the fields with the peasants and, at night, when all were gathered together, they would speak to them of the things of God.

On his return from Rome where he had obtained Papal approbation, Francis gave a mission in the Cathedral of Assisi, with wonderful success. "The men ran to hear him, the women rushed, the clerics hastened, the religious hurried down from their convents, that they might see and hear the man of God."

After this we see him preach in different provinces of central Italy with great fruit. Strange to say, however, a few years hence, he was in a perplexed state; he hesitated between the contemplative and the active life, between prayer and preaching. Stranger still, according to his own tastes he seemed to incline towards prayer for, he said, "I am a simple man and speaking without art; I have received the gift of prayer, rather than that of preaching. There is more profit in praying. . . . Prayer brings down grace, purifies the heart, unites to God, gives virtue. In prayer we speak to God and hear God." . . . "Yet," he added, "there is one thing which seems to outweigh all these reasons before God: His only Son, the Sovereign Wisdom, has left the bosom of the Father to save souls, to instruct men by His example and His word." How this change took place in the mind of Francis cannot be seen from the legends. It seems unintelligible that he, who wished to reform the Church of God, who told his brethren that they were called to this life of poverty not only for their personal salvation but for the salvation of the world, should now hesitate between contemplative and active life. Whatever may have been the reason for his hesitation, he confided his doubt to his brothers and to Clare, asking them to pray that the will of God might be manifested. When he heard it was God's wish that he should preach he hesitated no longer. "Let us go," he said to his brethren, "let us go in the name of the Lord," and he immediately left the convent. "He was going so fast, that he seemed to have received from God a new virtue. His desire to preach was so great that he began by instructing the little birds that gathered around him; he told them to thank the Lord for all the benefits they

had received, to love and to praise Him, and then, having given them his blessing, he dismissed them. From this time until his death, Francis' preaching was never interrupted, except during the seasons of penance, when he separated himself entirely from the rest of the world. Outside of this time, Francis preached, we may say, almost continually: he preached to his brethren, to the people, to the Poor Ladies, to the priests and to the Pope himself. Towards the end of his life, when his sight was failing and he could hardly walk on account of the sufferings caused by the stigmata, he went through towns and villages, riding on an ass. In vain did his brethren constantly tell him that he should take care of his infirm body; Francis continued, despite their monitions and his own weakness, to announce the word of God. His exhortations, however, were then necessarily short, for his brother the body could no longer bear a long strain; but, though brief, they were animated by the same fire and accompanied by the same success as in the days when he first preached the Master's Word.

In the beginning of his apostolic life, Francis and his disciples preached in castles, villages, and towns. Little by little, however, they became, par excellence, the apostles of the towns. Not that they gave up preaching in the castles of the lords and in the country, for we find them in the courts among the great, as well as in the fields among the peasants; but the towns were their favorite field of action, and it was mainly there that they announced the word of God.

The towns, springing up at this period, afforded a field of activity for the rising Orders. Until then, the priests had lived chiefly on the manors, in the country; and when, as the result of trade and commerce and the forerunners of development, towns arose, there were no priests, no monks, to attend to the spiritual needs of their inhabitants. This was felt the more as the towns were often the refuge of a motley crowd recruited from every part of the country, greedy for the wealth which towns were beginning to enjoy, and little mindful of religious and social duties. At the same time, wherever men congregate together, the poor, the sick and the criminal also are found; this in itself would have been enough to attract Francis and his zealous disciples. Moreover, Francis was born in a town, the son of a townsman; he was raised in a town and he understood fully the ways and manners, as well as the needs of these communities. Hence we must not be surprised to see him choose the towns as the favorite field of his preaching.

Of the innumerable sermons preached by Francis to the inhabitants of the towns, very little has reached us. Nor should this surprise us, for he never learned but one sermon, and this only at the urgent request of Cardinal Ugolino who wished him to preach before the Holy Father and the Roman Court; of course, being too artificial for the simple Francis, it was a complete failure, but he soon abandoned the sermon learned by rote to speak from the abundance of the heart, and all were moved to tears by his burning words of edification.

This last was his ordinary way of preaching: he abandoned himself to the inspirations of the moment. Sometimes he could find nothing to say and then he would simply bless the people and go. This explains why we have nothing or almost nothing from his sermons to townspeople. We know them only through the reports of those who heard him and through the success which accompanied them. Happily we have another source from which we can judge the eloquence of Francis. Several of the instructions which he gave to his brethren were preserved carefully, at least in part, for here as usual he wrote nothing, and spoke only from the heart. To judge his preaching by these

extracts alone would be unfair, for never does an improvised sermon appear as good on paper as it really was when delivered, and this holds more especially in the case of the enthusiastic and simple Francis. However, though far from giving us a just estimate of his powers, they will help us to form an idea of the method and character of Francis' preaching.

This preaching was eminently practical, and, in so far, was a decided departure from the customary discourses given in churches in his time. The homilies of the Fathers had been for a long time the principal material of the sermons of the Middle Ages, but this method was not adapted to the needs of the people of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. With scholasticism a new element had been introduced into preaching, but this element was far from having a happy influence on it. The subtleties of the school were out of place in the pulpit, and the dogmatical subjects which were treated were little adapted to the needs of men who had the faith, but did not always live up to its dictates.

With Francis we have a sudden breaking away from this scholastic method of preaching. Nor did he seek his theme in the brilliant homilies of Ambrose, Augustine, or Chrysostom, for his ideal was the apostolic preaching. It is to the apostles and to the first Christians that he turned to find the method which, to his mind, would bring the Church back to its original fervor. What the apostles taught was Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ crucified. What the first disciples and the Fathers preached was the Gospel and nothing but the Gospel. Justin the Martyr tells us (Apol. Maj. II. 67) that, "after the reading of Scriptures, the presiding officer admonished the people and incited them to imitate the good things which they had heard." Such also were the subjects of Francis: Jesus Christ and the Gospel. Not that Francis quoted the Gospel in the manner of the preachers of his time, as an authority to prove a doctrine or perhaps simply as an exhibition of their knowledge of Scriptures. He had assimilated, as it were, the thoughts contained in the Gospel and expressed them in his own simple and popular way. It was not the letter but the spirit of the Gospel which he preached, for it was this spirit which had disappeared from the Christian Church and which Francis wished to restore to it.

Nothing could be more practical than the evangelical lessons which Francis then brought to the world—penance and peace. These were the most common topics of the sermons given by him and his disciples. To the rich, Francis preached charity, sacrifice, detachment from worldly goods; to the poor, patience, humility, and above all, the love of a virtue which Our Lord had practised and which was the favorite virtue of Francis himself—poverty. To all he preached peace. His aim was to reconcile the social classes—the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak. He was not afraid to intervene between the clashing parties and to show to each its rights and its wrongs. He appealed to their faith, to their hearts, and often effected a reconciliation between them. The charter of Assisi which sealed an agreement between the "Majores" and the "Minores," that is the villains and the lords, is an example to the point. This example is taken among many others which show not only that the subject of his preaching was eminently practical, but that it aimed at some practical reform. "May the Lord give you His peace," was the preamble of all Francis' sermons, and this peace those who heard him often obtained as the result of his preaching.

Yet the choice of appropriate subjects was not the only factor in the attainment of this end. Francis was a man of heart, and he put all his heart in his ser-

mons, or rather exhortations. There was nothing of the methodic, didactic, formal composition of the sermons of the time. He spoke what the heart prompted him to say. There were no arguments, no proofs to establish doctrines which all believed, but a simple appeal to the hearts and to the wills of his hearers. It was this which made one of Francis' hearers, a learned doctor, say: "I have often remembered whole sermons, but I have never been able to re-compose those of Brother Francis after having heard them. Even when some points had remained in my memory, I did not find any more the beauty which had charmed me." Francis did not wish his hearers to remember a beautifully-composed discourse; he wished them to remember only the lesson which he had inculcated, and to carry it out in their lives. To attain this object he went straight to their hearts. He knew well that men of his time needed only to be put on the right track; if he could only move their will to embrace the right cause their natural enthusiasm would do the rest.

To convince ourselves that such was the case, we have only to refer again to the results of Francis' preaching, to the sudden conversions which took place after Francis' exhortations, and to the perseverance in well-doing of those who were converted. Every time the little bands of missionaries returned to St. Mary of the Angels, they brought with them a number of new recruits. These, touched by the example and preaching of the Brothers, had resolved to put on the habit of penance and finish their life in religion. Nor was this return to God a mere whim, or the fleeting desire of a heart carried away by a burst of eloquence. No; these conversions were not only sincere and generous, but, as a rule, they were also lasting. As a sufficient proof of this statement we need only behold those 5,000 Franciscans gathered at Assisi, at the Chapter of the Mats, in 1219; their great fervor filled Cardinal Ugolino with such admiration that he exclaimed: "This is truly the camp of the Lord!"

"Brethren," Francis then said to his disciples, "we have promised great things, but greater things have been promised to us; let us keep our own promises and sigh after the others. Pleasure is short, the punishment is eternal; sufferings are light, the glory shall never end. Many are called, few are chosen; each one shall receive what he has merited."

This, as an example of Francis' preaching, may give us a faint idea of his fervid eloquence, an eloquence which had its source in the heart of the speaker and reached the very hearts of the hearers. The monastic conferences of Francis, full of these bursts of eloquence, make us regret that his sermons to the people have not also come down to us. Yet what we know about these sermons is amply sufficient to show that Francis was an orator in the strictest sense of the word, for he possessed in the highest degree the power to move the wills of men.

It was not Francis' object as we have seen, to convince his hearers of the truth of a doctrine. In this, his preaching is clearly different from that of St. Dominic and the Friars Preachers who dealt principally with non-Catholics. As was said above, he exhorted the Christians to penance and peace, and to obtain this object he appealed to the ideals of the Gospel and to the faith of his Christian hearers; but he generally presented these ideals and this faith in a form which struck the imagination and senses rather than the intellect. His contemporaries were of an imaginative nature and were soon moved by his picturesque way of conveying to them the sentiments which he entertained. Exterior acts and concrete images helped wonderfully and sometimes replaced altogether the oral

expression of his thoughts. One day he preached a sermon to the Poor Ladies without so much as opening his mouth. The ceremony of Christmas at Grecio, in the open air, with a real crib, the ass and the ox, also illustrates this point. His purpose was to move men to love the Child of Bethlehem; but he did not lose any time in proving that this child is God. He wished to represent as perfectly as possible the scene of Bethlehem. The few words, simple and fiery, which he added to the representation of the touching scene, were only an outward expression of the fervor which animated his soul and the souls of all those present. The emotion was general and can be better imagined than described.

When he exhorted to virtue and perfection, it was generally by means of a sensible illustration or concrete idea which struck the imagination, in the same way as the reality would have struck the senses. "Be imitators of Christ, in poverty, obedience and chastity," he said to his religious. "Our Lord Jesus Christ was born poor, lived poor, taught poverty, and died in poverty. In order to show that He loved chastity, He wished to be born from a virgin. He sent before Him as soldiers, the Virgin Innocents; He counselled and kept virginity and left this life in the midst of virgins. He was obedient from His birth to His death on the Cross."

The picture of the dying man, in one of his letters to all Christians, is also characteristic of his preaching: "The body is seized by sickness, death approaches; the neighbors and friends come to say to him: settle the affairs of thy house, etc. And now his wife and his sons, his neighbors and his friends pretend to weep. Seeing them in tears, but moved by an evil spirit, he says: Now I place my soul and my body and all my goods in your hands. That man is truly cursed who places and confides his soul and his body and all that is his in such hands, for the Lord has said by the prophet: Cursed is the man who places his hope in man. The priest is called in and says to him: Dost thou desire to do penance for all thy sins? He answers: I do.—Dost thou desire to make satisfaction to those whom thou hast robbed and deceived? He answers: No! Why not? says the priest. Because I have placed everything in the hands of my relatives. And he loses the use of speech and dies miserably. . . . And the devil comes and snatches his soul from his body with inexpressible anguish and torment. And all the talents, power, science, which he thought to have, are taken away from him, and his neighbors and friends, to whom he has given his goods, will take them away, divide them, and say: Cursed be his soul, for he could have given us more and has not done it . . . and things of this kind. The worms will eat away his body; the devils will torment his soul, and in this way he will lose both his body and his soul for a short pleasure." The effect of such tableaux, short and striking, on the emotional characters of the thirteenth century can easily be understood.

What added to the force of this eloquence was the very example of Francis and his companions. The sight of these simple and poor men, clad like the peasants of Umbria, happy in their poverty, with no other ambition but to make others poor in spirit and happy as they were themselves, contributed largely to their success. Their sincerity and their love for all those who suffered shone in their very countenances.

Renan says that Francis seemed at times to have a secret sympathy for the sinner, and so it was. Francis loved the sinner, not for his sin, but that he might rescue him from sin. His kindness to "Brothers Brigands" was the cause of their salvation. Like Christ, Francis

hated sin, but was always merciful to the sinner.

In his instructions to his religious and to the people, Francis, like Our Lord, frequently made use of parables and similitudes. He compared the lazy brother to an idle bee who does not work or gain anything, but eats the result of others' labor. The brother must be like a lifeless body, "which remains wherever it is placed: a corpse does not mind being moved, does not change its position, does not care if it is abandoned; if placed on a high chair, it still looks down, and if wrapped up in purple, it looks still paler," and so should the obedient brother be. "Brother the body" is for him "a cell, and the soul a hermit who lives in this cell, praying to God and meditating on His perfections." Again he finds in the lark a model for the good religious for "Sister the lark has a cowl like the religious and is an humble bird, because she goes willingly on the roads to find some grain. And when she has found it in the dirt, she picks it up and eats it. When she flies, she praises the Lord sweetly, like the good religious who despises what is earthly, whose heart is in Heaven, and whose mind is always intent on praising God . . . " etc.

The language of Francis, as these examples show, was always simple, yet never vulgar; it was an eloquent simplicity. It was customary in his age to use the Latin language in monastic conferences, and perhaps also, frequently in other sermons; but Francis never employed it in his discourses. He wished before all to be understood, and he spoke the language of the people, not the language of science and philosophy or theology. It is even said that he once took for the text of his sermon the popular Italian proverb:

"Tanto é il bene ch'io aspetto,
"Ch'ogni pena m'é diletto."

"So great is the good that I hope for,
That all pain is a pleasure to me."

This was in the open air and before an audience of nobles who had assembled for a tournament.

To this preaching of St. Francis is due in great part the introduction into Christianity, and particularly into Italian Christianity, of a chivalric spirit, a tender feeling of love and sympathy, a gentle freedom of mind, a childish familiarity even with the most sacred subjects. The celebration of Christmas at Grecio would naturally strike one as being realistic; yet, after all, it was not so realistic as some of the mysteries of the Middle Ages in which were represented the Nativity, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, the Passion and Death of Our Lord, and which often bordered closely on rudeness and grossness. On the other hand, what grace, what refinement and, at the same time, what tender and loving sentiments do we not find in the Christmas celebration of Grecio and in all the mission work of Saint Francis!

Poetry, with him, became also a part of religion. He wished his brethren to begin all their religious meetings by the singing of the Canticle of Creatures. It was a well known strain added to this Canticle, and not a sermon, that reconciled the Bishop and the Mayor of Assisi. He used to call his disciples the troubadours of the Lord, and so they were. Standing on road crossings and public squares, they would gather around them, by their songs and poetry, a mixed crowd of children and grown persons, farmers and merchants, rich and poor, laymen and clerics; and to all they would announce the word of God. They often finished by a practical illustration of what they had taught; for instance, Francis would order one of his brethren to take him through the crowd with a rope tied around his neck, while another would strew ashes on his head. Strange way of preaching, we may say; yet in this way the crowds were converted.

Such was the preaching of Saint Fran-

cis and to this preaching as much as to his holiness, we must attribute the success which accompanied him wherever he went. He knew how to adapt his discourse to the needs and spirit of his hearers; or rather he possessed to such a high degree the characteristics of the people of the age in which he lived that he felt with them, thought with them, acted in unison with them, and his preaching was naturally adapted to their simple, imaginative character; it found in their hearts a prompt echo; it struck there a responsive chord and many who had lent a deaf ear to the long and learned discourses of their bishops were won back to Christ by the poor, childish Francis.

WHILE THERE IS LIGHT.

BY MARY WEST.

While there is light,
Cull from the flowers
Brightness to cheer thee,
Thro' wintry hours;
See, in the woodlands
Nor glimmer, nor spark!
Soon it grows dark.

While there is light
Learn the bird's art,
Building and singing
With buoyant heart;
For now the woodlands
Are silent—and mark
How it grows dark!

While there is light
Guard thy lamp's ray,
To meet the Bridegroom
Upon His way;
Deep in the woodlands
Unto His Voice hark!
When it grows dark.

While there is light,
Garner thy sheaves,
Above life's famine,
Its fallen leaves;
Lo! from the woodlands,
Upsoareth the lark,
Out of the dark.

THE LATE HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS.

MARCH 12th, 1844—SEPTEMBER 14th, 1905.

Hon. Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston, died at the Homestead Hotel, Hot Springs, Virginia, on September 14th, 1905. The story of his life is one of high ideals, noble achievements, and unswerving fidelity to principle.

When Mr. Collins was appointed Consul General to London, in 1893, by President Cleveland, a member of the staff of the Boston Globe asked him for a sketch of his life, and a few days before he sailed for England Mr. Collins complied with the request. With a lead pencil he recorded on rough brown paper the various steps of his career.

Those were character-building days through which he passed, when race prejudice was strong, and opportunities for education all too scant. The autobiography, written twelve years ago, was preserved in the Globe archives and published for the first time after the death of the Mayor. Though merely a statement of facts, devoid of all eulogy of self, to read this simple story is to be impressed with the strength and nobility of character that achieved success despite adverse fortune.

The Story of Mayor Collins' Life.

Patrick A. Collins was born at Ballinafauna, near Fermoy, in the county of Cork, Ireland, March 12, 1844. His father, Bartholomew Collins, was a "strong" farmer, as the Irish phrase is, and came of a family of farmers, all of intense national spirit. He built the house in which Patrick was born on land leased from the earl of Mountcashel, some 200 acres on the high range overlooking the Blackwater river, and commanding a vast view of Waterford, Limerick and the Galtee mountains of Tipperary in the distance. The large stone building still stands, and children of Mr. Collins have seen the house and the room in it where their father was born. The lease has many years yet to run, though the landlord is gone. It passed by assignment from Mr. Collins' mother to the family that now occupies, after the death of Bartholomew Collins in 1847.

His mother was fond of telling how Daniel O'Connell, his father's friend, one day his guest at the house at Ballinafauna, took the small boy in his great arms and kissed him and hoped he would grow to be good and useful to his native land. The brave mother, Mary (Leahy) Collins, a woman of the strongest and sweetest character, who died and was buried from Mr. Collins' house at Mt. Ida, Dorchester, in 1890, sold the lease of the Mountcashel farm and gave to her brother-in-law the lease of another near by, and set out with her three children and the children of her late husband by a former marriage for America.

The little group arrived in Boston in the month of March, 1848. She re-married, and her youngest child is John H. Burke, a judge of the Boston municipal court. Until her death the three groups of children gathered about her, and all called her mother. The family finally settled in Chelsea, and in time Patrick Collins went to the primary, "intermediate" and finally to the grammar school, of which D. C. Linscott, since an eminent member of the Boston bar, was then master.

Forced to Fight Early.

Nothing especially distinguished the boy at school. He learned fairly what

was taught; nothing more; he was shy, and not a "show boy," and never declaimed anything. He was tall, slight, by no means strong, but healthy; he never wanted to fight, but he had to.

When he was eleven years old the Knownothing times came. He was in the grammar school, in one of the lower classes. In a school of more than 100, he was one of less than ten "Paddy boys," as they were called. He had to fight to get to school, at recess, to get home, to go anywhere. The majority, with few exceptions, were tyrants.

Among the exceptions he remembers the chivalrous boy, Charles J. Brooks, who long after, as a man, ended a life that ought to have been better, by suicide.

To escape boy persecution, he left school one forenoon, as it chanced to be, and the next morning, after he brought his school books home, he engaged in the ancient industry of New England. He became, by pre-arrangement, a boy-of-all-work in the fish and oyster shop of Nehemiah Rich in Chelsea. He remained there some months, opening oysters, dressing cod and haddock, keeping books and delivering goods. Rich was the business man, he was the factotum.

Office Boy For Lawyer.

About this time young Collins was "confirmed" in the Catholic faith by Bishop Fitzpatrick at Lynn, then a part of Chelsea parish. He was twelve years old, and was given a class to teach in the Sunday school at Chelsea, and was made an altar boy by the pastor of Chelsea and Lynn.

Among the worshipers in that old wooden church in Chelsea were Dr. O. A. Brownson, and the negro lawyer, Robert Morris. The latter took a fancy to Collins, and asked him to be his office boy, and arranged that he should be the office boy also of C. Judson Merrill, a deputy sheriff, who had the adjoining room in the Railroad Exchange building in Boston. Collins went, and remained there until the spring of 1857.

He had, as all office boys have, the "run of the courts" and lawyers' offices, and went on errands all over the city. He thought a lawyer, black or white, was a favored being, and a judge like the "great white czar." In those days he did not think it possible that ever he could be the one or the other.

In Knownothing Times.

At that time there arrived in Boston the "Angel Gabriel," a Scotch fanatic, who came to fan the flame of Knownothingism. He was a crazy man, but caught the mob. One Sunday afternoon after "Sunday school" in the Catholic church in Chelsea, some of the teachers, including Collins, and nearly all the children, went up on the high hill to the northeast and to the fields about—just to see the country and bask in the sun. They saw toward East Boston a long winding serpent of people coming. It was the "Angel Gabriel" and some 2000 in his train. They came toward the hill. The leader preached a little, and some disturbance occurred.

Then the mob marched to the church, and somehow—no one knows how—a number of them mounted to the roof and tore the cross off the apex and threw it into the crowd. What became of the pieces no man knows. But more was to come. The mob, reinforced by Chelsea men, marched through the town where the Catholics were and smashed with stones the windows and doors of all the houses where Catholics lived. The fury last for weeks. Every "Irish" house was a fortification. Trunks and furniture barred every front window; someone was on guard every night in every dwelling.

The Knownothing war was hottest in Chelsea, and ended soonest. Collins came out of it whole. He had his fore-

arm broken and a few bruises, but all were healed; his heart was Irish, and the world was before him.

To West and Back.

Relatives of his were in the west, miners and farmers. The west was alluring. On March 27, 1857, the family moved to Ohio. After their arrival until Sept. 14, 1859, young Collins worked on farms, in a coal mine, in a grindstone and whetstone mill, with a machine shop attached, and his last work in Ohio was in running the engine for the mill. He was stricken with a fever and found when convalescent that all others who had it became victims of fever and ague.

His mother consenting he returned to Boston in September, 1859, and passed a week trying to become a machinist's apprentice, but failed. His ambition was to be a machinist and mechanical engineer.

Failing in his ambition, he was taken as apprentice in the upholstering establishment of F. M. Holmes & Co., and was given a bench by the side of a journeyman upholsterer from East Cambridge, Jeremiah W. Coveney, afterward lieutenant colonel of the 28th Mass. Regt. in the Civil War, and surveyor of the port of Boston, and later postmaster.

Before he was nineteen years old, Collins was foreman of the shop, and was subsequently foreman for E. H. Bradbrook (now A. H. Davenport), whose upholstery establishment he started. He remained in the latter establishment until the day before Thanksgiving, 1867, when he left to begin the study of law. He was one of the original members of the upholsterers' union in 1862, and remained a member until he ceased to be eligible. He was its first secretary and the only foreman that belonged to it. While foreman of the shop at Holmes' and secretary of the union he left the place on a strike ordered against his own judgment, though the strike did not concern him, but he would not remain behind and organize a new shop of non-union men. He left Haley, Morse & Boyden's, where he was assistant foreman afterward, under similar circumstances. When he left Bradbrook's he had the largest wages paid to any man of his trade in Boston, and had saved enough to tide him over his law studies.

Lawyer and Legislator.

He studied in the law office of James M. Keith at 42 Court street and remained there until admitted to the bar by Mr. Justice Devens, April 15, 1871. He entered the Harvard law school in 1869 and graduated in the class of 1871.

A few days after he took a seat in the law office he was elected a member of the Massachusetts house of representatives from "Old ward 7" in South Boston, and was re-elected in the following year. He intended to go to Heidelberg in Germany for two years, to study civil law and languages, but the democrats of the district insisted that he should go to the senate and to the senate of 1870 and 1871 he went.

During his four years in the legislature he served on several committees, the last year as chairman of the important committee on harbors—the only democrat given a chairmanship.

In 1870 he was the youngest man who had been elected to the senate. He took part in all the agitations—for the admission of Catholic clergy into prisons and charitable institutions, for the abolition of special oaths for Catholics, for all labor legislation, for the improvement of the commonwealth flats in South Boston, for a park system in Boston, and originated the plan for the permanent closing of draw-bridges and the solid filling of Fort Point channel and the South bay, upon which he made a report to the senate.

The day after the legislature of 1871 was prorogued he opened his law office at 46 (now 146) Washington street, and had practiced law in that vicinity ever since.

He was twice a member of the democratic city committee of Boston, in 1873 and 1874, and was unanimously elected chairman both years.

While serving as judge advocate on the 1st brigade staff he took a very prominent part in the campaign of 1874, and Mr. Gaston being elected governor, he made Mr. Collins judge advocate general of Massachusetts.

High Service in Congress.

In 1882 he was elected to Congress from the 4th Massachusetts district and was re-elected in 1884. While on his second term he announced in an open letter to his constituents his fixed purpose not to serve again. This was in March, 1886, and the election of his successor was to take place the following November.

Three candidates appeared for the nomination and nine sessions of the convention were held without a choice. The district committee was "deadlocked" also, and at noon before election day the committee and the three candidates met and sent for Mr. Collins to help them out of the dilemma. He was forced to yield and his name went on the ballot for the third and last time.

During his three terms in Congress he served on the committees on the judiciary, and sometimes in addition on the committee on Pacific railroads, French spoilation claims and other important bodies.

Chairman of State Committee.

He was twice candidate for auditor and twice candidate for attorney general on the democratic ticket when there was no hope of election. He attended every democratic state convention from 1867, and presided over the conventions of 1880 and 1891. He was a delegate-at-large from Massachusetts to the democratic national conventions in 1876, 1880 and 1888, and was permanent president of the last.

On the Saturday before Grover Cleveland was notified officially of his nomination for President in 1884, Mr. Collins was summoned to Albany to make a speech on the following Tuesday night, the opening of the presidential campaign.

Gov. Cleveland, whom he met for the first time, handed him a telegram informing him that the state committee had met and elected him to fill a vacancy, and had also elected him chairman. He had never been a member of that committee but once—in an emergency in 1876—and disliked the work; but it was the "Butler year" of mischief. He accepted and remained at the head of the committee for seven years. When Gov. Russell was elected he declined further service on the committee, considering that he had done his full share, and victory had come once more.

Splendid Work For Ireland.

In 1864 Mr. Collins joined the Fenian Brotherhood in South Boston. In January, 1865, he was a delegate to the national convention at Cincinnati, and was secretary of the national convention at Philadelphia. He continued a member until the practical dissolution of that body, and for his activity had the honor to be mentioned in more than one viceroy's proclamation of "bad men."

When the Irish famine came, in the fall of 1879, and Parnell and Dillon came to America for succor, Mr. Collins was one of the committee to welcome them in Boston, and opened their great meetings in Music Hall. Before Parnell left

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HARVESTERS OF THE SEA.

CHARITY.

FREDERIC OZANAM.

FREDERIC OZANAM.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

"Frederic Ozanam, a pure and noble soul, on fire with charity to all men, especially to the poor; consumed by zeal in the service of truth; pious, with a filial tenderness; exemplary in every path of life; more eloquent in the supernatural beauty of his thoughts than in the loving words which fell from his lips; more illuminated with the ardor of Christian faith than with the manifold lights of literary cultivation: such a man bore in him a Catholic heart full of all instinctive loyalty, as ready to give his life for a jot or tittle of the faith, or for a definition of the Divine authority of the Church, as he was to counsel the Archbishop of Paris to tread in the steps of the good Shepherd, and to lay down his life for his sheep. May God raise up on every side laymen like Frederic Ozanam."

—*Cardinal Manning.*

He was born at Milan, April 23, 1813. He came from a Jewish ancestry that in earlier times had spelled the name Hozannam, a form that was changed to Ozanam by the grandfather of Frederic. It was an illustrious name, not alone for its antiquity, but more than all, for the perfume of learning and generous deeds that hung around it. The father of Frederic, at first a soldier in the Revolutionary wars, had left France upon the accession of Napoleon to the imperial throne, and settling at Milan, had given himself to a life of teaching. In the meantime, however, he had devoted his leisure hours to the study of medicine, in which he obtained his degree in 1814, the year after the birth of Frederic. Upon the downfall of Napoleon, he returned to his native land, and resided at Lyons where his abilities had obtained

(1775-1836)

for him the position of physician in the Hotel Dieu. Of this time Ozanam afterwards wrote: "God gave me the grace to be born in the bosom of the faith. As an infant He placed me upon the knees of a Christian father and a saintly mother; He gave me for my first teacher a sister intelligent and as pious as the angels whom she has gone to join."

The constitution of the child was delicate in the extreme; but he was gifted with a bright intelligence that soon began to display itself, together with a loftiness of soul, a delicacy of conscience and a precocious sensibility. His education was begun under the tutelage of his father and his elder brother, after which he entered the Royal College of Lyons, from which he graduated full of honors, in 1829, decorated with the degree of Bachelor of Letters.

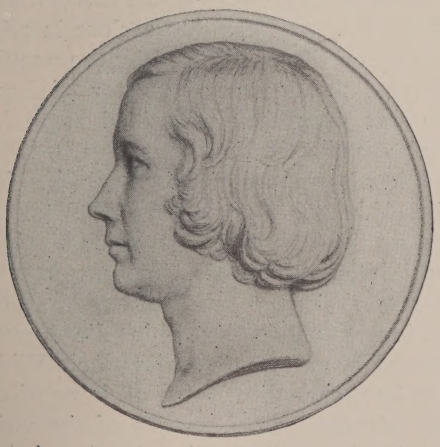
The father of Frederic now found himself in an embarrassing situation. With the principles of '93 still ruling all society the choice of a learned profession brought with it dangers apparently unavoidable. Frederic, destined by his parents for a career in law, could have no alternative in the course of preparation save an atheistic law school at Paris, or a practically useless apprenticeship in some safer law office at home. The first spelled the ruin of every Christian and religious instinct; the latter, the burying of every hope of advancement and preferment in future practice. The Christian father preferred to sink the brilliant prospects of his son into the obscurity of a safe though sufficiently lucrative mediocrity rather than turn a sensitive and highly gifted soul adrift upon the sea of irreligious life. As a consequence the young man entered as a clerk into the office of M. Coulet, one of the most distinguished members of the Lyons bar.

"He bore that chain," said Lacordaire, "with a childlike simplicity, never permitting his poetic aspirations to mingle with the study of law, nor adding to the ancient languages, which he had already acquired, any wandering touches of Hebrew and Sanscrit. But the growth was going on all the while, and going on quickly, in that soul which time and eternity were quickening into life."

Dr. Ozanam, however, relying upon the depth and solidity of the faith he had seen implanted in the soul of his son began very soon to realize the uselessness of withholding from him those superior advantages which could be sought in Paris alone. Accordingly, towards the close of the year 1831, Frederic, then in his eighteenth year, entered upon his legal studies at the Paris School of Law. An idea of the almost complete isolation to which he was thus condemned may be gathered from the fact that on entering his classes he found that he and three others were the only Christian students

who attended them. Despite, however, the melancholy darkness of atheism that reigned around him the young man found that his lines had fallen, indeed, in pleasant and encouraging places. Not all Paris was corrupt. Here and there, like stars amidst surrounding gloom, flashed forth the example and influence of personalities in which the light of the faith glowed warmly, inviting kindred spirits, and suffusing a radiance over all in whose minds the truths of Christianity had not entirely died out. M. Ampère, the celebrated mathematician, was one such chosen soul, and it was the good fortune of Frederic, after a short residence in a mediocre boarding-house, to find quarters in the home of the great savant, a circumstance that brought him into contact with the most distinguished men of science and letters of the day.

The intercourse between the scientist and the young student was to both prolific of the best results. It was, however, religion more than science that gave the seductive charm to the relations of these two souls so well disposed to understand one the other. What made their companionship of greatest profit to Frederic was the lofty example displayed by his exalted host. One day, as he was

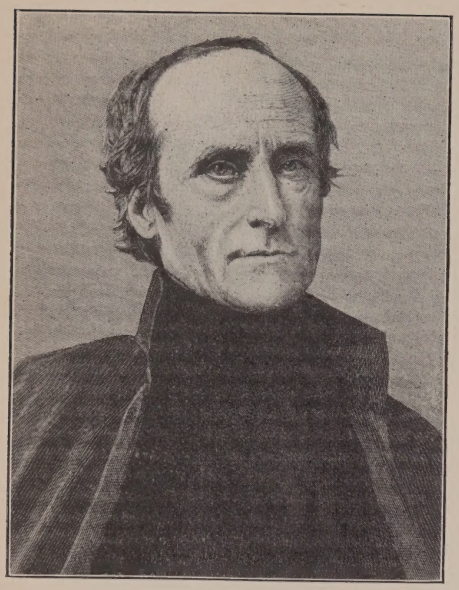


MONTALEMBERT

LACORDAIRE.

weighed down by a spiritual discouragement to which he was frequently subject, he entered into a church in order to open his heart before his sacramental Lord. As he looked about him he beheld in an obscure corner, among some devout women, a man kneeling and praying with fervid recollection. Ozanam recognized his aged friend, and he paused for a moment to contemplate this illustrious type of an epoch, prostrated before God. He felt a sense of shame at his own cowardice, and the faith thus honored by the immortal genius of Ampère began to strengthen his fainting courage and to console his sadness; he left the church a new man.

Another friendship that meant much for the moral well-being of the young student was that which he contracted about this time with Chateaubriand. On the 1st of January, 1830, as Lacordaire relates, at the noon hour, Ozanam approached the dwelling of the renowned writer, and tremblingly rang the bell.



RAVIGNAN.

Chateaubriand, just then returning from Mass, received the young student with a smiling welcome. He inquired as to his studies, his tastes, and his projects for the future; then regarding him fixedly, he asked: "Do you ever go to the theatre?" Frederic replied that he did not. "And do you intend to go?" Ozanam hesitated between the truth and the fear of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of his interlocutor. He had promised his mother to keep away from the theatre, and he had never dreamed of breaking his word. He acknowledged that his mother had forbidden him, and Chateaubriand, embracing him affectionately, said: "I implore you to be true to the advice of your mother; you would gain nothing at the theatre, and you might lose much." These words lingered in the mind of Ozanam, and ever afterwards, when any of his less scrupulous companions begged his company for such entertainment he would excuse his refusal with the words: "M. de Chateaubriand advised me not to go, and I promised that I would not."

These two friendships may serve to show that the student days of Ozanam were not all cast in the desolating shadows of atheism and solitude, but found many consoling and instructive hours under the rays of a faith rendered more glorious through the spontaneous homage of genius.

The influence exercised by Ozanam himself over the attitude of the rationalistic regime of the Sorbonne toward the small Catholic party among its students was very marked. Under the leadership of the young Lyonese many serious passages at arms occurred between careless professors and their vigilant hearers. After one such, in which the famous Jouffroy, after an attack upon Christian principles, was made to apologize for his remarks, the same professor made the significant observation: "Gentlemen, five years ago all the objections sent out to me were dictated by materialism; spiritualistic doctrines met with the fiercest resistance; to-day this feeling is greatly altered: the opposition has become quite Catholic." It was the beginning of a revival of Christian tolerance after a tyranny that had lasted for forty years.

His brilliant course in the Law School of the Sorbonne came to a close in 1836 and was fittingly crowned by the acquisition of the degree of Doctor of Law. He was even then undecided as to his final vocation in life, hesitating between the legal profession, to which he felt himself bound out of a sense of filial duty and gratitude, but against which his finer sensibilities, his poetic temperament and literary acclivities rebelled, and the profession of letters for which he seemed formed by nature and inclination. Without, however, abandoning all hope of ultimately entering the ranks of the writers, he threw his lot for the time being

ARCHBISHOP AFFRE, FOUNDER OF THE CERCLE CATHOLIQUE.

with the devotees of the bar. His success in this capacity at Lyons during the next few years was but meagre and disappointing. Nevertheless, during that time, he succeeded to such an extent in gaining the esteem of his colleagues, that in 1840 he found it an easy matter to pass the examination that opened to him the splendid professorship of Law in the school at Lyons.

A PROFESSOR AT THE SORBONNE.

The first successes of Ozanam were not obtained without the accompaniments of toil and sorrow. His entrance upon the legal profession in 1837 brought with it the death of his father, while his mother did not live until his more important accession to the municipal chair of Law at Lyons in 1840. In the meantime, however, through incessant study in the languages and literatures of Europe, the young savant had prepared himself for the more attractive degree of Doctor of Letters which came to him in 1838. The examination for the latter was for Ozanam not merely a success, it was a revelation. Among the judges of the brilliant candidate were Lecretelle and Cousin. The former, for nearly thirty years a professor of the history of literature, put the question to Ozanam: "Who were the masters of French language and literature in the sixteenth century?" Frederic, in answer, placed at the head of all St. Francis de Sales, and the old professor who, perhaps, had never studied the works of the holy bishop, remonstrated against attributing such priority to a churchman. The candidate brought forward very salient reasons. The professor insisted, only to be met with victorious answers. It very soon became evident that the positions of the men were reversed; the aged judge had become a modest pupil, listening

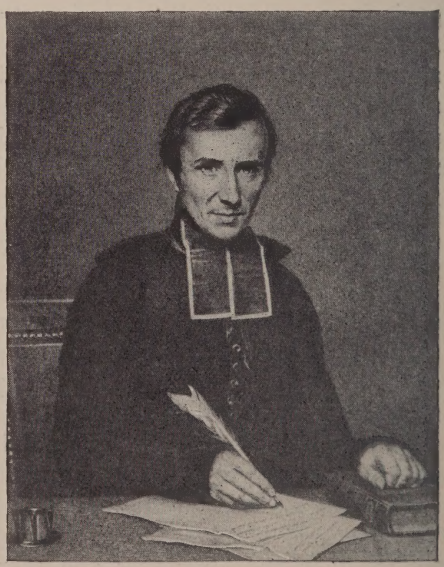
PAUL LAMACHE (1810-1892). ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

with admiration to the flow of eloquent learning that issued from the lips of Ozanam. This was the more remarkable when Frederic produced his French thesis on Dante and the Divina Comœdia, when Cousin, no longer able to restrain his admiration, cried out: "M. Ozanam, greater eloquence than yours is impossible!"

In the meantime Edgar Quinet, who was professor of foreign literature at Lyons, was called to the College of France, and the rector of Lyons proposed to Ozanam that he should make application for the vacant place. On coming to Paris to obtain the nomination of the Minister of Public Instruction, he was welcomed by M. Cousin, with open arms. It was just at the time when a competition had been announced for the chair of foreign literature at the Sorbonne, which examination was to take place the following September, it being then the month of May. Cousin proposed to Ozanam that he enter into the concursus, and although the time for preparation was brief, and the competitors numerous and formidable, he accepted.

At the competition of September his efforts were crowned with success. His work was applauded with enthusiasm, even his rivals joining in the general acclamation. As was usual with him, he was persuaded that a special help from God had assisted him in this decisive step of his life. He saw in that success an indication of what divine Providence desired of him; his hesitations and doubts disappeared; his vocation was fixed.

As soon as the result of the competition was known, M. Fauriel, professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne, then seventy-eight years of age, applied for Ozanam as his substitute in the work of his course, which was then treating of German literature in the middle ages, to perfect himself for which occupation Ozanam immediately set out for the borders of the Rhine, whence he returned some weeks later with a copious store of observations and impressions with which to embellish his instructions.



LAMENNAIS.

It was about this time that he began seriously to think of marriage. In 1841, he had the happiness of meeting a lady who seemed to approach near to his ideal; he married Mlle. Amelie Soulacroix, daughter of the rector of the academy of Lyons. He was then in his twenty-eighth year.

Ozanam entered upon his work at the Sorbonne with all the zeal of an apostle. It was now nearly fifty years since the voice of a Christian teacher had been heard in its halls, and naturally the experiment undertaken by the young professor was watched with curiosity by all parties. But Ozanam brought to his charge not only an extensive erudition and an impassioned eloquence, but what was most remarkable at the time, an absolute fearlessness in the defence of Christian principles. In fact, if he had consulted merely the dictates of a worldly prudence, he might have conducted his lectures without any extraordinary championship of Catholic sentiments; but he who had looked upon himself and his position as agents in the hands of God stopped not to consider the expedient or the safe in conduct, but only what duty and the demands of a Christian conscience required. And what was more, his vigorous, manly attitude in this regard, far from antagonizing his adversaries, only drew upon him the admiration of all his hearers. It was M. Cousin, no friend of religion, who once exclaimed, on coming out from a lecture of Ozanam's: "The lyceums and colleges send us distinguished professors, but the Abbé Noirot (one of Ozanam's earliest teachers) sends us men." Moreover, his labors were fruitful not merely in awakening a kindly sentiment in the hostile camp, but in planting the seeds of true and solid conversion in the minds of his young hearers. The following note was one day handed to him as he was returning from the Sorbonne: "It is impossible that anyone could speak with so much fervor and heart without believing what he affirms; if it be any satisfaction, I will even say happiness, to you to know it, enjoy it to the full, and learn that before hearing you I did not believe. What a great number of sermons failed to do for me, you have done in an hour; you have made me a Christian!"

Nor was his time of leisure, during these years, spent in idleness or even in congenial studies. Beside assuming the chair of rhetoric in the College Stanislaus, he wrote extensively for the *Correspondant,* and for the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.* He was also one of the orators of the Cercle Catholique, with Lacordaire, Montalambert, Ravignan and other distinguished Catholics of the day.

Thus for four years Ozanam acted as substitute in the course of foreign literature at the University; but on the death of M. Fauriel, in 1844, he was elected unanimously to the position of regular professor. He was then only thirty-two years of age. It was the first time that the ancient Sorbonne had accepted a professor so young.

Thenceforward his work went on, ever increasing in the strength and intensity of its devotion to the cause of learning and of truth. When it was proposed to bestow upon him the cross of the Legion of Honor, he replied with true Christian modesty: "No, I have not earned that decoration; I am only thirty-two years of age; I would not accept of such a favor." However, on the following year, just as he had been named a member of the Royal Academy of Munich, he received the Red Ribbon, amidst the plaudits of his chiefs, his colleagues, and the students who crowded enthusiastically about his rostrum.

From the year 1846 onward his health,

always delicate, was visibly on the decline. His courses at the Sorbonne, much to the regret of the Faculty and of the students, began to be interrupted by the exigencies of physical weakness. The Faculty of the Sorbonne, full of interest for the health and usefulness of the brilliant professor, sent him at various times upon scientific and literary missions into Italy. But a fatal malady had fastened its grasp upon him and his life was fast sinking to a close. One day, in 1852, he learned that his students, in their eagerness to hear him, were complaining bitterly against the interruption of the lectures for which he was being paid by the State. Mortified at what seemed like a charge of idleness he arose from his bed, proceeded to the Sorbonne, and mounting to the rostrum, pronounced an allocution. He was met with enthusiastic applause. He smiled sadly, as he terminated his speech with these words: "Gentlemen, our age is accused of being an age of egotism; we professors, it is said, are tainted with the natural epidemic; and yet it is here that we wear ourselves out. I do not complain of it; our life belongs to you; we owe it to you to our last breath, and you shall have it. For my part, if I die it will be in your service!"

They were his last words in public. His career as a professor had ended, leaving behind only kindly memories and the conviction that the Sorbonne had lost something that might never again be replaced.

FOUNDER OF THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

It was in the days of the early thirties while Ozanam was yet fresh in his studies at the School of Law that the great work upon which his name is indelibly inscribed was first begun. No student of the struggles in which the young Christian community of Paris was involved just after the Revolution of July but recalls the venerable, active and apostolic figure of him who, as Père Bailly, went about gathering together the scattered Christian students that, like children under the watchful eye of a parent, they might find at his hearth reminders of their early home training and salutary warnings against the desolating spirit of the age.

Among the students of Law who began to frequent these gatherings both in the office of the *Tribune Catholique,* as well as in the large hall of the suppressed society of the *Bonnes Etudes,* were three young men, destined later to play a large part in the literary, political and social life of Paris. They were Frederic Ozanam, Lamache, and Lallier, and chief among them, as among all that brilliant assemblage, was Ozanam.

The association formed by Père Bailly, which had for its object the discussion of historical events, was not limited to Catholic young men alone, but, as time went on, found on its list men of all shades of belief and opinion. Rationalist, Fourierist, Voltairean and St. Simonian joined in friendly debate with the most ardent champions of the Catholic cause, and through the fairness and outspoken freedom guaranteed by the rules of the society much good was effected both in the way of disarming old prejudices as well as in effecting the wholesouled conversion of such as were open to conviction. Nevertheless, the results, on the whole, appeared unsatisfactory to a spirit like that of Ozanam, thirsting for the glory of material success in the upbuilding of Catholic principles and institutions.

Among the literary adversaries whom his cogent logic and historical erudition had so frequently driven to the wall, the St. Simonians continued in the active field, and it was a remark of theirs

thrown out in the heat of debate that struck a sensitive chord in Ozanam's heart, and a line of endeavor that should dominate his life for the future. The followers of Simon, compelled, by the masterly argumentation of their Catholic adversaries, to admit the past grandeur of the Church, the lofty principles of the Gospels and the great good that Christianity had formerly effected, still held to their contention that the Church has passed her period of usefulness and had become in these latter days "but a dead tree barren of fruits. Eloquence, learning, and fine language, they contended, may make a fine show, "but if you would convince us, show us your works!"

The challenge was thrown out; Ozanam accepted it eagerly. Calling upon his friends Lallier and Lamache, Ozanam unfolded a new conception before them, the organization of a meeting where they would occupy themselves not with discussions, but with good works, and thus oppose a practical denial to the reproach of the St. Simonians. The idea was laid before the consideration of Père Bailly who, charmed at the prospect, placed the office of the *Tribune Catholique* at their disposal.

The first meeting of the new charitable organization was held in May, 1833. The venerable Père Bailly was chosen its first president, and the society altogether numbered only eight members. It was dedicated from the very first to the service of God in the persons of the poor, who were to be visited at their own homes and receive every assistance in the power of the members.

As usual the good Père Bailly inaugurated the new enterprize with a pertinent lay sermon. "If you intend your work to be efficacious," he said, " . . . you must not let it be a mere doling out of alms, bringing each your pittance of money or food; you must make it a medium of moral assistance, you must give them the alms of good advice."

The progress of the society was phenomenal. Twenty years later, when the St. Simonians whose taunt had inspired the idea in the mind of Ozanam, had died away, these "eight poor fellows" had grown to two thousand in Paris, relieving five thousand families or about twenty thousand persons. Its branches also had spread out over the world and were to be found in England, Spain, and even in America.

Throughout his life these conferences were ever uppermost in the mind of their founder, and so dominated the course of his thoughts that his notes and letters upon the subject offer a precious treasure house of timely and thought-compelling reflections upon poverty and the means of its relief and cure. Here are some of his ideas upon almsgiving:

"Help is humiliating when it appeals to men from below, taking heed of their material wants only, paying attention but to those of the flesh, to the cry of hunger and cold, to what excites pity, to what one succors even in beasts. It humiliates when there is no reciprocity, when you give the poor man nothing but bread, or clothes, or a bundle of straw — what, in fact, there is no likelihood of his ever giving you in return. But it honors when it appeals to him from above, when it occupies itself with his soul, his religious, moral, and political education, with all that emancipates him from his passions and from a portion of his wants, with those things that make him free, and may make him great. Help honors when to the bread that nourishes it adds the visit that consoles, the advice that enlightens, the friendly shake of the hand that lifts up the sinking courage; when it treats the poor man with respect, not only as an equal but as a superior, since he is suffering what perhaps we are incapable of suffering; since he is the messenger of God to us, sent to prove our justice and our charity, and to save us by our works."

—Civilization in the 5th Century.

Again he speaks in the same instructive and consoling vein:

"Those who know the road to the poor man's house, whose feet have swept the dust

from his stairs, never knock at his door without a sentiment of respect. They know that in accepting bread from their hand, he takes the light from God, the poor man honors them; they know that the theatre and every other place of amusement can be paid for, but that nothing in this world can pay for the tears of joy in the eyes of a poor mother, nor the grasp of an honest man's hand when one has enabled him to wait till he gets work.

"The same authority which tells us that we shall always have the poor amongst us is the same that commands us to do all we can that there may cease to be any.

"The strongest tie, the principle of true friendship, is charity. Charity cannot exist in the hearts of many without outward overflowing; it is a fire that dies for want of being fed, and the food of charity is good works.

"Charity should never look back, but always forward, for the number of her past benefits is always very small, while the present and future wants that she has to relieve are infinite.

"Philanthropy is a vain woman who likes to deck herself out in her good works and admire herself in the glass; whereas charity is a mother whose eyes rest lovingly on the child at her breast, who has no thought of self, but forgets her beauty in her love."

The devotion of Ozanam to his beloved society of St. Vincent de Paul is beautifully shown in a letter written almost from his deathbed in 1853. He writes to Padre Pendola of Sienna:

"This dear Society is also my family. Next to God, it was the means of preserving my faith after I left my good and pious parents. I love it, therefore, and cling to it with all my heart; it has been a joy to me to see the good seed growing and prospering in Tuscan soil.

"Above all, I have seen it do so much good, sustain so many young men in the path of virtue, and inspire a smaller number with wonderful zeal! We have conferences at Quebec and Mexico. We have them at Jerusalem. We most certainly have one in Paradise, for during the twenty years that we have existed at least a thousand members have taken the road to a better world. . . . . You have amongst your children many who are rich, Reverend Father—Oh! what a salutary lesson, how strengthening for those soft young hearts, to show them the poor, to show them Jesus Christ, not in pictures painted by great masters or on altars resplendent with gold and light, but to show them Jesus Christ and His wounds in the persons of the poor! We have often talked together of the weakness, the effeminacy, the inanity of even Christian men amongst the nobility of France and Italy; but I am satisfied this arises from a want in their education. There is one thing they have not been taught; there is one thing they are acquainted with only by name, and which we must have seen others suffer from in order to learn how to bear it ourselves when, sooner or later, our turn comes. This one thing is sorrow, privation, want. These young gentlemen ought to know what hunger and thirst and the destitution of a naked garret mean. They ought to see fellow-creatures in misery, distress — sick children, little ones crying with hunger. They ought to see them that they may love them. Either the spectacle would make their hearts beat with awakened pulses or they are a lost generation. But we should never believe in the death of a young Christian soul. 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' . . . . Soon your best young men, divided into little bands of three and four, and accompanied by a master, will be nimbly ascending the poor man's stairs, and you will see them coming home sad and happy — sad at the sight of the wretchedness they have seen, happy at having even so little relieved it."

These were indeed the last echoes of that hymn to Our Lady Poverty which Frederic Ozanam had been singing all his life, the theme of which was to be taken up by other lips that should make it heard later on in every great city of the world.

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

To the ordinary Catholic the name of Frederic Ozanam gathers sufficient glory for his part in the formation of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul; to the general world irrespective of religious belief he is as well known as the historian, the critic, the prose poet of the middle ages. His genius was great in both directions, and he brought to both the same untiring study, vigilance and zeal. As a writer, he began his apprenticeship in the early days before his entrance to the School of Law when his masterly exposé of the fallacies of St. Simonianism won for him tributes of admiration from most disinterested quarters.

The great literary masterpieces of his

life, however, were elaborated in the lecture halls of the Sorbonne and in his travels among the literary treasure-houses of France and Italy. His collected works are embraced in eight octavo volumes, the first two of which contain *Civilization in the Fifth Century.* This great work was, the year after Ozanam's death, crowned at the Academie Française, which adjudged to it the annual prize of ten thousand francs, just then founded, for the finest literary work produced during the year. M. Villemain, who was charged with the panegyric for the occasion, spoke of this great work in these terms:

"Learned and natural, always dominated by the same idea, while radiant with a thousand memories, accurate and full of charming fancies, this book is an eminent work of literature and taste. It raises criticism to eloquence; it conceives and seeks and finds eloquence itself in its highest source, in that type which never dies, or which rather forever born anew in the native instinct of a soul that vibrates to the good and the beautiful, to everything noble here below, virtue, liberty, science, and to those great truths above, which constitute the promise of Christian faith and hope."

This work is followed by *The Condition of the Germans before Christianity,* and *Civilization amongst the Franks,* the latter of which presents a picture of Irish life and progress, in those early times, true to the Irish heart. *The Franciscan Poets* is a charming collection of literary portraits gathered from the old monasteries of the Order. In its pages stands revealed the poetic genius of St. Francis of Assisi, that angelic figure which was loved not by men alone, but by every creature in which the goodness of divine Providence was mirrored; of St. Bonaventure, Brother Pacificus, and that Jacopone di Todi whose *Stabat Mater* still draws the heart-strings of the faithful all the world over. Then came *Dante, or Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century,* the culmination and crown of that series of middle age pictures.

The words of Kathleen O'Meara seem to condense into a small compass the wide range of Ozanam's genius.

"Ozanam has left us only an unfinished monument, a mere fragment of an almost infinite design, yet there are few writers whose works are less marred by a sense of incompleteness. At times, no doubt, his genius rises higher than at others, and flashes out in its maximum of power, but he never falls below his habitual level of finely-balanced thought, true poetry, and philosophy. He had the enthusiasm of a real poet, but it never carried away his judgment; his thought was always strong enough to bear the utmost weight of emotion without being obscured or defaced; his style is finished as a cameo, musical, delicate, and masterly; his diction is invariably pure and choice, though it occasionally sins from over-redundance of imagery — his desire to express his idea perfectly leading him sometimes to an exuberance of words; for however absorbed he was in his subject, Ozanam never forgot that others were listening who required explanation. His eloquence in its most impulsive movements — and it is full of impulse — is always free from exaggeration. He was preserved from this by what, for want of a better word, we call taste, that delicate instinct of the imagination which tolerates no excess. His power . . . . . is penetrative and convincing rather than dazzling, and lingers on the mind like the glow of sunset long after the meteoric flash of the more brilliant stars has died away."

OTHER ACTIVITIES OF OZANAM.

Ozanam, the modest votary of St. Vincent, the quiet professor of the Sorbonne, the retiring man of letters, was by no means an idle looker-on amid the stirring events that signalized his life-time. His restless desire to advance the progress of good order and national prosperity placed him in the forefront of almost every great movement of the day.

After the revolution of 1830 a need was felt of some superior influence that might act upon the intelligence of a young generation into whose lives even the primary conceptions of religion had never entered. The evidence of this want appealed, more than to any other,

to Frederic Ozanam. Something must be done to meet the case! He began to discuss with his friends the resources of the Catholic body in Paris, but recoiled at first with disappointment at the lack of that peculiar novelty in the manner of ecclesiastical discourse which was necessary to cope with peculiarly novel situations. There were preachers in Paris, men of learning, sanctity and force; but their methods were old and unattractive. The attendance of a young man at the popular sermons was so rare as to be marked. Where then to find a preacher erudite, eloquent, and holy, who should at the same time possess the soul of the youth of the day, know the direction of its thoughts, the influences that moulded them, and the means of turning them away from such influences into the path of Christian virtue? The answer to this question Ozanam found in Lacordaire, a young priest then preaching to interested congregations in the chapel of a small college. This was the man who must mount to the pulpit of Notre Dame and by his eloquence appeal to the heart of Paris.

Ozanam left no stone unturned in effecting such a purpose. He appealed to Mgr. Quelen, the Archbishop of Paris, only to discover that the methods of Lacordaire met with little favor in the eyes of the clergy rendered timid and suspicious by the horrors and tumults of the late revolutions. Novelty savored of anarchy and if it might not be suppressed should not at least be encouraged. Ozanam was not discouraged by the rebuff. He returned ten months later to the Archbishop, and again begged that Lacordaire be commissioned to fill the pulpit of Notre Dame, and though once more apparently unsuccessful, his insistence had nevertheless the effect of awakening the same demand from other quarters. Lacordaire was at length requested by Mgr. Quelen to undertake the Conferences which from that time became celebrated not in Paris alone, but throughout all of France. The small beginning inaugurated through the zeal of Frederic Ozanam has put before the world the eloquence of Lacordaire, Felix, Ravignan, Monsabre and the like, and the fruit was noticeable in the large and interested gatherings of men of the world, into whose hearts the truths of Christianity might never otherwise have entered.

In the *Cercle Catholique,* an organiation founded under the patronage of Archbishop Affre, in 1843, and which acted as a centre for Catholic young men, Ozanam was one of the leading spirits, presiding over the literary conferences and very often lecturing himself.

It was perhaps in the field of journalism that he found means of reaching the largest numbers. He had collaborated with Père Bailly, in the struggling issues of the *Tribune Catholique* and the *Correspondant* when that journal was pushed to the wall by Lamennais' famous *l'Avenir;* and when the *Univers* under the editorship of the Abbé Migne later supplanted the *Avenir,* Ozanam lent to its columns, for some time, the best fruit of his genius. But the *Univers* itself at length fell under the displeasure of the young democrat who, in order to sustain his ideas against the attitude of a paper hostile to all politic consideration for feelings of the opposing parties, found himself obliged to call into being a journal reflecting his own opinions. *The Ere Nouvelle,* born in the stormy days of the Revolution of 1848, lived, however, but a few months, though in its short period of life it had served to disseminate the seeds of a policy of reconstruction in the political doctrines of the Catholics of the time.

In the Revolution of 1848 Ozanam put on the uniform of a national guard and

performed his part in the preservation of public order. In the terrible days of June he was one of the three who set out with Archbishop Affre to begin those memorable negotiations which cost the venerable prelate his life. They would have accompanied him to the very barricades, but that the Archbishop commanded them strongly to return to their places. Mgr. Affre went in the company of two of his priests. Coming to the barricades he mounted them carrying the proclamation of pardon in his hand. He would have spoken the words he had prepared, words full of peace and good-will, begging the insurgents to return to their homes. A rifle shot, probably accidental, reached his body, and he fell mortally wounded. The anguish felt on both opposing sides in the conflict, at this sad event, caused the sudden ending of the Revolution. The good shepherd had given his life for his sheep.

The remaining years of Ozanam's life were years of physical suffering. The end which he vainly endeavored to put off by protracted excursions to mineral baths, to Italy, and to Spain, was fast hastening upon him. It was in the year 1853, after returning in a dying state from Italy, that he reached Marseilles. Here he received the last sacraments. Finally, on the evening of the eighth of September, the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, he passed away, with his hands raised towards Heaven, and his lips pronouncing the words: "My God! my God! be merciful to me!"

The mortal remains of Ozanam were brought to Paris, where the funeral Mass was celebrated at St. Sulpice. Pius IX., writing a letter of consolation to the widow included the whole character of the man in the few words "a noble and great Christian."

THE GLAMOR OF A QUEEN.

BY FRANCIS MAITLAND.

II.

"What have I done? What have I done!" she cried, as James Hepburn, stooping, began in silence to pick the pearls up. "What have I done! Can you ever forgive me. Mr. Hepburn, what can I say?"

"The thread has lasted well, three hundred years," James Hepburn said consolingly, but his face had grown white. "Mrs. Hepburn can *you* forgive me?" the girl turned to her hostess.

"It was bound to be." James Hepburn went on quietly. "Do not distress yourself, Miss Stuart." He put the last of the pearls he had found back into the case and closed it.

"It'll mean ill-luck, Jamie?" Mrs. Hepburn's tone was anxious, and for the first time the stranger heard her host laugh.

"You will shock Miss Stuart, Mother, with your old-world superstitions."

"But pearls were never counted canny," Mrs. Hepburn remonstrated. "And the last time they were out you mind how your poor father was brought home?"

James Hepburn ignored the question. "In some parts of Spain," he said, trying to put his guest at ease, "they have a pretty name for pearls, 'the Virgin's tears.'"

"They're luckless things," his mother said as she carried the case back to the cabinet.

"Mr. Hepburn, I cannot tell you how sorry I am," the girl repeated, her blue eyes full of tears.

"And what comes after contrition?" the man said kindly. "Absolution, is it not? Let us say no more about it. As my mother says sometimes 'accidents will happen.'"

"You are too good."

"Not a bit of it. The worst of the pain is yours." He nodded kindly and went back to his work.

Presently the maid-servant opened the door. She did not speak but her master and mistress seemed to understand the signal, and Mrs. Hepburn folded up her darning.

"It is supper," she explained to her guest, and led the way along the passage and down a stone step or two into a vaulted room with a large fireplace at one end. Supper was spread on a small table near the door. The linen was scrupulously clean; each plate had its napkin neatly folded; the forks and spoons were silver; the knives, with turning back blades, had horn handles. Eggs, a plate of shredded mutton ham, oat cake and preserved fruit made up the fare, perhaps the usual farm-house supper of the district, but instead of the big jug of skim milk, or the "taste" of whiskey that might have stood by the ordinary farmer's elbow, Babbie brought a pewter flagon filled with claret, and going round the table filled the old-fashioned glasses that stood by each right hand.

"It comes from my brother-in-law," Mrs. Hepburn said in explanatory fashion, "and my son is used to it. But if there is anything else?" She seemed relieved when assured by her visitor that she could like nothing better than the wine.

The dog she had seen on the moor came over from the fireplace and put himself by his master's side, raising a gentle paw, and touching him on the arm now and then to remind him he must not be forgotten.

"He's had his bite," the old servant

said, grumbling. "Ye mauna spoil him giein' him Christian's food."

"A bite of oat cake won't spoil him. Here, Rab, catch!"

"*He* is not then one of Roland's paladins?" the girl asked with mischief.

"Roland's paladins? Oh, the Pyreneans. You know the 'Chanson de Roland?'" James Hepburn looked with interest at his guest. "For a young lady, as I have said, you seem to know a great deal, Miss Stuart."

"I have lived with people who know a great deal. One picks up."

"About Mary Stuart and Charlemagne's knights? Well, it is well to live with such people," James Hepburn smiled.

The frugal supper over he went off to the offices, with the apology to his guest that he must see all was right for the night. Mrs. Hepburn led the way back to the living room.

Eight o'clock had struck before James Hepburn came back, followed by the old serving woman, now in black gown and white apron, and joined by Mrs. Hepburn they knelt down in front of a crucifix that hung on the wall, and the young man, rosary in hand, began the evening prayers. Once he turned his head, when he heard a strange voice in the responses.

"You are of the Faith," he asked, when, prayers over, the little party prepared to separate.

"As I suppose a Stuart should be," the girl said with a smile.

"And as few of them are in these parts," Hepburn returned, "barring the Esk-a-dales."

The next morning found the rain still falling as Hepburn had predicted. "There will be no road for you to-day," he said to the girl as they left the breakfast-table. "There is what we call a 'smoor,' mist with rain, and you do not know the moors. Better wait for to-morrow. If you have any message I am bound for the town."

"But I cannot presume on your hospitality," returned the girl. "I am not afraid of rain. Hunting accustoms one to that."

"You hunt?"

"Hunt, fence, fish, shoot. I am a Joan of all trades, thanks to my father. You do not approve, Mr. Hepburn? Who was it that wished 'to walk to the causeway with a jack and a knap-schalle, a buckler and a broad-sword?'" The girl's eyes were full of mischief.

"You have a good memory, Miss Stuart."

"I have, to my loss and gain; but I believe, Mr. Hepburn, if it came to an examination I know more of Mary of Scotland than you do. But, tell me, I have been wondering, was Mary ever here?"

"Was Mary ever here? You have not been in the Tower? You have not seen the Queen's room? If you come with me you shall see it, since you care for such things."

Half way up the narrow winding stair of the Tower, James Hepburn threw open a door, and the girl, crossing the threshold in expectancy, found herself in a low and, save for an old and painted cradle, unfurnished room. The panelling, here and there, in signs of gilding, alone showed traces of any former magnificence.

"Mary Stuart slept here." James Hepburn said the words as if the fact did not admit of dispute. "I could show you the beaker (cup) she left after her visit."

"The tower belonger to Bothwell?" asked the girl.

"To his kinsfolk. Blood was thicker than water in those days. Mary rode the hills, maybe hawk in hand here. I will show you where her horse fell, the 'Queen's Fa' Hill,' they call it to this day."

"And the cradle? She brought her son, she brought James the Sixth with her?"

If there was a note of mockery in the

girl's voice as she asked the question, James Hepburn did not catch it, but his face reddened as he answered, "The cradle cradled Mary's son."

"James?"

"Did you ever hear of sons bearing the same name? Such a thing has been. Did you ever hear or read what Drury said?" Hepburn's excitement was evident though he did not lose his self-command.

"Did you read what Bedford said? What Nau said? What Throckmorton wrote? Labanoff has it that is was a daughter, a 'girl brat,' but it was a lad-child, born at Lochleven, and saved in a fishing creel, and brought to them that loved their queen and—her husband. Aye that cradle cradled Mary's son, Mary of Scotland's and Bothwell's son."

"Their enemies may have sought for him, but not here among the border hills, but *there were those who knew.* Labanoff may have it was a lass that later took the vows, but *Cecil* knew it was a lad, and *there were those in France that knew, and those in Rome that knew.* See," the man pulled out a small crucifix from under his vest, "see the cross that was round the baby-lad's neck when George Douglas brought him in the cold of winter from Lochleven." Once more James Hepburn paused to recover self-control.

"They knew," he went on, "the old line knew. James of England and Scotland, come with the Darnley blood. Charles the First, Charles the Second. Why run through them all. To whom did the Prince write his first words from Holyrood? 'Trusty and well-beloved cousin,' that is how he wrote. Does a prince begin in that fashion to one not of his own blood, or not a peer? 'Trusty and well-beloved cousin,' that is how 'bonnie Prince Charlie' wrote to this poor house of the Tower. Would you see the letter? I can show it. And Cardinal York, how did he greet my great-grandfather when he paid him his respects in Rome. *As a cousin,* and kissed him on both cheeks. There are others that claim Stuart blood—is that what you were going to say, Miss Stuart? You have no need to say it. Look at Lord Esk-a-dale with Charles the Second for his—how many back?—grand-sire, and a foreign dancer for his—how many back?—grandmother, and *proud of it. Proud of it.* I tell you the truth, but the straight line is not done with yet,—so long as there is a Hepburn at the Tower." Again, with an "You think I am mad, Miss Stuart?" the keen, grey eyes flashed into the girl's own. "It may be that, living so much alone, I think too much of these things, but I am prouder of the martyr-blood than of the Stuart pedigree. A martyr for the Faith, that is what Mary of Scotland died, and she had the prevision God often grants His own, of the end. Mind you her words to de Silva for His Majesty of Spain, that 'never, with the help of God, would she fail to uphold the Faith. That, in the religion in which she was born and bred she would remain forever, though it might entail the loss of crown and *life.*' Aye, she had the prevision that is given the martyrs, that by her own people, or by her that was the traitress, the end, for the Faith—would come."

Almost over-whelmed by the torrent of words, the girl leaning against the wall watched the man's face. Mischief, perhaps, prompted her next speech. "I am afraid everyone does not look upon Mary as such a saint as you do, Mr. Hepburn."

"And are we born infallible? She made her mistakes. She was mortal like the rest of us, but God in heaven grant that my end may be as hers." The man bowed his head. "Think you it was nothing to die for the Faith?" he went on with abruptness.

"She married out of it." The girl watched the effect of the words. What would the answer be?

"Aye, that dastard, Adam of Orkney,

married them 'with preaching,' but there are those that say, and maybe with as good a right, that Bothwell and she were married with the Mass earlier in the day. Who can tell? But against the fall put the reparation. Three days after the marriage she went *in tears* publicly to make amends to her God, and show her penitence to her people. She was a *woman,* Miss Stuart. Make excuses for her, a woman with every hand but one against her, and a woman who *loved* for the first time," again the words came fast. "Think you she had loved a spoiled bairn like him of France? Or a soft lad like Darnley, little better than a lass? *She had come to her mate,* a *man* that loved her as a woman and knew how to honor her as his queen, who 'did her reverence' going bareheaded before her on all occasions even when she would fain have him wear his cap."

Once more the man stopped, breathless, but only to go on. " 'Dear Hart,' that is what he was to her in the letter the lords robbed him of; and mind you her answer when Lethington was ready to promise her her freedom if she would give him up? 'Nothing would she consent,' that is his report. And—'Soe schee was put into Lochleven.' Into Lochleven where her man-child, James Hepburn's man-child, was born."

"You would make a good friend, Mr. Hepburn," the girl said after a pause. Her eyes were still fixed on her host's face.

"I would try to," Hepburn said with simplicity, and added with a smile, "You can remember me if you are ever in want of one."

"It is a bargain." She held out her hand.

"Do you remember," asked Hepburn, as he held it in his own, "how Mary failed in her first attempt to fly from Lochleven? Her 'very fayre and white hand' betrayed her."

The girl looked sharply up under her lowered eyelids. Was she, after all, making some impression on this Scotchman who seemed to have no thought but for the past? She drew her hand away hurriedly when she recognized the coolness with which he was regarding it.

James Hepburn saw and mistook the petulance of the gesture. "I have been wearying you," he apologized. "If you have a line to send to the town I shall have to start in ten minutes. Babbie is a hard task mistress." He smiled. He did not add that, urged by the old woman, his errand was to find what was not in use every day at the Tower "fresh flesh meat" for the guest's dinner.

"Ye canna feed the crater as ye wud feed yersel," the old woman had counselled. "She's a leddy bred an' she'll look for leddy's fare."

Guiding his guest back to the living room the master of the tower seated her at the centre table, and found her writing materials.

A few lines hastily written did not take time nor thought but when it came to the address of the envelope the girl hesitated. "Bothwell is a gentleman, no doubt about it," she said to herself, "but eyes will fall where they should not fall. I shall enclose it to the postmaster. That will make sure. I must keep up the play."

"For the Postmaster at Esk-a-dale, if you will be so kind," she said when Hepburn, prepared for his walk, came back to the room.

"Any answer?" he asked as he put the letter into his pocket.

"None, I thank you, It is only to let my friends know that I am safe."

"I fear we have little to amuse you." James Hepburn looked round the room.

"Plenty to interest me, which is better —if I may look at your books and old things? You may trust me; I shall be careful, Mr. Hepburn. I dreamed of those pearls last night. I cannot forgive myself."

"Think no more of it. The string was worn, sooner or later the accident was bound to happen."

"It would not, if I had not twisted it, and—it distressed Mrs. Hepburn."

"My mother is superstitious. Perhaps we may cure her."

"If no bad luck comes. How kind you are, Mr. Hepburn."

"Well, good-bye, 'you are free of the house,' as the saying used to be. Go where you like; look at what you please, Miss Stuart, only, I wouldn't answer for the dogs."

"I shall leave *them* alone. Good-bye." She waved her hand towards him as he turned to make his final bow at the door. "Vaya usted con Dios, Senor."

The man looked his surprise.

"Ah, you said I knew a great deal, but you don't know all I know yet," the girl nodded mischievously. "Good-bye, Mr. Hepburn, 'feliz biage.'"

Left alone, the girl began at first to wander aimlessly about the room. The books disappointed her. A good edition of Sir Walter Scott, a few standard works, and a commonplace edition of the British poets, filled the first book-shelf; the second held, in different languages, dictionaries and botanical works; a third was devoted to books of piety and lives of the saints. The china, and the girl was connoisseur enough to know it, was good. Scotland's close intercourse with Holland at a time when she may be said to have monopolized the Indian and Japan trade had filled the Tower, as it did many another Scotch house, with porcelain. As she lifted piece after piece, mentally rearranging its position, she was almost able to value it. This would "go" at Christie's, that would not. The portraits hung so high were, if not daubs, by inferior artists. Scotland had never known art, she told herself. Her wanderings at last brought her to the hearth and the picture that hung above it. Who were the court painters when Mary was Dauphiness and Queen of France. She ought to know, her father *would* know. It was a touch to be recognized and traced, almost Dutch in its minutiae. What would her father say if introduced to Hepburn and the Tower? Her shoulders went up. Always, "I have said it," she said to herself, "the cult of Mary Stuart is a 'possession.'"

"Executed at Fotheringay! It is a myth. Mary is not dead, she will never die. I believe that. To her worshippers she is the only living woman whose electricity has survived the tomb, whose name can make old blood even like my father's tingle. And to find the cult here in a—monamaniac. Yes, the man is little less, though the story is plausible enough. Elizabeth was warned that a child was coming, and that not once or twice. Did not Throckmorton say Mary would never be persuaded to give her husband up because of the child that was on its way?

"Nau said twins were born. Labanoff says there was a daughter, *a child no doubt there was,* and why not a boy? a boy smuggled out of Lochleven and handed over to his father's kinsfolk. Almost the monomaniac has persuaded me that for his belief there is chapter and verse! What are *we?* Descendants of a Stuart and nothing so honest as poor Nell, the orange girl, and *proud of it, proud of it,* there is the sting. But here is a purer strain, descendants of Mary's 'lad-child.'

"Mary and Bothwell's 'lad-child' born in wedlock. If only the 'old lady' would come, I would put her through her catechism. 'His Majesty' takes the bit too much between his teeth. The pearls are the pearls of the portrait. There is no mistake about that. The signature can be no forgery, it is Mary's 'hand of write.' Shall I pinch myself to see if I am awake?"

The girl was still by the fireplace when her hostess joined her.

'You're not sick of Mary yet?" Mrs. Hepburn asked with something like satire. "My son should be pleased to find some one as mad about her as himself, if you'll forgive the liberty."

"You are not unenthusiastic yourself," the guest returned, remembering the conversation of the previous night.

"Whiles, yes and no, I would say. I, maybe, had too much of it when I married. Long days or short days, summer weather or winter weather, my man's father, (my son's grandfather) never had the tune out of his mouth. *It's in them.*" She gave a sigh.

"What would be new news to you and me" she presently went on, "would be stale news to them. My son's grandfather was ninety-and-nine when he went to his rest, and he had mind of his great-grandfather who died when he had come to sense, and he minded his grandfather who minded *those*—but why run over the beads? Put it to yourself. Live as the Hepburns live, and you can play with history. To hear old Hepburn, my son's grandfather, speak, you would think his tales had happened yestereen; often and often he gave us the laugh at Regent Moray marching down with his men after Langside to sack the Tower, and little thinking what had been put to sleep in the grieve's (baliff's) wife's cradle."

"The Hepburns were nearly related to Bothwell?" asked the girl.

"Hepburn of the Tower was Bothwell's brother, no less, though not as he should be." Mrs. Hepburn nodded her head significantly.

"It is like a romance!" Again came the shoulder shrug.

"You may say it," Mrs. Hepburn acquiesced with decision.

"And your own husband, he did not care so much?"

"Aye, he *cared,* but he was a quiet man; nothing ran away with *him,* but when he was in the mind he could tell you many an old thing. How his grandfather called cousin with Cardinal Yorke, and saw him touch for the King's evil in his palace in Rome. Aye, and they said he touched one that was a Hanover prince, no less."

"He has been long dead?" asked the girl. If curiosity prompted the question, she knew how to hide it under a pretty veil of interest.

"Time has nought to do with years," the widow replied. "It's ten years, as years go, since they brought him to me from the moor. Guns kill easy." She stopped a moment—then went on. "There was a smoor (mist) as there is to-day, and—his Lordship did what he could."

"Lord Esk-a-dale shot Mr. Hepburn!" Her face grew red.

"No, no, no one could tell who shot him. There was the smoor, and all the guns about, but it was his Lordship found him and they fetched him home."

There was a pause again, and then Mrs. Hepburn went on, "My son is a good son; good above the best, but the heart of a widow is ever empty, and—he took me for love, me that was not so good as himself, a lass without a penny, who shared but one thing with him—the Faith."

Mrs. Hepburn's emotion touched the girl; she put out her hand and touched her hostess' arm, but Mrs. Hepburn had already pulled herself together again in a way that reminded the visitor of her son.

"Well, what is to be will be, and the will of the Lord be done. If I think my son lives too much to himself, he's not, perhaps, to blame. Up early and to bed late, it is the farmer's life, and he never shirks his work; and he has his reward; his sheep sell as no other sheep sell, he has a name for them as far as Carlisle. And he has *made* the Spanish trade since his uncle took him into it (he's the sleeping partner as they say). He brought a good head to it and that turns the money over."

There was not then the poverty she had imagined? The girl remained a moment lost in thought. Then she said lightly, "I suppose he will bring you home a Spanish daughter-in-law some day."

The woman nodded her head. "Please God, he may. The Scotch, from old times, mixed well with foreign folk, and I would like fine to see my bairn's bairns about my knee."

"You have a daughter?"

"At York. She walked that way from her birth."

"You mean she always wished for the religious life?"

"That is it. She who had never seen a convent! But, God speaks and the heart answers."

"The parting must have been a sorrow."

"There may be joy with sorrow. The Lord chose her, and if I grudged her she never knew it. We—my son and I—go to York every year."

"She is to be envied." The girl spoke almost with bitterness.

"You are not yourself taken with the religious life?" It was almost the first personal question her hostess had put.

"I? I am a butterfly." Again the shoulder shrug.

"Aye, a butterfly's wings'll not carry it far," Mrs. Hepburn returned with an acquiescence that galled her hearer.

"Not even as far as York, you think?" The tone was flippant.

Mrs. Hepburn divined the smart. "Oh, I meant no offence," she said, "we all serve our Maker as is judged best. But my son charged me to see you were amused. You would care to see the Tower?"

The girl agreed eagerly. Who knew what treasures might be contained in the old walls? But she was to be disappointed. There was little to see. What seemed the stamp of poverty was everywhere.

The rooms, low and small and badly lighted were, like "The Queen's room," unfurnished, or stacked with a litter of broken and useless furniture. In one that was vaulted, and stone-floored, a dozen or so of cannon-balls had been gathered together in a corner and piled in a pyramid.

"Moray," Mrs. Hepburn said with emphasis, and as if that was sufficient explanation.

The visitor lifted one in her hands.

"Aye," Mrs. Hepburn said, watching her, "that's a safer plaything."

The girl's face grew red; she understood the insinuation.

"You would think *they* might bring bad luck, but I never heard word of *that.* They were play balls to my young ones till they grew up. You were saying?"

"Only a German saying that pearls point to tears. Mrs. Hepburn, if you knew how I regret my awkwardness."

"It's over," Mrs. Hepburn said with more graciousness. "I should have said no more about it. Luck or ill-luck, as my son says, they are in the Lord's hands."

Mid-day brought such a rejoicing clamor from the court that the visitor guessed her host must have come back, but she did not see him till Babbie summoned her to the dinner-table with a curt "Your denner's waiting on you."

The meal was simple—a small roasted joint, a vegetable, some stewed fruit, and again the claret, but this time of better quality.

"Any news, Jamie?" the mother asked when they were seated at the table.

The Hepburns then did acknowledge another modern world! Their visitor waited with interest for the reply.

"None, except that the moors are not to be shot to-morrow, except that Lord Esk-a-dale came last night. Some of his family, as I understand, the day before. Lord Esk-a-dale is our great man," Hep-

burn turned to the guest, "so we are bound to take an interest in him."

The girl bending over her plate nodded her head.

"He is little known in these parts," Hepburn went on. "His father, who only died lately, and he, were said not to get on."

The girl began to speak but checked herself.

"If he is not worth more than his father he is not worth much." Mrs. Hepburn spoke with decision.

"What harm did the old lord do us except to want to buy Esk-a-dale?" asked Hepburn. "And perhaps he thought he was doing us a kindness."

"A kindness! What would he have thought of you stepping up to him and wanting to buy Esk-a-dale? You were mad enough at the time, Jamie, if you have forgotten."

"Yes, I was mad," James Hepburn acquiesced with a smile.

The girl, who had been playing with the bit of loaf bread by her plate (brought in her honor from the town) remembered the conversation at the farmhouse. "Old Lord Esk-a-dale, as you call him," she said, "wanted to buy the Tower?"

James Hepburn nodded. "It is a sore subject with my mother."

"Put it on me, Jamie," the mother returned. "Who showed his Lordship the door?"

James Hepburn laughed again. "Don't remind me of what I am ashamed of," he said. "Lord Esk-a-dale meant no ill."

But Mrs. Hepburn was still up in arms. "If it had been your grandfather I can tell you what he would have said. Where was Eska-dale Castle when Mary slept at the Tower? That's what he would have asked."

Babbie, who had been hovering round the table now struck in. "Hepburn, I dinnna ken whether you or your mither's, the greatest fule. Whaur wier Esk-a-dale whan Mary Stuart slept at Hepburn's Tower? Ye micht as well spier 'whaur was Peter whan the can'le was blown out?' Ain question's as gude as the ither, an' jist as muckle sense as the ither. Eat yer roast mutton and thank yer Maker ye've got it."

James Hepburn gave his rare laugh. "You are the most sensible member of the family, Babbie. See what it is to be kept in order, Miss Stuart."

"Aye, a fine spoiled wean, ye wud ha'e been, Hepburn, gin I had not been t' the fore t' tackle ye," returned the old woman with a grin.

"I am sure Lord Esk-a-dale did not mean to give offence," the girl said, determination in her voice.

"Ye ken little bout him gin ye think that," Babbie, who having found her tongue seemed determined to use it, struck in. "An auld sinner that's what he was."

Again James Hepburn laughed. He seemed accustomed to have his meals enlivened by the old woman's tongue.

"Babbie does not use the word as you and I would use it," he explained to his guest. "Lord Esk-a-dale was not a man that made himself loved, but his life was most exemplary, and it is certainly unfortunate for the family that our small property should be planted in the very middle of the best Esk-a-dale moor."

"An' fortunate for yersel', Hepburn, t'hae the birds (grouse) shot fleein' ower the house," the old woman said with satire.

"That'll do, Babbie," Hepburn said, gently. Then he turned to his guest again. "She is right," he said, "it is the game that makes the trouble. Lord Esk-a-dale would have the best moor in the south of Scotland if the Tower did not cut it square in two."

"Then he must be content with the second best," the girl said, smartly.

"What is a moor compared to an old house like this?"

"You are not a sportsman then, Miss Stuart?"

"Yes, I am,—a sports*woman*, but—the Tower."

Old Babbie looked at the visitor critically. "Aye, it's thrown its glamor ower ye wi the rest has it?" she asked. "Mony's the time I say till myself that it's at the last day we'll ken whether there's a speerit, or no', in stanes an' mortar."

"Come, Babbie," Hepburn laughed, "you must not make Miss Stuart think you a heathen."

"A heathen! What's a heathen to do wi't? An' what ken you mair than ithers, Hepburn? Eat yer mutton, an' dinna trouble yersel' wi' what doesna concern ye" the old woman cried with contempt.

Hepburn laughed again, good-humoredly as he addressed his guest, "Babbie is of our *genus loci*, if she only knew it herself."

A fragrant smell of freshly ground coffee, aromatic, pungent, came from the fireside. "A habit of my son's," Mrs. Hepburn almost apologized as the old woman handed round the cups.

Instinctively as it seemed, James Hepburn pulled out his cigar-case, but only to remember the presence of the guest and to hurry it back into his pocket.

"You smoke, Mr. Hepburn? Please do not let me prevent you, or I shall have to show that—I can enjoy a—'whiff,' myself." She spoke coquettishly.

"Is there anything you do not do?" James Hepburn asked. He looked at his visitor, as he had done once before, with penetrating eyes.

"You *will* smoke, Mr. Hepburn, *please*," in the same pretty fashion.

"By and by, with Babbie's permission."

"Faith an' ye'll no smoke here, Hepburn, whaur I'm at my clearing-up," the old woman said with decision.

"You hear, Mr. Hepburn," the girl spoke now coaxingly, "and you must not lose your cigar." But James Hepburn was not a man to be cajoled.

"There are more places than the kitchen," he said with a smile, "and Babbie's heart is softer than she thinks."

It was late again in the afternoon before James Hepburn joined his mother and guest in the living room, and he went straight to the centre-table with the apology, "You will excuse me if I work."

"It's the day for the Spanish mails," the mother explained. "My son never lets it slip."

The visitor, the book she had picked up lying on her knee, watched Hepburn from under her heavily-fringed eyelids as he turned from file to file of the papers now spread out before him. Once or twice, as he made a note, he said a word or two aloud. "Tio Pepe," "Solera," "Amontillado," "Palo Cortado"—the different wines he was quoting.

As the afternoon wore on the girl grew restless. It was a new sensation to find herself ignored, and she resented the position. She let her book slip from her knee, and it made a clatter as it struck against the fender, but Hepburn did not notice it. It was the mother who picked it up and gave it back to her with an anxious look towards her son that expressed the hope he had not been disturbed. It was, however, Hepburn who suggested that the guest might like a cup of tea. "We are old-fashioned people," he apologized for his mother, "and do not think of these things."

(To be continued.)

THE VIGILANCE OF LOVE.

THE CERTOSA.

THE CERTOSA DI PESIO.

BY CLARE SOREL STRONG.

Strangers think that there are no cool places in Italy, where the summer may be healthily and happily spent, but this is a mistake. Courmayeur compares favorably with the favorite Swiss summer resorts,—standing, as it does, at the foot of Mont Blanc, and being an admirable headquarters for climbers,—while the least ambitious excursionists can be on the Brenva glacier in about an hour, and are provided with smooth, easy paths on the delightful "grass" mountain, (the Mont de la Saxe), a woodland road by the Dora river; and other pleasant walks.

At the Italian side of Monte Rosa, also, there are several cool and pleasant "summer stations." Again, Ormea, in the Maritime Alps, is situated in a high green valley, with a fine trout stream rushing through it, and boasting a most comfortable, thoroughly modern hotel. Ormea is something more than 2,200 feet above sea level. The Certosa di Pesio is about 3,000 feet; but for reasons dependent on its position the Certosa is much less warm than its eight or nine hundred feet of increased altitude might be supposed to entitle it to be. It has high mountains to the south of it which fend off the hot air of the seaboard; and it is open to the Piedmontese plains,—which are overshadowed by Alps that wear their mantle of perpetual snows. Sixty-nine degrees and seventy degrees Fahr. are summer temperatures rarely reached at Certosa di Pesio. On the other hand in winter the Certosa is less cold than Turin, which is so far below it; and being a great city, Turin would (but for special reasons) be many degrees warmer than an upland, lonely valley. Careful weather records have been kept for many years, and in one

very cold winter, when the thermometer registered 15° below freezing in Turin, the instrument placed in a corresponding position at the precise hour, at the Certosa showed a gain in warmth of 5° over Turin.

The Certosa is sheltered from wind, and for some unexplained reason damage by lightning is here unknown. The air, however, is not stagnant. The Pesio torrent seems always to bring a breeze down with it from the mountains.

BRIDGE OVER THE PESIO, AND WATERFALL.

The Val di Pesio is twelve miles long, and it is a real pleasure to drive either from the small station of Beinette, on the railway line from Mondovi to Cuneo, or from the cathedral city of Cuneo itself to the one time Carthusian monastery, through the well cultivated fields. The carriage threads through a succession of avenues of lordly old chestnut trees.

Chiuso di Pesio is a large village some miles below the Certosa. The Romans called forts, of their erection at the important points of Alpine valleys, *Cluse,* and Chiuso di Pesio is thought to derive its name from having grown on the site of such a fort. This valley is absolutely steeped in history. The Romans made one of their famous roads through it to the sea-coast. The ruin at La Turbie,—of which Tennyson wrote: "What Roman strength Turbia showed," marks (all but) the end of this highway.

There are local chronicles, sifted, collected, arranged, by the late husband of the owner of this valley, Madame Caranti-Suant-Avena, and their perusal adds enormously to the interest of a stay at this unique monastery-hotel.

It is known that A.D. 906 a Saracen horde passed, by way of Col di Fenda, sweeping like a swarm of devastating locusts through the whole of Liguria. In 937 the Saracens besieged the neighboring Acqui—which was a notable place under the Romans; and, at Frassinetto

(also not far off) the Saracens had a strongly fortified position. To Frassinetto they could always retire and find safety, when beaten in their raiding expeditions. In Val di Pesio numbers of families still bear the name of Mauri (Moors) and the faces show certain African prominences, though they are mainly typically Italian.

became great friends, although in age and circumstances they differed very much. Then and always they addressed each other as "brother."

Not only in the features of the natives and their patronymics have the Arabs left their trace. The place-names speak of them, for instance, Padio Negro must be Passo del Negro, namely, the black

IN THE CLOISTERS.

The historian, Signor Biagio Caranti, had a curious experience. When traveling in Africa he bought a boy in order to have him baptized and brought up in civilization. One day in Chiuso di Pesio the child rushed to his owner crying that he had seen some one very like his brother, Hassan. The Chiusan boy had certainly very thick lips. The children

man's pass, and there is a popular, childish, poetic belief that on clear summer nights, the fair ghost of a Moorish girl descends the Ardua hill, south of the entrance of the Certosa. She is clothed in silver, wears fine barbaric ear-rings, and dances fantastic steps in her showy, heelless, Moorish slippers, as she wanders down to the more level ground. The

CLOISTER, OFF WHICH DINING ROOMS OPEN.

shepherds watching their flocks tell you that they see her still.

The date of the departure of the Moslems from Val di Pesio is uncertain; but the chronicles show that it must have been about A.D. 970. The citizens of Acqui at one time, and at another bands of warriors collected by the bishops of Turin and Asti, beat the Moors repeatedly; but they only drove back the Moslem upon his stronghold of Frassinetto. Was it Otho I. of Germany? was it William of Provence? was it both leaders in combination who finally drove out the dreaded tyrant from these parts? The local records are dumb or contradictory upon these points, and the limits of an article require a nine hundred years' jump at this point.

The monks of St. Bruno came to teach, help and civilize a population with very stormy traditions. The story of the rise of various buildings is extant. Un Certosa was erected in a secluded, almost a deserted, region, and then, in 1802, Napoleon, marching into Italy at the head of an army, seized all that was valuable and portable at the monastery and banished the monks, the successors of the brethren who had settled there more than six hundred years earlier.

A covered bridge over the Pesio leads to the first archway by which visitors enter the old convent, now a hotel, the grand entrance of which is reached through a fine avenue at the second archway, under which new arrivals pass. The abbots of old must have received visitors of importance here. As it is the hostess meets her guests at the foot of the grand staircase, just within this arch.

There is about half a mile of "covered ways" in the building and two hundred guest chambers, once the cells of Carthusians. The dining rooms open off a cloister, and another cloister leads to the music and reading rooms of the hotel. Some of the graceful pillars have capitals with Latin inscriptions. In the finest cloister the capitals are enriched with

AVENUE LEADING TO THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

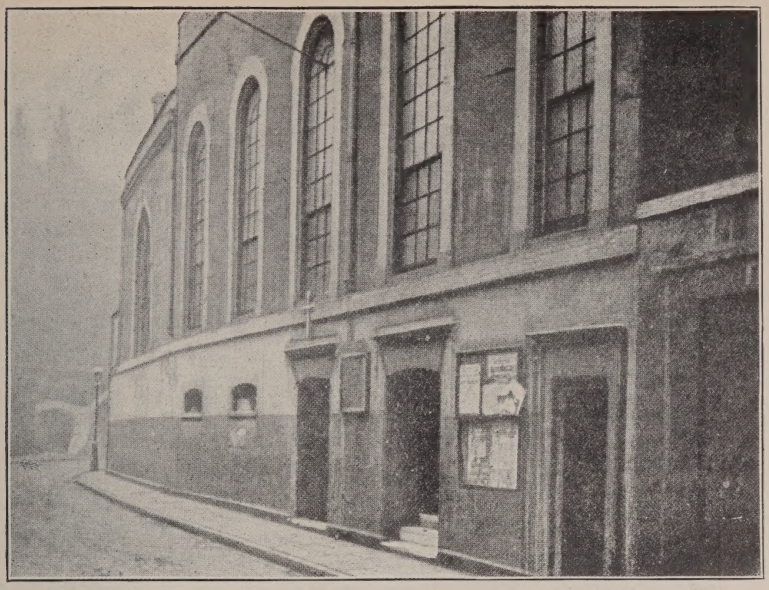
sculptured subjects, each one different. In the summer, ledges, arches, and stone-roofs are adorned with lovely flowering plants which flourish luxuriantly in hanging jars and baskets.

A fine fresco, much injured by time and damp, was lately discovered on an outer wall of farm buildings at the Certosa. The difficulty to photograph this fresco is very great, as it is so much faded, and a pent house roof, erected above it for its protection, renders it still more dim. The black cap on the head of the Madonna is supposed to be the head-dress of the valley costume about four hundred years ago. The faces of the monks are exceedingly beautiful.

During the summer there is a resident chaplain in the church of the Certosa, and often the owner of the valley entertains clerical guests. Consequently two or three Masses, besides the chaplain's, are frequently celebrated. A side altar, dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, is adorned with many ex voto offerings, chiefly in the form of silver hearts.

Great mountains overtop the building, and on the summit of Ardua hill is a chapel. Down this hill the shepherds say the Moorish girl dances on clear nights. In the park belonging to the Certosa there are many walks. An unfinished quadrangle is occupied by a belt of garden, and a group of trees that must have flourished long before Napoleon drove out the rightful owners, the monks. Under these trees in the season children play; gayly dressed French women and Italians display the newest fashions; and the parti-colored, beribboned nurses look brighter than the flower borders. The noise, clattering, and glaring dresses in this ancient home of peace and study form a curious combination and a strange contrast.

Signor Caranti's big book on the Certosa reprints many ancient documents of great interest; but the author says that there is no record of eminent sanctity, vast learning, or surprising art, attaching to individual Carthusians of Pesio. The treasures of metal work and pictures scattered by Napoleon were presents from a distance. One was the work of Albrecht Durer, and all trace of it has been lost.



THE SARDINIAN CHAPEL, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

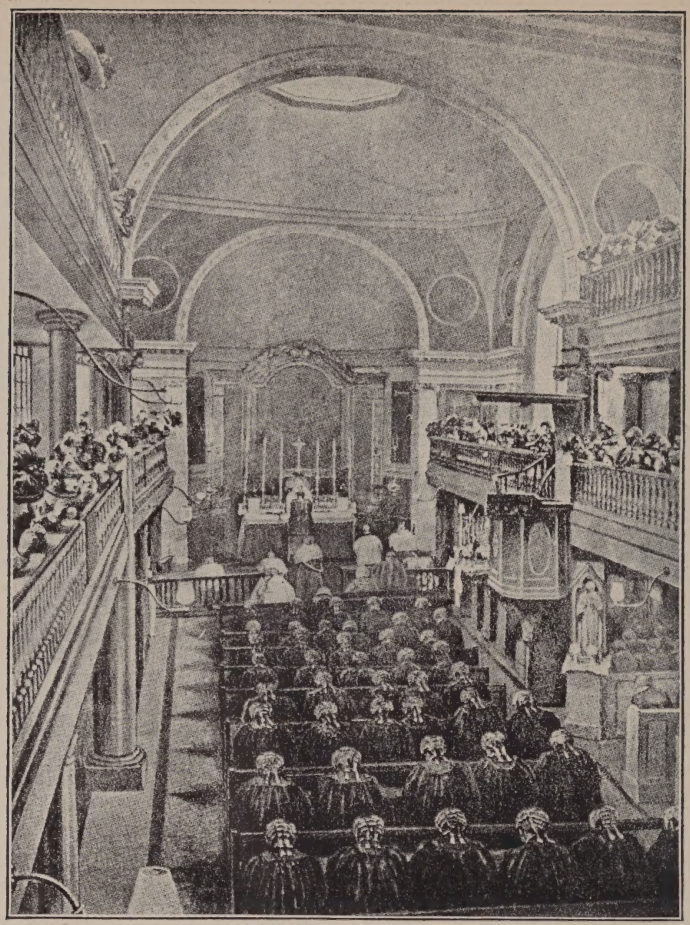
THE CHAPEL OF THE AMBASSADORS.

BY H. A. HINKSON.

During the past half dozen years the hand of the house-breaker has been sadly busy in the streets of Old London. Ancient landmarks have been swept away, historic houses have fallen and still amongst the relics of the past echoes incessantly the sound of pick and axe. To-morrow the citizen will awake in a new London compared with which New York and Chicago will be ancient cities.

The latest victim of the County Council's desire for wide streets and open spaces is of peculiar interest to Catholics. The old Church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia, better known as the Sardinian Chapel, has been doomed and will shortly disappear forever, to make room for the new street connecting High Holborn with the Strand. For some years past the ancient glories of the Sardinian Chapel were revived with increased splendor. Following an old usage, the Catholic members of the Bench and Bar, in full robes, attended *La Messe Rouge* or *The Red Mass* on the opening of the Courts after the Long Vacation every year. It was a magnificent and impressive spectacle, the red vestments of the officiating priests forming a harmonious contrast with the ermine of the judges and the dark robes of the barristers. Amongst those who regularly attended the *Red Mass* were the late Lord Russell of Killowen, the first Catholic Lord Chief Justice for centuries; Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, Lord Justice Matthew, Justice Day and Justice Walton. Last year for the first time this historic service was transferred to the Cathedral of Westminster, perhaps in anticipation of the fate soon to befall the old church.

For nearly two hundred years the church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia was the chief centre of Catholic worship and charity in London, and that distinction



CATHOLIC MEMBERS OF THE BENCH AND BAR ATTENDING "THE RED MASS." 1901.

was retained until the erection of St. Mary's, Moorfields, in 1820, and later that of Our Lady, St. John's Wood, in 1834; and of St. George's, Southwark, in 1848. It has a plain frontage on Sardinia Street, now called Duke Street, and it abuts on the rear of Nos. 53 and 54 Lincoln's Inn Fields. These two houses were formerly a single house in which were established the Portuguese and later the Sardinian Embassies. The entrance to the house was from Sardinia Street but the door has since been blocked up. The first tenant of the house was Lady Temple, wife, or widow, of Sir Peter Temple, who does not appear to have been distinguished in any way. No. 54 is the presbytery and it extends over one-half of the archway which opens into Sardinia Street and leads through an old hall and a doorway to the church which stands just within the boundary of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. This doorway was in former times the only entrance to the church. Over the keystone of the arch on the East side there is a much worn tablet inscribed Dvke Streete 1648. Duke Street is on the line of Forfue or Fortifeue-lane running from Fycketts-fields, through Purse-field and along by Fortifeue-garden to the Via de Aldwyche, now Drury Lane. It is interesting to note that the ancient name of Aldwyche has been revived and given to the new street connecting Holborn with the Strand.

The Sardinian Chapel, to give it its most familiar name, is said to have been designed by Inigo Jones, but that is more than doubtful, since it does not appear in any classified list of his genuine or reputed works. For a very long time it was associated with the Franciscan Order, and the Chronicles of the Franciscan Friars indicate a date later than 1652, when the great architect died. From 1677 to 1686 the friars met in Chapter at the Royal Friary of Arabida in Denmark House, now Somerset House, under the protection of Henrietta Maria, "the Rose and Lily Queen." The Queen's badge may still be seen banded on the Ionic pilasters of Nos. 51, 52, and 54 Lincoln's Inn Fields and on the three pilasters of No. 2 Portsmouth Street, formerly called Louches Buildings. The land was part of the Queen's jointure and it was to her that William Newton addressed his petition in 1638 for a license to build on the Purse-field and Pightells site.

In November, 1687, the Franciscans decided to acquire "the spot near the arches in Lincoln's Inn Fields," lately in the possession of the Countess of Bath.

When they had collected a sufficient sum of money for the building of a convent and chapel, the Friars opened a novitiate under the name of "Our Holy Father Saint Francis" in 1688. The Prior was James Ayrey, Chaplain to Dom Pedro Ronquillo, the Spanish Ambassador, and he had under him nineteen friars.

But the good Franciscans were not long left in peace. On Sunday morning, November 4, William of Orange passed the Isle of Wight on his way to Torbay. The same night the Franciscan chapel was attacked by the mob but was successfully defended by a party of soldiers whom the King had sent to protect the friars. Later, however, James advised them to withdraw, which they did on November sixteenth. The house and chapel were still left in charge of a military guard.

Father Thaddaeus, O. S. F. in his admirable history of the Franciscans in England from 1600 to 1850 gives an interesting extract from a note written a few years after the flight of the friars.

"The London residence house was by the arches in Lincoln's Inn Fields where there was a very decent chapel and convenient lodging rooms. But before we had enjoyed it long, the Revolution coming on, it was plundered and gutted by the mob. But three or four years after, being repaired by the Syndic at our cost, was then inhabited by the Portuguese Envoy, till our lease expired. After which we had no more to do with it. By this place 'tis incredible what we lost. Perhaps if I should say upwards of three thousand pounds I should not be much in the wrong."

The association of the Franciscans with the chapel was, however, afterwards renewed and lasted till some fifty years ago.

On Tuesday, December 11, King James fled from Whitehall. On the news becoming known the rabble celebrated the occasion by besieging some of the ambassadors' houses. They also pillaged and burned the King's Printing House, a convent which James had founded in Clerkenwell, and the chapels in Bucklersbury, Lime Street, and Lincoln's Inn Fields.

On the accession of William and Mary a medal, struck to commemorate these outbursts of Protestant fanaticism, was presented to them. This medal which is rare and interesting was executed in silver by George Bower, who died early in 1690. On the obverse are the conjoined busts of William and Mary. The reverse bears the legend *Nec Lex Est Justior Ulla* above a beautifully wrought relief representing the chapel and house in ruins. In the Fields in front the mob is seen burning vestments.

Nearly a hundred years later the Sardinian Chapel was destined to fall again on evil days. In the "No-Popery" riots which began on the night of Friday,

June 2, 1780, it and the chapel of the Bavarian Embassy in Warwick Street, Golden Square, were the first to be attacked and looted.

The damage done to the Sardinian Chapel was made good by rebuilding and taking in the site of the old Embassy stables. The newer portion, which has an upper gallery, is much less ornate than the older part to the east. The latter has an octagonal dome and a lantern supported by four arches. There is also a gallery and a circular apse.

There is a tradition that the painter, Rignaud, a pupil of Beaumont, painted a copy of his master's picture above the altar destroyed by the Gordon Rioters—the Marquis de Cordon being then the Sardinian Ambassador.

Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, who died in 1849, presented a magnificent set of altar furniture valued at a thousand guineas to the chapel, which has also a very valuable service of altar plate. The original plate which was presented to the chapel by one Sadler was saved in 1688, and sent by the friars to Douai.

The sculptor, Joseph Nollekens, was baptised in the Chapel on August 11, 1737, and on August 1, 1793, Fanny Burney was married there to Count D'Arblay, the day after her Protestant marriage in the Parish Church of Mickleham, in Surrey.

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Pansies for thoughts! Ah, in their bed they lie
So still and free beneath God's open sky—
Yellow and purple, crimson, velvet-white,
In their dim eyes the glory of the night.

Pansies for thoughts! And how the old thought burns
Within my soul; star unto star returns
A smile. To me, the past brings happiness—
My lips are silent, yet my fingers bless.

The yellow pansies bring me thoughts of dawn,
Bright-facéd dreams a-striding 'cross the lawn,
The eastern daybreaks and the song of birds,
The young hopes passing down Life's lane in herds.

And, from the purple, thoughts of dark night throng—
The little sorrows that made light hearts strong;
The starless skies—the tears—the bitterness,
The painful longings, life's wild storm and stress.

The crimson pansies bring back hours of rest,
The quiet twilights with their sleepers blest;
The trooping pleasures that filled in dull days,
The ruddy faces on life's merry ways.

The pansies white! Ah, gladly, they recall
The good deeds, answ'ring clear-voiced duty's call;
Their humble white hands crossed in meek accord,
Their voices praising their great Master—Lord.

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER XIX (Continued).

He could not keep the thrill from his voice, but she took no heed. The wild light died out of her face, and she bent it until it rested on the hand she held, and he felt something warm and wet gush over his fingers. He knew she was crying; knew it, too, by the quivers that shook her from head to foot. Cool, calm, circumspect—those were the words he had used, this grave young man. He had forgotten, perhaps, that he was mortal, for all his resolutions—and that this was the girl he loved. He did not question circumstances or station or connections, then, or ever. He loved her—that was sufficient. Loved her as his father had loved his mother—not in the first fancy for her beautiful face, but afterward, when his affection had become part of himself. All his hopes for future happiness were bound up in one plain little girl who knelt, as a broken flower crushed by a tempest might, at his feet. Gently he drew his hand from her clasp and lifted her as if she were a child, and put her head upon his shoulder, encircling her with one tender arm, smoothing back the dark hair from a forehead he could not see, his touch as soft as that of a woman.

"My love for her is as my love for God," he had told Mac Selleck. In all their purity and beauty he realized how true his words had been. Love! at that name men should remove their head-covering: should stand, with reverent mien, as at the threshold of a holy place. Love! Than which there is nothing purer in the universe! It is our pitiable way of taking it that demeans it, that lowers it, and ourselves. For when we we desecrate it with unworthy thoughts and unworthy actions and unworthy words, the love that is love leaves us, escapes from us, and we retain but its poor shadow, thinking we have the reality. Over the shadow, then, we gloat in our weak way, not understanding that the substance has escaped us—until, as is the custom with unreal things, the conviction strikes home to us that there is something missing. When that hour comes we cry out, and mourn or mock. We are not satisfied—God has not made us to be satisfied with shadows, and, in our crass ignorance, we will not understand that we have lost love because of our irreverence. Often, indeed, we tolerate the shadow forever after. We are disappointed, we tell the world, if the world permits it, or our neighbor, who cannot avoid us. There is no such thing as love—the love we believed in, the love we were told of, the love that inspires great deeds, heroic thoughts—there is no such thing! Fools that we are, not to realize that we have lost heaven's best gift because of earthliness!

Well, then, might John Rollinson, the reverent, say that his love for Mollie Farrell was as his love for God. He knew it with his arm about her, her head upon his shoulder. He knew it with the slender form clasped close to him, shaken with bitter sobs. Poor Mollie felt, in a benumbed fashion, that this was part of a dream, also. Mrs. Warden had clasped her so, had kissed her—but Mrs. Warden was undemonstrative as Mollie herself, and it is the affliction of undemonstrative natures seldom to be able to show their real depths of feeling.

It had to end. Mollie herself ended it. Gradually the sobs ceased and the tears, and she dried her eyes and would

have withdrawn herself from his clasp. But he would not permit it.

"To cry—like this!" she said in an undertone. "Forgive me—but I could not help myself. I do not know what has happened—"

She was crimson. Never again could she school herself in John Rollinson's presence; never again could she look at him proudly, and defy him to read her thoughts. She made another effort to release herself, and this time he lifted her to the chair. She was so exhausted that she could not have prevented this arbitrary act if she would. They looked at each other—then he bent before her, holding her two hands. Upon her face was a doubt and a question. He answered both with a happy smile.

"Little Mollie," he said, "I am on my knees to you—as I hope to remain on my knees before your sweet soul in all the years to come. Mollie, you don't realize what love is—yet. This morning I read that letter—your mother showed it to me, and I understood. Child, I have been loving you for years. I have loved you since I first saw your worried little face. I did not know it—forgive me that I was blind—"

She twisted her fingers nervously, but he still held them.

"I shall ask nothing—I have already asked too much. But your interests are mine. I dared not go to you to-night with this story, fearing the effect it would have upon your mother if she overheard. So I bade you come to me. You must pardon me for that, dear—"

"But there is nothing to pardon," she said; "I have nothing to pardon you. Nothing but gratitude, friendship—"

"Gratitude! Friendship! Mollie, Mollie, am I on my knees asking either? There is another word—"

"I cannot," she said. "I cannot."

A strange expression came into his face.

"This night has opened your eyes to the fact that I love you. You are in no condition to say a single word to me, and though you told me that you hated me as only you can say it, Mollie, I would not believe you. You must trust me. When I ask you to put your hands—these hands—into mine, for good, I do not want your friendship nor your gratitude; nor your prayers, if you do not bind our names together. I want you, *you*. For my own, for my wife, until death parts us. And, unless you can tell me that you love another, by heaven my wife you shall be, let the obstacles appear mountain-high. Try to care for me a little before that day arrives."

It was an odd wooing—and from a man like John Rollinson. But then the girl was Mollie Farrell.

CHAPTER XX.

Mrs. Warden Gives Advice.

Mrs. Warden had known nothing of the catastrophe that threatened to overwhelm Mollie's brother, but she had lain awake the better part of the night, fretting at the remembrance of the girl's weary face. She knew that Mollie Farrell believed in her and trusted her, and that she would hear everything in the end—but she felt that no trifling misfortune brought that look to her countenance. And now after her night of worry a strange Mollie came to meet her—a new Mollie, a transfigured Mollie. John Rollinson might be the man who loved her, but her brother Dan was safe. That was the insuperable, the wonderful fact—her brother Dan was safe. The burden had been shifted from her. Some one had taken her cares for his own—because he loved her, and for a while she breathed more freely.

Nor could she, used to delaying long before accepting even a trifling joy—for fear of possible disappointment—keep

back the gladness that the night had brought to her. She gave Mrs. Warden some of the deep regard that she had for the few who were near to her, and this morning that regard seemed intensified. The world was a pleasant place in which to live, mankind all noble and all generous. Ah! it is the way we take it that makes life for us. If joyous, the earth is clad in verdure and the carolling of birds sounds in our hearts; if sad, the earth is gray and gloomy, and the birds fled with a summer that will never live again.

Mollie Farrell was happy. With glowing eyes she met the glances of the people who passed her by, and who turned after passing to gaze at her once more. Yet her face was so wistful, even in its happiness, that Mrs. Warden caught her breath.

But she said nothing—nor did Mollie, that being Mollie's nature. She would tell her later on—she would tell her after she got used to the thought that *perhaps* it was true, perhaps John Rollinson—Her face colored, and she answered a question Mrs. Warden put to her, with some confusion.

"Harold Seymour has promised to come as soon as you will arrange to spend the evening with me—at least, I have made that stipulation," her friend was saying, casually, easily. "When may I expect you? He is in fine feather these days ,Mollie."

"I would like to hear him," said Mollie. "If I can go, I shall be glad. But it won't be for a few weeks—" she hesitated.

"You certainly give him much encouragement," said Mrs. Warden, and there was a little bitterness in her tone.

"How can I?" asked Mollie, helplessly. "How can I?"

A smile covered Mrs. Warden's mouth at the note in the girl's voice.

"What a question!" she exclaimed.

"But I am indifferent," said Mollie. "If you would only persuade him into a proper state of mind, I could learn to value his friendship. Dear Mrs. Warden, what in the world can he like in me?"

"Your manner, probably; your ways—which are you, Mollie, and which make your personality so striking," said Mrs. Warden. "You are so independent—so indifferent. Be indifferent. The frigid and unfeeling thrive the best."

"I do not think so," said Mollie, slowly. "They miss too much."

"My dear, I am sixty—you twenty. You guess—I know."

"They miss too much," reiterated Mollie. "What people are to-day that frigidness and coldness attract them I do not know or care. I don't want to know or care."

"There it is," said Mrs. Warden, with an odd smile. "You do not want to know or care. You are frigid and you are cold. That is why Harold Seymour loves you."

"Do not," said Mollie; "for I will not take his love." The strong nature of her glowed in her face. "If I dream of accepting any man's love it will not be because he cares for me for my indifference."

"Why, Mollie!" Mrs. Warden opened her eyes at the vehemence in her tones.

"No," went on the girl; "to take some one into your life from whom you would have to hide *yourself*, for fear you could not retain his affection? That is what you mean? Take some one into your life whom you could not take into every corner of your heart, and show every thought of your turbulent, unhappy soul, satisfied that he would be sorry for you, and love you for your weakness—"

The cynicism which was part of Mrs. Warden's character brought the laugh to her lips—and at the sound of it the light died out of Mollie's eyes.

"Foolish little visionary," she said. "No matter how weak a woman is she is

no weaker than the strongest man. Weakness! Where would a man find weakness in you?"

Mollie raised her eyebrows: "Mrs. Warden," she said, "you know you do not believe half the harsh things you say."

"Of the average woman, I do," said Mrs. Warden. "Indifference is a good thing to preach to her: and even to those above the average, like yourself, considering that men are—what they are." And again she laughed. "But I know you care little for this discussion." She waited a few moments, looking at the half-averted countenance. Her tone changed then, so that it did not seem to be that of the same woman. "What has happened to you? Tell me."

And Mollie told her, simply as a child might tell some wonderful tale that it knew was true, yet almost doubted. Mrs. Warden listened without a word of comment, but gradually, as the tale unfolded, a shadow clouded brow and eyes. As a sun-bright day, glorious with light, grows dark and gloomy almost without warning, so did the gentleness leave her face, and it grew forbidding.

Mollie had learned wisdom through her own unhappiness. One by one the words came slower, until they died away before the strange expression upon her friend's features. She was silent, half-fearful of unknown danger, for she knew that somewhere, somehow, connected with the love that had made Mrs. Warden's life a paradise for one short while, there was also a tragedy. It had cast its darkness over her; she had never emerged from it. So she put out her nervous fingers, and clasped Mrs. Warden's warm and beautiful hand, divining her mood almost by intuition.

"I make you sorrowful," she said; "my story has made you sorrowful, so I shall say no more."

"No, my little Mollie—I rejoice that you are happy," said Mrs. Warden. "But if only it had not been John Rollinson!"

"Not John Rollinson!" echoed Mollie. "Mrs. Warden? What do you mean?"

"I know him; at least," she corrected herself, hastily, "I know of him. He has a reputation for great cleverness—and a sternness equally as great. And he is rich, while you are poor, Mollie. Have you thought of that? His father was well-known, proud, popular, of the best blood in the States. His son is the same."

Mollie shrank. Not one thought had she given to John Rollinson's wealth or position—and now they frightened her. What did she want with wealth or position—she, a daughter of the people? What unknown responsibilities were awaiting her?"

What responsibilities? His wife, he had said. She caught her breath, sharply. *His wife!* He had said the words—but not even now could she realize their meaning. It would be truly a new existence. She had seen but one side of the matter: that he was good and that he cared for her: and then she made secret, exultant confession that she loved him in return, with a love that would grow with his and keep pace with it. True test of an enduring affection: the love that can measure itself by that which is given it! Mollie turned as pale now as Mrs. Warden herself—pale to the very lips.

"I knew his father," said Mrs. Warden. "He was just such a man as John Rollinson is to-day. I have watched him—gone where I could see him; and it is surprising that the bitterness in me did not tell him who I was, though he passed me by as a stranger and one beneath his notice. Mollie, he was haughty and clever, and handsome and wealthy. He loved the good things of life, he loved his own way. He married. Married a girl like you, Mollie. She gave up kith and kin for him and did her pitiful best

to reach his level. She bore his name, was the mother of his child, and she worshiped husband and baby, making of both her idols. God punished her for it."

Her voice broke. She spoke as one might speak who had long lived the tale in memory, and who now, putting it into words, was parting with her life.

"She was so ignorant of all the paltry usages and miserable rules that made the refinements of existence for him. She had beauty—beauty that was her curse. People liked her for that beauty, and were sorry for her because she was so timid and so frightened. She was young, dear, and she prayed so hard that she might be worthy of her husband."

Mollie turned her head away.

"She did not succeed, however," went on that low voice, "and one day, in a fit of anger, discontent, disgust, call it what you like, he taunted her, he whom she loved so, with the poverty from which she came and the ignorance she brought with her! And then she saw it was no use. How could she force herself on this man who would but grow to detest her in the end? To burden her little son with such a mother—that little son, who, taught by his father, would despise her, too? The prospect frightened her. She left them both—a mad thing to do, but she did it."

"Poor girl, poor girl!" said Mollie.

"Indeed poor girl! She knew what the sacrifice meant—it was the end of all things—the end. That is the story of John Rollinson's father."

"Perhaps he was sorry," said Mollie, almost in a whisper. "He must have grieved for her—"

"His heart was too proud and cold to grieve for any one. What the father has done, the son will do. Mollie, to see your life a repetition of that broken-hearted girl's—"

She paused, overcome.

"You look up to me," she resumed, brokenly; "you tell me that I am good. Child, I wish you could see my heart. I wish you could understand how I hated John Rollinson's father, how I dislike John Rollinson himself. I never thought that detested name would cross my path—and it has. To think of *you* in connection with him! Mollie, it is but a girl's fancy. History repeats itself. Do not give the wealth of your heart to a man who will scorn you."

There was great pleading in her voice. Mollie, with bent head, walked on beside her.

"I have feared something of this sort since that morning when you told me of your meeting, and I tried my very best to show you how much Harold Seymour cares for you. That was the principal reason, Mollie—I felt he was the better man and wished to compel you to recognize his good qualities, that his nearness might attract you, that you might grow to esteem him with a warmer feeling than that of friendship. You seem to have been blind to my wishes in this matter, but as true as you are a living, breathing girl, John Rollinson will break your heart. His father broke another woman's, and the son will break yours."

Mollie's brows were drawn together; she drew a long breath.

"It may be that John Rollinson will be sorry, Mrs. Warden," she began. "I may regret, as that poor girl did, that I have allowed him to sacrifice himself. But why has he said such things? I have not the beauty which you say won his father; nor am I meek, being stubborn and self-willed. He knows me. He saw me before you did—an unkempt, barefooted, miserable, unhappy child! He must care for something in me which I am not aware that I possess, surely—or is it because I am so unlovable that you predict such things? Oh, no, Mrs. Warden," she went on, and her tones quivered, "let me keep my new happiness a little longer. Afterward, perhaps, when I have time to think, and to wonder and to ques-

tion myself, the joy will not be so unalloyed. But now I must keep it just a while."

Mrs. Warden looked into the misty, dark eyes, straight down into the girl's strong heart. She saw there the supplication that Mollie could not, would not hide from her, and the conviction struck home that, come weal or woe, Mollie Farrell's lot was cast. Mrs. Warden was not faultless, nor free from bitterness, nor from prejudice—but she resolved, with a sudden uplifting of spirit, to protect and shield the girl she loved as far as lay in her power.

"Mollie," she said, hastily, "may God forbid that I should pain you. Be happy, dear, be happy. God does all for the best."

CHAPTER XXI.

Two Weeks Later.

It was typical November weather, even though the month had barely begun, gray, with a chill in the air—a chill that struck into the marrow, and made one keep moving to avoid physical discomfort. And yet it was beautiful.

Summer, in haughty disapproval, had left naught behind her but that bank of ashy clouds, reminding one of an expression of displeasure on a proud and well-loved face. The pallid leaves that carpeted the roadway seemed to feel this displeasure, too, for they lay quiet, content, their colors dull because the sun was not there to warm them into life. The trees were stripped of their glorious coats of gold and bronze and crimson; they were sad indeed, in the promise of winter's desolation, but in no way humbled.

Nature, early in November, has still to learn the dreariness that will be hers in a few short weeks, so that Mollie Farrell was happy as she walked along the quiet path, her hands filled with leaves. Life is so noisy and so boisterous that it stuns the soul. One needs the freshness of country lanes, the quiet of starlit nights, to bring it to its waking state. And Mollie, coming from a spot where all was noise and tumult and confusion, was enjoying one of her rare days, getting close to the heart of the wise mother who loves to whisper sweet messages to those of her children who care to hear. She whispered them to Mollie Farrell, who loved, and understood, and saw God in all the beauty about her, who felt His power in the tiniest creation of His infinite hands. Not only must great thoughts come in solitude—they are best appreciated in solitude. Mollie Farrell had no higher gift for great thoughts than the average clean-minded, right-living man or woman, but a hint of God's omnipotence dawns at some time upon the mutest soul. Human nature is alike in its essentials, and there is the divine element in each of us. No two people see the same scene with the same eyes, no two people realize the wonder of a divine thought on a human problem with the same degree of intensity. No two people, either, have the same gift of expression. Be satisfied that you can feel. Perhaps God has adjusted the balance in this wise—that while your lips are dumb, your spirit is eloquent, bringing you where words never could.

Mollie Farrell belonged to that great army of human beings whose lips are sealed. The glory of God's universe made her quiet life beautiful. She lifted the eyes of her soul to inaccessible regions. It was not all sorrow, this month of November, with the pale gray of its skies, the sharpness of its air. What if the children of the trees strewed path and lane! Offspring of the great mother, these solemn trees had borne many years of children and seen them disappear in just this self-same way. Later, when rude winds came and rude weather, and they were thrown hither and thither, their frail little limbs unable to withstand the winter's freezing breath, then would

they toss their arms in hungry mother-love—and then would the snow come, like the mantle of a kindly sympathy, making fleecy pall for the delicate little things, covering them from view.

It was no new impulse that had prompted the girl to take this long ride alone, nor was she a stranger here, though her visits were few, seeing how her life was rounded out by arduous duty. To-day she was free and to-day she was another being. Her training in the past helped her. She had fought so often against tormenting and annoying things that now it was sufficient for her to resolve to banish them. She brought up old memories, but without sorrow. She had no fear for Dan. She trusted John Rollinson—and because he had said it she knew that Dan was saved. The garment of melancholy dropped from her. She had not seen her lover since the night which had been the turning-point in her life—that night on which he told her that he cared for her—and it was two weeks now. Two weeks! They had flown on magic wings. She realized, in all its fulness, the truth that it is our belief in our friends, far or near, that makes them ours. Many see and hear and have the daily companionship of those bound to them by closest ties—and yet have nothing.

And Mollie, who had had for an ideal that grave and good man, to feel now that he claimed equality meant that God had blessed her. Her strong nature must eventually have sought and found a grade above the level on which circumstances placed her; but it was John Rollinson who had given substance to that craving after better things. She had felt the difference then, though ignorant. Her ignorance was a thing of the past now; she had reached John Rollinson's plane; would go beyond it—and take him with her. She was no saint, this girl. If strong natures seem to have the most rewards, spiritually or in a worldly sense, it is also true that they have to fight the hardest for them. If she suffered many things in silence, her main motive was to suffer so for the Lord's sake, because her Church pointed out to her the meaning of all suffering, and whither it tends. If she did her duty, it was because her knowledge, enlightened by faith, showed her what duty well-performed means to the soul. If she controlled her rebellious heart it was because self-mastery is needful to one who holds as her most precious treasure that religion which Christ taught with extended arms and thorn-crowned head. This silent suffering, this duty, this self-control, were often borne and exercised as you and I bear and exercise them—mechanically, with a feeling of protest stirring underneath. But afterwards! How sweet the taste is, and the fruit, how wholesome!

She had tasted it all, the sweet fruit and the bitter, for, like you and me, she was not always able to conquer herself. To-day, with the gladness that is the birthright of youth stirring in her veins, she had come out into the open, out into solitude, out to the quiet of the brown earth, the gray sky. She had smiled at God so often in the midst of pain, and now she lifted her thin, dark face upward so that she could see the heavens through the trees, and laughed aloud. It was glorious to feel so happy that she could not gauge her happiness.

There was still that light in her eyes, and her lips were curved in a smile as she turned, with a last farewell glance down the lane which had been her joy's confessional. She did not see the young man coming along the sidepath, walking idly as men do whose thoughts are far off. His hands were clasped behind him and he was quite close to the girl before he recognized her. He was too astonished, too glad, then, to speak. She had been with him at that moment, she had been with him all that day, and here she stood before him, smiling, her face light-

ed up. He had never seen her wear such happy guise. He had grown to love her in the shadow, with the sad little lines about eyes and mouth, and now she looked at him, transfigured, to his ardent glance altogether desirable, as is the plainest woman in the world to the man who truly cares for her.

"Mr. Seymour!" she exclaimed, giving him a welcoming hand.

"Is it really you, Miss Farrell, or your ghost?"

"It is really I," she made answer. "I did not imagine I should meet any one I knew—this place is so far away."

"Westchester is still part of the United States—as well as near to New York City," he said, laughing. "Were you not aware that this is my home?"

"Is it really? We are neighbors then. Do you see that long path? That is *my* home—that is where I actually live."

She pointed down the path, which seemed to grow narrower and narrower as it stretched away from them, until the clustering trees made dusky ending. "You might imagine—" she turned, as she spoke, away from it, and he turned with her, walking slowly— "that I would not be able to find it again, because there are so many similar ones about here. But I never make a mistake. Sometimes, when I have not been able to get to it in a long time I dream of it, and the dear old trees seem to shake their branches at me in disapproval."

She had never spoken like this to any one in her life—least of all to Harold Seymour. But she liked him, and she trusted him, as did all women who knew him, and her heart was too full of her own joy to remember that Mrs. Warden had declared that this man loved her. Rather, it was part of her perfect day to take up her train of thought and go on with it, putting words to the music in her heart.

"See!" She displayed a handful of leaves, yellow and gold and sunset crimson. "These are the children of one beautiful old tree that gets particularly annoyed at my neglect. I am bringing them home—it will be so long before I can come back again."

"I never knew you were romantic," he said. He was elated beyond measure at the confidence her tones implied.

"No?" She drew her brows together. "Is—is romantic the right word? Well, perhaps it is, if you use it in its highest sense. This life here—the real life of me that I leave down that path is a romance—a world of dreams. But in it I am content."

She sighed happily, and Harold Seymour did not speak again for some moments. Then he broke the silence.

"You are going straight home?" he asked.

"Yes. It will be five o'clock before I reach there, and my poor mother will be famished. This is Susan's Sunday out, you know," with a smile. "I take a day of dissipation occasionally. After supper, if my mother is as well as she was this morning, I go to Mrs. Warden's for a few hours."

"Why, I am going, too!"

"That will be pleasant—probably she intended to surprise me. Your violin?"

"Is at Mrs. Warden's. I am going down with you."

Mollie hesitated.

"I should like to ask you to supper," she said, frankly, "but I don't know if it is right—I am very ignorant of the convenances, nor do I know what I'll be able to get ready, for I've been away most of the day. And then my mother might not like it."

He laughed until the tears came.

"Anything you 'get ready' would be more than I deserved. But because of reason No. 3, I'll dine somewhere else."

She made jesting answer, and he replied, and the conversation did not languish. It seemed the realization of his dreams that the girl he loved was here

beside him, her hand on his arm, for the road had grown rough and he was assisting her. And Mollie, who saw happiness just then in all around her, looked at him with her joyous eyes, buoying up his hopes with her laughing words, bubbling over with the gladness that another's love had brought her.

* * * * * *

It was the same during that long evening. Mrs. Warden, with a faint hope at the bottom of her heart that all would come right in the end between these two whom she loved, was delighted beyond measure at their evident pleasure in each other's companionship. Mollie was almost frivolous, and man and woman responded to her singular mood. Never did moments fly more quickly. Both musicians played, and played well, and Mollie listened, thinking what a fitting close this was to her beautiful day. After that Mrs. Warden bade them follow her to her little kitchen-dining-room where "Harry," as she familiarly called him, and Mollie set the table with her fine linen and pretty china. It was a very domestic scene.

"What do you think Miss Farrell said to me this afternoon?" asked Harold Seymour. "That she would permit me to come to supper with her, but she wasn't sure if it were right or if she'd have any supper—and her mother might object."

"Of course you insisted," laughed Mrs. Warden.

"Not I—I didn't dare. I was afraid she'd have a fourth reason up her sleeve."

"I had," said Mollie, promptly. "I'd have told you you couldn't come."

"Mollie has no qualms of conscience in saying what she means," declared Mrs. Warden.

"I'm beginning to think that way myself—Miss Farrell, you've put the sugar-shell in the butter-dish."

"Why—you just did that—"

"Mrs. Warden—"

"Oh, no! You saw the mistake, Mr. Seymour—rectify it. Come, both of you—tea is ready."

She made a charming hostess—her refined and delicate countenance, with its frame of snowy hair, a perfect picture as she took her own place, smiling at them. No matter how she tried, she could not grasp the thought that another's shadow loomed big upon her horizon, that Mollie's future was to be spent away from her, for marriage with John Rollinson meant just that; that genial Harold Seymour's life was to be clouded, because a man who could have many, in her opinion better-suited to him, chose to woo and to wed this dear daughter of her heart. She was self-willed, used to compassing her desires—and she fought this turn of fate with all her power, denying its possibility. Unfortunately, Mrs. Warden had had one bitter experience—and she refused to see the heights to which a man might rise. To her there was no such thing as self-sacrifice possible for John Rollinson. She was prejudiced, of course—people with prejudices make life interesting, even though we also may be prejudiced in an opposite direction. She would not understand that Mollie Farrell's eyes were clear, her head well-balanced, and that no inferior nature could claim her allegiance. The doctrine of indifference which she had preached might serve as a general rule, considering the capabilities of the average man, and the attractions of the average woman. But not for John Rollinson, nor for Mollie.

So she gave full play to all the brightness of wit that much and careful intercourse with books and literature had given her. She was clever and charming and interesting, and they, loving her, yielded to her spell.

As for Mollie, she had not advanced far enough upon her new path, she had not come to that stage where the pres-

ence of the man she loves rounds out every pleasure. She had not learned, as yet, to say pleasant words, casual words, with little meaning for other ears, but full of meaning to the one whose eyes met hers in perfect understanding. And if, in the days that followed, Harold Seymour's lot seemed hard and thorny, and his path one of disappointments, he looked back upon this one evening. It was a memory he cherished with a tenderness that most of us have for our castles in Spain, promises, often, of what is never to be. He was enjoying himself now, with a calm contentment that appeared to be the blessed omen of a peaceful future. He sat back, watching Mollie and Mrs. Warden engaged in the household duties that are so suited always to a woman, and he asked himself, suddenly, when, how soon, he could have a home like this; a treasure-house, a palace, with the dark-eyed girl he loved its most precious jewel, its queen. They went again into the parlor. In a very short while Mollie would be going home. He knew that Mrs. Warden would allow him to escort her there alone. He might have a chance to say something of this sort to her, something that might make her think of him a little more tenderly; take an interest in him. Thus he dreamed as the moments fled, and Mollie's face and presence made of that dream reality.

She was sitting listening to their gay banter, a smile upon her lips, her arms thrown above her head and resting on the broad back of the chair, when there came an impetuous step along the hall; and then a knock. With a frown of annoyance, not unmixed with surprise, Mrs. Warden gave an involuntary glance at the timepiece on the mantel. It was almost nine o'clock. She turned an expectant, questioning countenance toward the door as she said "Come in."

John Rollinson entered.

Mrs. Warden stood aside, a feeling akin to desperation coming over her as she caught sight of him. He did not see Mrs. Warden. He did not see Harold Seymour. He did not know there was any one in that room but one; that its other occupants were strangers. He saw nothing, no one but Mollie. Slowly she raised her eyes to his. She was quite pale, but Harold Seymour, looking at her, *knew*. He knew. There was no need of speech—not with those two eloquent faces. Very quietly he laid the instrument he held down in its open case, took up his hat, with shaking fingers, and left the room. Mrs. Warden said nothing—she could not. She closed the door behind him. Then she, too, went away.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Hand of Providence.

John Rollinson had only an imperfect knowledge of Washington, although, from the slight interest he had taken in social life in his own city, he had made some acquaintances there, and one or two firm friends in influential circles. It was a new sensation to this man to be soliciting even so trifling a favor—a unique experience to find himself in his present situation. On the whole, however, the way was made easy for him.

It was Saturday of the second week of his visit. He might have been back in New York ten days or more had he relied on promises—but he was determined to have proof positive in his hands before he returned to Mollie. Final settlement was promised for that morning; when the papers were despatched he would leave Washington—not until then. He missed his active life and the duties that engrossed his time, the hours of study and reading, the hurry and flurry of his every-day affairs. He had never thought himself so attached to his home or to his work. But, most singular of all, and greater than all, he missed Mollie Far-

rell. He, who had never seen her save at rare intervals, felt now that her absence made a blank in his life.

Like all good men, John Rollinson had a great respect for women. He enjoyed their society, realizing that it is the mission of woman to keep alive, by her gentleness, all that is generous in the sterner sex. Naturally aggressive, man would lose sight of the beauty of existence in striving after its utility, if woman were not given him as a help-meet, gaining admission into his innermost soul, and bringing her tenderness into his life with her. He had not frittered away the best emotions of his heart playing at love. He had often wondered, knowing his father as he did, how a man so professedly an aristocrat could have married beneath him—could have been fascinated enough to make that woman his wife—and yet could have been harsh enough to drive her from him. He had indeed cared for her at first for her great beauty—but the honest, husband-love had not come until she was lost to him forever. Then the bond which had linked those two lives together asserted its power. The sacrament which had made them one flesh exerted its supremacy, and all his remaining years the older man craved the companionship of that other half of him, lacking which his life had been empty, even to the day he died.

So, while John Rollinson had been a dutiful and an affectionate son, not alone yielding his father a filial love, but revering him for a character that had grown noble under suffering, above all and more than all, he loved and pitied the girl-mother, who, from a sense of duty and in a spirit of self-sacrifice (mistaken, if you will) had put the barrier of self-effacement between them. He knew—understanding the tenderness of a woman's heart by intuition—the awfulness of that sacrifice.

And now this love for Mollie Farrell had come to him. Says Mrs. Hemans:

"There is strength
Deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before its gems are found?"

With this new affection welling in every vein, he felt the existence of this strength of which he had known nothing heretofore. No question that was of earth could affect his love. He was content to know that she would trust him with her future, and what he would make that future he asked God to give him power to do as he had the will. He welcomed his joy as a gift of God, and taking it gave it back again into the Giver's hands, asking His blessing upon it.

It was impossible, with sentiments like these, that a single doubt or fear or unworthy thought could dim the glory of his joy. He planned great deeds, great actions, in which she would be participator and doer likewise. He included Mrs. Farrell's welfare in his happiness. She should have not merely the necessities of her state, but the luxuries that would do so much to ease her remaining years. He knew that even at the most her years would be but few. Well, when that time came Mollie would not be left alone. And even Dan, luckless unfortunate, should have his chance.

It pleased his simple heart to think of all these things, knowing that he could bring them to fulfilment. Is there any task too mighty when it is to be performed for one we love? We face hardships, responsibility—and shrink, affrighted, at the thought of burdens which are surely beyond our strength. But let Love—foolish, happy, merry, unconcerned little god that he is!—let him clasp our hand and answer our doubting frown with that gay and glorious smile of his, and the burdens are feather-light, the hardships trifles.

His pleasant reveries were broken in upon now by the entrance of a bell-boy, who brought some mail. A few days previous, John Rollinson had met a cer-

tain Carroll Trevor, and been much attracted by him. The attraction proving mutual, they had had a long conversation, bordering on intimacy. The New-Yorker discovered that Trevor was not only well-acquainted with a Washington physician whom he was anxious to meet, but that he had the entree to his house, and would gladly take him there if Dr. Grant were willing. One of the letters brought to Rollinson now was from this Trevor, couched in the most cordial terms, and it showed that his new friend had lost no time. Dr. Grant was old and a recluse. He had given up the practice of his profession a score of years before, after having made a name for himself by daring surgical feats; but Mr. Trevor's letter enclosed an invitation from him, making an appointment for two o'clock that afternoon.

A little later John Rollinson had his final interview concerning "Jerry Phelan's" exchange. The matter was concluded at last; the final papers had been sent off, and "Jerry Phelan" would have no one but himself to thank if he didn't become a man worthy of his sister. John Rollinson's first impulse when he reached the street was to throw up his hat, but as the spectacle of a grave young man in glasses playing handball with his hat might have roused suspicions as to the grave young man's sanity, he refrained. His next thought was to send a telegram to Mollie. A telegram! What could he say in a telegram? Dearly as he had wished to write to her, full as his brain and heart had been of her, he had denied himself the pleasure. He would say what he had to say only to her listening ears—not on insensible paper that could not plead for him.

And then following on that impulse of pleasure, came an almost gloomy thought.

"I must ask her to come to me with my trust unfulfilled, after all," he said; "there will be the same shadow on my new life. Yes—for the doubt of my mother's fate will always be an unsettled question to vex me."

He walked on, with lined forehead and grave eyes.

"What can I do?" he asked. "After twenty-eight years? What else is left to be done? Nothing. Surely God has some wise purpose in concealing her fate from me. I shall let it drop—I shall look no farther—I shall try no more. But from now on, I pledge myself anew to generosity—I shall be generous as my duties will permit me—for my mother's sake, and for Mollie's. Twice-blest indeed—with a holy memory and a blessed reality!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Trevor met him promptly at the hour designated.

"You may not be aware that you are going to an art museum this afternoon?" said he, after they had exchanged words of greeting.

"I was not aware of it," answered Rollinson.

"Dr. Grant is one of the greatest collectors in the States. Collecting is his absorbing passion, and when it grew on him he gave up his practice, feeling that he could not serve two masters. But I should not tell you this—I don't want to spoil your first impressions."

"I understood that he would see no one—would not visit any one."

"That is the truth. But my father and he were chums together, born on plantations that lay side by side in Virginia. Dr. Grant is my uncle."

"You are fortunate," said John Rollinson, with heartiness.

"I know it," was his new friend's answer, smiling.

The house, situated in the beautiful northwestern section of Washington was a palace in itself, and its owner a courteous Southerner who welcomed John Rollinson with that fine hospitality characteristic of his native State. The very entrance to the house suggested its

uniqueness. The doors were old, oaken, rivet-studded, and Dr. Grant had a story to tell of the fateful scenes they had witnessed in a Spanish palace before he transported them to an American gentleman's residence. Inside the lofty hall were marble statues; the ceiling was sculptured with allegorical designs, scrolls, and inscriptions. John Rollinson felt as if he had drifted from a commonplace present into an historic past, as his host preceded him into the reception room,—its floor of mosaic, its tapestried walls, and frescoed ceiling. And so on from room to room, in which were shown beautiful paintings, autographs, rare coins, bits of Egyptian pottery, figures worked in ivory, rare stuffs from Eastern lands, old Dutch porcelain, and battered silverware.

"I don't like to see beautiful things in a hurry," said John Rollinson; "one cannot appreciate them."

"It would take years to appreciate these," laughed Carroll Trevor. "Almost everything here has a history. But uncle has one collection in his study which I like more than anything else he possesses —miniatures. They are the dearest treasures of his heart."

"And of yours," said Dr. Grant. "Well, they'll belong to you some day, Carroll."

"They are safer in your keeping," said Trevor, earnestly.

Dr. Grant smiled at him affectionately. Then he led the way into the apartment which Carroll Trevor had called his study. Here again the collector was in evidence, but Dr. Grant did not particularize. There was a tray, with wine and glasses on the dark table, and the host motioned them to the chairs in readiness. Then he turned to a heavy oak cabinet that stood at one side of the room. Watching him, John Rollinson fully understood that his collection of miniatures was Dr. Grant's hobby. He fingered them lovingly, and he sketched the history, either of the times in which the picture was painted or the person represented, in a way that was absorbingly interesting, taking up the dainty things one after the other, holding them out for inspection. At the last, after all the others had been replaced in the cabinet, he drew out a worn leather case and opened it.

"I have a dozen here—the work of a comparatively unknown man," he said. "A man who died before he was thirty, but who would have attained a wonderful height had he but lived another decade. If you care to hear his story—"

John Rollinson knew it was worth listening to by the manner in which he spoke. One by one Dr. Grant handed over for his inspection the beautiful, tiny paintings, executed with a fineness of line and a daintiness of coloring that seemed marvelous.

"I am not a connoisseur," he said, "but I have never seen anything like this before. Who was he? Why, these do not speak of human attractions. Look at that child's face. He has caught its very soul."

Dr. Grant's eyes kindled.

"You may not be a connoisseur," he said, "but you are the first man who put into words what my poor friend really accomplished. The man who painted these wonderful faces has been dead twenty years. Yes, fully that, if not more."

"What a pity!" said John Rollinson. "And without attaining his ambition, doubtless—that is generally the way."

"Ambition!" said Dr. Grant, dreamily. He looked down at the miniatures spread out upon the table, slipping his hands over them with tenderness. "Ambition!" he repeated. "Gold or fame, or honor, or achievement! It is just the same old bait, and we are all to be caught with it. Century after century the world dangles it temptingly on the same old hook—and it's pride and it's pleasure and it's love or ambition! Anything to suit the taste; anything to catch the eye! And when it

has won you and chained your senses so that every aspiration beyond it wears a shackle, off it goes to some one younger and as venturesome as once you were, with its dangling hook and its tempting bait, leaving you to flounder high and dry, and bear—the consequences."

"That means that Uncle Grant feels that in turning collector he shirked his responsibilities," said Carroll Trevor.

"If these are the consequences," said John Rollinson, pointing to the miniatures with a smile, "I should have no regret."

Dr. Grant looked at the young man keenly.

"That was a digression," he said. "Your words awoke that train of thought and I followed it up—which is a way of mine, as you would discover, if you were often in my company. As for these," touching them gently, "I only know the joy of possession—not creation, which is the keener joy. I'll tell you the artist's story if you care to hear it."

"Yes," said John Rollinson.

"In common with most of his kind he longed to do something out of the ordinary. He waited for events to direct him, although his peculiar style of painting was attracting attention even then.

"One day a gentleman called, bringing with him a small portrait—the portrait of a girl. He said it was the picture of a dear relative, and that, hearing of his skill, he had come to him, leaving it to his judgment to make something odd of it, something striking. You know Browning's words: 'If one could have that little head of hers painted on a background of pale gold?' At the first glimpse of the portrait these lines came instantly to the poet-artist's mind. It was so beautiful a face, full of life and spirit, yet with something sorrowful ready to peep through its girlish unconcern. He accepted the commission. He did not know what he would do with it—but he could promise a unique conception. He began almost at once to paint miniatures—these odd dozen that you see," he indicated the ones lying on the table. "He called them trial efforts, and he reserved his technique for that ideal face, and would not touch it until his hand was true. He finished the work. When his patron came, he gave it to him. And as payment he asked that he might be made acquainted with the original, for in painting her he had grown to love her.

" 'She is not to be loved,' was the cold reply.

" 'Tell me,' urged the artist, 'is she happy? Is she free? Is there anything she needs that human hands can bestow upon her?'

" 'She needs but one thing,' was the solemn answer: 'but one, and that is denied her. She does not look like this any more—from those eyes shine out the sorrow of a broken heart, and these lips are set in lines that tell of tears. She has wept her strength away, poor little girl!'

" 'And no one can help her?'

" 'No one—she is dying, and there is nothing she needs but the hastening of that day. If you have grown to care for her, pray that she may soon be released.'

"Well," continued Dr. Grant, very softly, "my words may sound like the ravings of a man who had grown old in the midst of old and beautiful things, and who is inclined to lay too much stress on the stories connected with them. But this tale is modern, and when I show you the face of that girl you will not wonder at it. Though he gave up the first miniature he was allowed to keep the photograph, from which he painted another. I was given the second as the most precious of gifts."

"Before you open the case," said Carroll Trevor, not a little surprised that his uncle related this story to John Rollinson, "tell us what happened the artist."

(To be continued.)

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

No nails are used in building. The various parts are tied together with banana bark.

CONVENT LIFE IN AFRICA.

II.

The following letter is published through the courtesy of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of Boston.

The writer, Mother Paul, one of our few American issionary uns, comes from a well-known family in New York, and many of our readers will recall with pleasure a former interesting letter written by this noble woman, and published in these columns some months ago.

May 28, 1905.
Franciscan Convent
Nsambya,
P. O. Kampala,
Uganda,
British East Africa.

+Deus det nobis suam pacem.

Reverend James Anthony Walsh, Cathedral, Boston.

Dear Reverend Father:

Reading the "Annals" and seeing therein the active interest you and your Promotors take in Foreign Missions, I couldn't help wishing that something might attract your attention to this portion of the favored flock in equatorial Africa. My wish has been most satisfactorily answered, for your letter and Annual Report are before me on my desk. That I am willing and grateful to avail myself of your kind offer, you will see by my prompt response to send you a few photographs, a sample of bark-cloth and some account of the Baganda. Before beginning the latter subject permit me to thank Reverend Fathers D. and H. for being kind enough to speak

FRANCISCAN CONVENT, NSAMBYA, UGANDA.

Those end rooms are now being removed and the roof replaced, making it a long, narrow building, which is safer than this prettier one.

to you about me and to interest you in Right Reverend Bishop Hanlon's promising work in Uganda. They were always ready to help the work I was engaged in, in Norfolk, Virginia, and their encouragement and practical assistance has followed me to this far-off land.

Father Dunn of New York has been as a personal friend to me, and we owe him and our New York friends a lasting debt of gratitude for the help they have sent us. May their charity be the beginning of the good work America has before it in sending timely aid to build again the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Uganda.

The Boston Pilot published my letter telling of the demolition of the church in Easter, 1904, when a cyclone nearly swept away every building on this hill. Partial repairs were made on our convent but the damage was greater than we supposed and at this writing the building is being re-roofed with new palm posts and thatch. The sick come in numbers every day to our convent door. Some are carried on their native bed of a mat and some bark-cloth and for these we hope soon to have some shelter that they may remain near us till they recover. The school-house had to be taken down to prevent accident and a temporary building was erected to meet the present need.

Fifty American dollars replaced our school! A temporary church was built on the site of the fallen church and though it serves on ordinary occasions, it is hopelessly inadequate for the numbers of Christians who come from outlying districts to attend the principal feasts of the year. The interior of this church is shown very clearly in one of the accompanying illustrations. The supports are rough palm posts hewn in the forests and carried here, each large post requiring forty men to bear it along the long and hilly road to Nsambya. A few posts in the sanctuary are encased with the cane-like stalk of the tall elephant grass that grows so luxuriantly here. In the old church all the posts were thus encased and the plaiting on the ceiling and side walls was exquisitely done by the natives. The effect was truly beautiful and the memory of it will long remain with us. The ceiling is the work of native men, but it is a specimen of their roughest work, for this church was built very quickly: in fact the services of Pentecost were celebrated in it though Easter services were all held in the finer church destroyed on Easter Monday. Fifty days to remove the debris and build a new

church might be considered quick work in any land. When we consider that this was done by savages in equatorial Africa, and that the whole was done by hand and without one nail in the structure it sounds (to us) like a fairy tale; for our dear Baganda do not work quickly.

Every bit of that ceiling is tied together with dried bark of the banana tree. When this is twisted it becomes like a leather thong. The floor is strewn with grass and on this our congregation kneel or sit. A few chiefs come with servants carrying a native mat and stool, and they are looked upon as, in our country, "the man in the front pew," *the* men of the congregation. Now what could be more simple than this native church? Were it not for the destructive white ants it might last a decade of years: but we know that in two years every post will be well hollowed out by the pests, and after that it has to be carefully watched, else another unexpected accident may occur. We confidently hope that by that time the five thousand dollars required to build a substantial church may come to Bishop Hanlon. How I pray that it may all come from my beloved America!

I told you of the repairs they are now making in our convent? Well, I was watching them take out the window sash and, though it looked perfectly sound, the whole inside was reduced to powder —as you see it.* The wood was hard, new material when the convent was built and given to us in January, 1903. No woodwork is safe after two years, and nothing known can prevent the destruction and ruin these pests work.

BISHOP HANLON, WITH SOME OF HIS PRIESTS AND A BAND OF NATIVE CHIEFS.

The man on the Bishop's right hand is Stanislaus Mugwanya, Catholic Regent and Chief Justice of Uganda.

The picture of our school-house (after the storm) and of the children who attended, will show you more clearly than words how much more room was needed. The new building is twice as large, and all the little ones can get in. They squat on the floor, without desk or chair. A

*This dust powder and the bark-cloth referred to by Mother Paul are at the Diocesan Office, Union Park St., Boston, Mass.

SOME OF OUR PATIENTS.

national celebration is a great event in their lives. Seated on the floor they await the distribution of meat and boiled bananas. A basket filled with the latter is on the ground near the flag. The children eat with their fingers from platters of fresh green leaves, and it is needless to say that the feast is to them as keenly enjoyable as the outings of American children. The "mutuba" tree is the tree from which the bark is stripped to make the famous bark-cloth, for the native costume. The bark may be stripped many seasons from each tree, and when it is good the foliage seems to be very meagre. There are two kinds of banana bark, one the natives use in building, and the other in sewing. They strip off a piece and twist it into a thread with which they sew the bark-cloth, drawing it through the tears made by the mallet with which they beat the cloth in the making of it. The girls in the band of First Communicants are dressed in bark-cloth, and the boys in what is called "kanzu" of white. You see how good and how content they are!

Most of the women in the group "An Afternoon Class" are now devout Catholics. They still live in the "Lubiri," that is the enclosure around little King Dandi's home. Formerly they were women of King Mwanga's court. They were as eager as little children to learn to write, and most of them now both read and write.

CARING FOR THE SICK.

Ah! Father, sometimes "my heart grows weary for a sight of the dear folks at home." But the work is glorious and one must thank God humbly for the privilege of being called to the dear waiting souls who are only now hearing the glad tidings that have been known to us so long. Not long ago one of my Sisters was giving an instruction to her class. The subject was "Baptism" and Sister was explaining its necessity. A thin little girl in the class seemed to be writhing in agony; her eyes were closed and her face convulsed. Sister said to her, "Dalia, are you in pain?" Trying to moisten her

parched lips she said: "Oh, Sister! pray for my mother who is still a heathen. I implore her every night to listen to the prayers I have learned, and to believe in Jesus Christ that she may receive baptism and inherit His Kingdom. She does not understand and she will not come with me to the Basaserdoti (Priests) to be instructed. What can I do to save the mother I love? How can I live when I think that she must be forever far away from Our Lord, and forever and ever a child of Sitani" (Satan). Sister advised her to bring her mother here to pay us a friendly call. To this the mother agreed and it only needed a few minutes to dispose her for the grace which God was holding out to her. She was baptized, and named Maria Magdelena. Nothing can sadden the happy heart of her grateful little daughter, Dalia. The latter is not more than ten years—if that—but she is like a little saint. She said the other day: "Sometimes my prayers have no flavor. Teach me to make a Spiritual Communion, for if I know how to do that well my soul will delight in the flavor of my prayers." Nothing seems to distract the child. She lives with us now and sets our table. We consider her as a blessing in and about our home.

Those women and girls who work for us and keep our banana gardens in order receive their food, their clothing, and humble home, within our fence. They are pious and faithful and work harder than any women in Uganda. Our housekeeping is ten-fold greater than theirs and it rather amuses them that we need a cup, saucer, plate, knife, fork and spoon,—besides a table, when we could have fresh leaves every day and eat with our fingers as they do. And why we always sit above the ground on a stool or chair which we took the trouble to bring with us, when the earth is so broad and comfortable and ample, and is everywhere ready and waiting for us to sit upon it, is another source of wonder to them! But my letter has grown to unpardonable length, so I must end it by thanking you for the five welcome dollars you are sending us through

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AFTER THE EASTER STORM.

Note size of building and the number of pupils it was expected to shelter.

AN AFTERNOON CLASS.

the Society, and with a fervent hope that your interest in our work may arouse sympathy and practical help for it. I have told of the destruction of the church, and of the temporary one now so poorly replacing it. This, and the expenses incurred by the damage done to all the other buildings, has been a heavy loss to the progress of the work Bishop Hanlon has in his vast Vicariate.

A church built of adobe bricks must be commenced as soon as possible, and it will resist the wood-destroying insects if a good foundation of bricks and cement can be secured. The bricks can be made here by the natives, but the work must be watched and superintended by a Father. Cement from Europe can now be brought here at $13.50 per barrel! This will show you the comparative cost of the few things we *can* buy here, and the expense of getting such necessaries from home. An Indian merchant has one store here and no competitors. In an extravagant mood, not long ago, I sent for some lard. He offered to send me fried eels instead of lard! How housekeepers must pity us! And think of the price—one dollar! We did not get it, so we are saved the disgrace of such reckless expenditure.

FIRST COMMUNICANTS.

Now is the time to send some encouragement to the missionary

priests of the Foreign Missionary College founded by His Eminence, the late lamented Cardinal Vaughan, in Mill Hill, London. And when that act of charity has been done your humble representative of America is most willing to accept the gleanings for the convent works. Our mother-house is also in Mill Hill, London, N. W. I am sure there are many in America, who, in considering their vocation might be inspired to remember the vast numbers of native tribes in Africa who have yet to hear the message of hope and salvation; yes, and more than that, who have never yet heard of God, nor of His Kingdom. It is a work that calls for extraordinary sacrifices—a complete severance from home and all that home means—its security, its comforts, its varieties. The courage of the Apostles is needed for this missionary field and those whom I have been privileged to meet here labor with their holy zeal and in their spirit of poverty and charity.

Should God's grace fall upon souls whom He wills to offer themselves in such sacrifice it might help them if I send the address of our dear Mother Abbess, who will gladly write all particulars.

FRANCISCAN SISTERS, UGANDA, WITH SOME OF THEIR PUPILS.

The Reverend Mother Abbess, O. S. F.,
St. Mary's Abbey,
Mill Hill,
London, N. W.
England.

With sincere thanks to you, dear Father Walsh, and in the hope that our correspondence may not end with this,

Believe me very gratefully,
Your servant in Christ and St. Francis,
Mother Mary Paul, O. S. F.

BISHOP HANLON'S RESIDENCE AND THE HOUSES OCCUPIED BY FATHERS OF THE MISSION.
A piece of white muslin in the window frame is the "glass" we have here.

THE BREAD WOMAN.

A SCULPTOR MAID AND HER AUNT.

BY CAROLINE DOMETT.

We went to Paris to study art and, of course, settled in the Latin Quarter. A person could, perhaps, become a great artist and live elsewhere in that beautiful city but it would be flying in the face of Public Opinion to do so. It may be as well to mention at once that the word "we" is used here in its editorial sense. Strictly speaking it was Kathleen who went to study art. I went to study French and to look after Kathleen.

At first we thought of taking up our abode in the American Art Students' Club but decided against it on account of the language they used. Not bad language, far from it, but it was English. Most of the students in that delightful home knew enough French for self-preservation. Many were fine linguists. To the dweller in a foreign land, however, strong is the love of mother tongue. When once within the walls of the club, undeniably the students plunged with joyous abandon, into a flood of English, not to say, Americanize.

To place ourselves beyond temptation we rejected this first aid to homesickness, engaged temporary lodgings in a French family and set about house hunting.

Days following taught us a number of things. We learned that a couch, a table and two chairs often stands for a furnished apartment in the Latin Quarter; that a French kitchen is smaller than an American pantry and many contrivances thought necessary at home are luxuries

A TEMPORARY MARKET.

and to be done without, abroad. We learned, too, and do well to remember, that a slender purse in America is, by no means, a fat purse in Europe. Our acquaintance broadened with that wonderful product of the French Republic, the modern concierge, though we but imperfectly understood the perplexing things she told us with regard to wine taxes and taxes on windows, the necessity of giving so many weeks notice on leaving an apartment rented at a certain sum together with the equal necessity of giving so many more weeks notice before leaving an apartment rented at a certain larger sum.

Finally, we chanced upon a concierge, a smiling concierge, standing beside a half-open gate upon which hung the now familiar sign, "atelier à loue." Between the apartment house and the side fence a grass bordered walk led down to the garden at the back. In the corner at the far end we could see a great chestnut tree with ivy covered trunk and, among its branches a song bird swinging in cage of gilt. The vista was alluring, invited inspection. The concierge led the way past her own rooms opening on the walk and one caught a glimpse of her tiny kitchen with its cooking utensils of burnished copper ranged along the wall.

At the back of the house lay a large grass plot surrounded by graveled paths that were, in turn, bordered by narrow flower beds. In the centre of the plot, where a New England housekeeper would have her clothes reel, a diminutive studio had been built.

It was brown, vine covered, with high, squat, swinging windows that thrust themselves outward through thick, protesting shrubbery. The vines covered, not only the sides of the building but clambered over the roof and formed a thick green curtain to the unused window of the north skylight.

Latterly, the studio had been turned from its original purpose and made into a delightfully impractical home for students like ourselves.

The interior was one room with a closet for the sink and running water. Across the end opposite the door hung an inside balcony so irresistible that we engaged the studio on sight of it. The furnishings of the room consisted of a large table and three common chairs. In one corner a discouraged looking little stove, like a mustard pot in shape, stood at the end of yards and yards of unromantic stove pipe. This rusty cylinder followed the outline of the room, up the wall, along the roof to the apex, then, through an opening strayed outdoors where, at last, it became a thing of beauty robed in trailing vines. An old easel served as hat-rack and umbrella stand with a peg near the stove reserved as the proper place on which to hang the coffee pot to dry.

A short flight of steps led directly from the room to the balcony. This was broad enough for the two sleeping couches and a narrow passage in front. An artistic railing ran across the balcony and down either side the steps that, on company occasions, served for seats. Under the balcony a model's stand had been left. With this arrangement as stage, not to attempt the Romeo and Juliet act was to reject an opportunity in the way of stage setting no one who ever entered the studio seemed able to resist.

While in lodgings it had been our custom to go out for morning coffee though we were far from welcome in some of the Latin Quarter cafés. It is customary to make one's own coffee, or, at least, to have it served in one's own room. American breakfast hour is cleaning time in French restaurants. Wet floors, stacked chairs, unwilling maids were our portion. We began housekeeping with the purchase of a coffee pot and the deter-

mination to go out only for lunch and dinner.

The ordinary French coffee is poor stuff, at best. It is usual to make a strong extract, bottle it, then mix a few drops in hot water and serve. We made coffee in the American way but not to our taste for the berry is burned a little in roasting. When next we keep house in France coffee goes with us. Duty will be paid without a murmur.

Bread was easy to get. Every morning a woman came down the street to the shop at the corner pushing a cart piled like lumber, with bread. The staff of life is handled in queer ways and without wrappers, in Paris. We once saw two small boys fighting a duel with long French bread for weapons. They banged and batted each other over the head till the bread was in splinters. Then they went sorrowfully home to their coffee and their mothers. Often we met a certain professor, in spectacles, in high silk hat, reading a newspaper as he walked. Always under one arm was tucked an umbrella, under the other, a loaf of equal length. Did we desire goat's milk of a morning we had but to listen for the oboe like notes played on some kind of instrument by a young man who drove a herd of goats through the streets stopping to milk them on demand. Butter we bought on market days, few sous worth at a time. Two or three days in each week temporary markets were put up through the centre of a neighboring boulevard. Queer places these, beginning with provisions at one end trailing off into kettles and shoe laces at the other. Many useful hints can be caught by watching white-capped French maids as they go about buying thriftily.

To the maid, the bonne, the blanchisseuse is partly due the picturesqueness of the Latin Quarter. The first of the week, in particular, is the scene enlivened by the blanchisseuse as she goes among customers collecting linen. Some of these busy women have push carts, others hire carriages, pile them full then ride beside the driver. Many load express wagons then plant themselves in triumph on top of the load. Whatever is done, is done under personal supervision which is the principal reason for the success of all French business women.

Meanwhile, Kathleen had joined the modeling class of an atelier in a nearby street.

A modeling room is something of a disappointment to those of vague ideas possessed. There is no hint of a successful sculptor about it, no rich draperies, no casts of beautiful heads, arms, noses, not even the broad expanse of material which dignifies the work of the outdoor sculptor.

This was a well-known workshop, very small, very shabby, a clay pit in one corner, a stove in the other, between them the revolving stand for the model. There was no regular instructor. The student is supposed to be advanced before entering here.

On my first visit the model was a young woman with an elusive face framed by loosely knotted hair. When the rods and wires used in building a foundation for the clay were in place it was interesting to watch the individual methods of expression. One started a head smaller than the model's, like a statuette; another molded in heroic size. Thorough knowledge of anatomy formed the basis of work for the third; the fourth outlined a profile and carefully built on in that way. Some worked with nicety and precision, others stood back and threw clay in masses. At regular intervals the monitor turned the revolving stand a little to give equal rights to all students. There were so many minutes for work, so many minutes when the model rested.

Every night the heads, in various

stages of growth, were wrapped in wet cloths. The last of the week came the master to criticize. He stood before the work of each pupil in turn and talked French. On criticism afternoons punch and little cakes were served.

One week only did these studies in art exist. The following Monday the tearing down process began. They sliced the nose of the elusive face, they lopped off her ears, they reduced her to original clay while they voted on the style and pose of the model for the coming week.

Outside, the scene was no less interesting. A motley crew of professional models blocked the narrow street. Upon an engagement for the week often depends the support of a family and sometimes it is the baby who is breadwinner. Here were famous beards and torsos, wonderful eyes, cameo profiles. The men stood in a row on the curbing opposite, smoking philosophically. They had bundles tied in handkerchiefs, their stock in trade, the costume, or the lack of it, so to speak. The chattering women grouped themselves at the door, among them the girl with the Mona Lisa face. We had seen her the week before posing at Julian's on the other side of the city.

Word was sent out. The modeling class desired a youth. Very well, here they were. Seven or eight entered the room, the oldest not less than fifty displaying bravely two rows of tiny silver buttons closely set on his waistcoat. They doffed their headgear. The pupils discussed their points. "We want a younger, a boy," they voted. "But," with a twinkle, said a sturdy fellow of twenty-five or thereabouts, "no younger ones are here, to-day. I am le plus jeune." Then a belated arrival appeared, a youth with bushy, blue black hair, rich brown skin, full mouth and almond shaped eyes. He was at once accepted. The others filed out amicably as the model stepped into place.

Over the room for sculpture there was a painting class, another chance for the models. So, with gossip and comment they still lingered. "It was an old one that was chosen last week, perhaps it will be a baby now. That would be a fine thing for Jean who has brought in the arms his motherless one, the little son of Marie. No, it is for a woman the call comes."

Upstairs they clattered, the one in the wooden shoes, the one with the banded hair, the one with the yellow handkerchief that the great painter found so satisfactory last year, and a dozen others. Soon the rejected ones came clattering down again. "It is not for us this week, no. But what does it matter. One gets on."

The Mona Lisa girl tossed her head and hurried away. She was a favorite, she knew. Few models have a Mona Lisa face, surely that you can understand. The old women and the women with babies went over to the garden of the Luxembourg to sit in the sun. The men strolled off to the absinthe shops, perhaps. What would you? It is the life of a professional, this. Better luck next time. Surely Art is long enough to give every man his day.

Summer passed and autumn. With winter, and let no one imagine Paris to be without cold weather, came the day of the mustard pot stove. Always warmth and plenty within our little studio which was more than could be said of the rooms of many of the students. Particularly was this true during those familiar and nerve-racking periods known to the initiated as, "waiting for remittances from home." How the few remaining francs were treasured, how the centimes were stretched to cover the days, and, how kindly was human nature underneath Bohemian life in the

"Quarter!" Even Madame at the restaurant, with the wonderful intuition of French people, was quick to notice signs of distress. From under the counter Madame promptly brought forth her little slate and a lengthening sum in addition, on account of food received, awaited payment out of those "remittances from home."

Run away leaving debts behind? Oh, no, not while the concierge knows everybody in the neighborhood and probably reports to Madame the exact hour in which the foreign remittance arrives; not while the ubiquitous French police know, seemingly, every man, woman and child in Paris.

Two events of importance marked the early springtime. One day the young painter who came to our studio, persistently and often, had a picture accepted for the salon. About the same time Kathleen modeled a head of sufficient merit to be cast, so the master said. This was a somewhat expensive matter but of supreme moment to Kathleen, for there happened to be an American fairy god-mother who had ordered the first work of value from the hands of the sculptor maid.

The young painter, who had come from America to Paris with a modest inheritance that had enabled him to leave the farm out west, where he must have been more useless than a baby in long clothes, continued to visit us, persistently and often. Then the usual fate of the maiden aunt befell me. I was no longer needed. Instead, there was a wedding, and Kathleen with her husband, the young painter, began life together in the artistic atmosphere they loved.

Homeward sailed the maiden aunt, alone, but cheerily. Not always do young people strike congenial soil, and there is hope of future happiness when Genius with a fair inheritance marries Genius with a fair amount of New England common-sense.

DUTY.

BY JOHN J. MC DONOUGH.

Better to work when one should rest
Than to rest when one should work,
And manlier far to fail in the task
Than the smallest duty to shirk.

THE LATE HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS.

(Continued from page 346.)

Mr. Collins asked him what political activity they intended to take to prevent a recurrence of such famines and appeals to the charity of the world.

"If we could get somewhere from $25,000 to $50,000 a year," said Parnell, "we could make an agitation that would end in home rule and the emancipation of the people from landlord oppression."

To which Mr. Collins replied: "If you show that you mean business you can have more than twice that from America."

The plan for the formation of the American (auxiliary) Irish national league was roughly formed there in the Parker House in December, 1880, and during Mr. Collins' subsequent fifteen months' presidency of the American organization more than $350,000 was sent from America to help the cause.

Early in the next spring he presided over a conference at Trenon Hall, New York, to start the movement, and later on was elected president, an office he resigned after fifteen months, leaving to his successor a perfect organization, with nearly 1100 branches in the United States and Canada.

In 1885 Mr. Parnell and the Home Rule members entertained him at a notable public dinner in London, at which the Irish leader made the famous pronunciamento upon which the general election was fought that year. In the summer of 1887 the honorary freedom of the cities of Dublin and Cork was conferred upon him unanimously—the Orangemen and extreme Tories refraining from voting against the resolutions.

He is the only American who has been honored with the freedom of both cities.

Educated by Reading.

Mr. Collins was one of the founders of the Catholic Union, was twice president of the Charitable Irish Society, a trustee of the Union Institution for Savings, and a director from its organization of the International Trust Company. He was a member of the Dorchester, Algonquin and Athletic clubs in Boston, and of the Democratic and Manhattan clubs in New York.

In 1873 he married and has three children, two girls and one boy.

Of regular education, except in law, he had none. When he left the "Brown schoolhouse" in Chelsea, before he was twelve years old, he knew how to spell as well as anybody, to read and write and cipher. He knew nothing of the rules of grammar whatever.

At the age of twenty-one he had read all the grammars he could find; not spending time in formal study of the rules, but to see if, according to the results, he could speak and write the language correctly. He early had read that if a child knew the magic letters of the alphabet and could get books he could learn. He simply got books and read them in the old days in Chelsea, about the fires in the mining camps and in the woods of Ohio, and later on through the Boston Public Library to his own home collection.

He always had a home and a great mother was there. This was the controlling influence in the early days.

So much for his private life—an inspiration to youth, an example that should be added to the printed accounts of noble careers with which the children of the country are made familiar.

A Protestant clergyman, writing his tribute to the memory of the honored dead, epitomized the motive of his public work when he said, "Most politicians want the country to do something for them; Mayor Collins wanted to do something for the country."

This dominant trait is mentioned in almost every one of the countless expressions of sympathy and respect called forth when the death of Mayor Collins was announced. When the news came our October number was printed in greater part, and we were unable to provide space for as full an account as we should like to give, but the following tributes are characteristic and, in common with every eulogy spoken or written of him, bear witness to his unflinching steadfastness and honesty—the highest tribute to the memory of man in public or private life.

"I was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mayor P. A. Collins. He had been my friend for nearly a quarter of a century, and I always found him to be a man imbued with the best motives. He was far-sighted, deliberate, just, and a friend whose counsel was courted on all important matters.

"By his death the state loses an honored citizen, the city of Boston an able chief executive, and his friends a comrade whose memory will ever be an inspiration.

"I had the highest regard for Patrick A. Collins, and to his family I extend my sympathy in their bereavement."

W. L. Douglas. (Governor.)

"Mayor Collins will be a great loss to the city of Boston. He was at all times anxious to have his administration of his office honest, and he was conscientious in this effort. His loss will be a great blow."

Wm. P. Byrne. (Vicar General.)

"Warm-hearted, impulsive and a generous man, he, nevertheless, proved a conservative and wise executive and he devoted his best efforts as well as the best of his life to the conscientious administration of the city's affairs.

"His was a rare and loved personality and he will be much missed in his adopted country, which he served acceptably both abroad and at home."

John L. Bates. (Ex-Governor.)

"In public and private life he was ever a man of unflinching integrity and great force of character.

"Big brained and big hearted, he endeared himself to a large circle of his fellow citizens.

"He leaves behind him a reputation for unsullied integrity. I heartily sympathize with the people of Boston in their great loss."

Edward F. Dunne, Mayor of Chicago.

"The state officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, representing the Irish Catholics of Massachusetts, express their profound sorrow at the death of Mayor Patrick A. Collins, whose ability, integrity and patriotism made him the highest type of American citizenship, and whose death at the height of a brilliant career is mourned by the people of this broad land regardless of race or creed."

"I have been intimately acquainted with and politically associated with Gen. Collins for many years, and believe him to have been one of the best types of the ideal American citizen I have ever known. He has filled many high positions at home and abroad, public and official, during his life, and never was found wanting in any of them. He was not only honest to the core, but had the happy faculty of impressing this trait of his character upon the people.

"He has been one of the great lights of and a leader of the democracy, not only in our own state but in the nation for a great many years. His unswerving fidelity to the principles of democracy made him a recognized leader.

"The election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency was, in my judgment, due more to the counsels and the efforts of Gen. Collins than to those of any other one man.

"As mayor of Boston he had proven conclusively that in the administration of the affairs of that great city he rose above party and administered them with an eye solely to the best interests of the entire community.

"Our party has lost its great leader, and the state has lost an upright, able and influential citizen."

John R. Thayer. (Congressman.)

In his address Rabbi Margolis paid high tribute to the dead mayor, speaking of the kindly spirit he extended toward the Jewish residents of the North End. He spoke of the many kind acts that were traced back to the mayor's office and which were of immeasurable benefit to the people of the greatest congested district in the city.

"Most politicians want the country to do something for them; Mayor Collins wanted to do something for the country. It is not invidious to say that there never was a better mayor in Boston. Therefore we lay upon his bier to-day the tribute of our love.

"Mayor Collins showed us that a man can

still be a gentleman and a politician at the same time. He enshrined honor in the counting house and truth before the tribunals. He put new eloquence into the word 'patriot.'"

Peter MacQueen. (Rev.)

"Here in Boston he will be greatly missed. As chief executive of the city for the past four years he has given us an administration that was characterized by absolute honesty, dignity and rare ability.

"I have known him since boyhood days, and have been with him in all of his campaigns. When he became mayor I was constantly with him. I knew him and his worth, and can say that Boston has lost a great mayor and his family a faithful husband and father."

T. B. Fitzpatrick.

"I knew him as a sterling Irishman in the land of his birth, and while watching his career in America I never for a moment saw reason to feel that he was disinterested in the cause of the fatherland. His work for Ireland while serving his city, state and nation will not soon be forgotten. Honest in every sense of the word, he was a true patriot and a shining light to guide all in the pathway of right and justice."

T. J. Dillon.

"In public life he was strictly honest and sincerely devoted to the responsibilities which office-holding involves. It is rare that a man of his great ability and with the reward of high statesmanship within his reach, succeeds so well and for so long a time in the discharge of duties pertaining to the executive head of the city of his home.

"He was an excellent mayor because he appreciated what he owed to his fellow citizens, and this conscientious appreciation of official responsibilities was the key to his valuable services and useful achievements."

Grover Cleveland.

On Monday, September 18th, thousands mourned with the bereaved family of the late Mayor Patrick A. Collins, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. Thronging the pews behind those in which sat the widow, the son, the daughters and sorrowing relatives of Boston's honored mayor were men occupying places in the service of the nation, the state and the city.

Behind them were gathered hundreds of friends to pay a loving tribute to the memory of the deceased, men who had formed friendships with Patrick A. Collins at the bar, others who held proud associations with him in the service of the public, more who had labored with him for the relief of his native land from famine and oppression—all present in poignant sorrow.

Attending the coffin in which reposed the remains was a notable group of men, trusted with grave responsibilities for the nation, the state and the city, who knew well how to appreciate the sterling worth of him whose friendship held for them such grateful memories.

In the body of the great cathedral were countless numbers who had not the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the departed, but by coming showed the tender affection in which they held him.

Outside the edifice, crowding Washington street, were many thousands, who could not hope to gain admittance, but who endured all the discomforts of a crowd to stand with bared heads while the body was being borne in and out of the church.

Long before 10 o'clock the approaches to the cathedral were jammed with applicants for admission to the church. Policemen lined Washington street and the thoroughfares on either side of the church, but they could not hold the gathering away from the doors.

From 10 to 10:30 there arrived at the cathedral those whose intimate association with the departed mayor permitted them places within the reserved pews. Adequate provision had been made for individuals and the delegations from the long list of organizations who wished to be represented at the services.

The governor of the commonwealth was numbered among the honorary pallbearers, but nearly every department of the state government was represented in the gathering.

The sanctuary of the church was a most impressive scene. More that two

hundred were gathered in the wide space about the altar, and the music during the service was by two choirs, the regular choir of 125 mixed voices and a quartet, being under the direction of James T. Whelan, the organist of the church, and the sanctuary choir of 70 voices, trained under the direction of Mlle G. de la Motte.

In addition to singing several numbers, the sanctuary choir also sang the responses to the celebrant of the Mass.

The Rev. Nicholas R. Walsh, the rector of the cathedral, was the celebrant of the Mass, and he was assisted by Rev. Fr. Thomas R. McCoy as deacon, and Rev. Fr. John J. Crane, S. T. L., as subdeacon. Rev. Fr. Michael J. Splaine, D.D., the assistant chancellor of the archdiocese, was the master of ceremonies.

His Grace, the Most Rev. John J. Williams, occupied the episcopal throne during the solemn services, and at the end of the Mass pronounced the absolution of the church over his deceased friend.

The Most Reverend Archbishop was attended by the Revs. P. Ronan, rector of St. Peter's, Dorchester, and the Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, rector of St. Gregory's Church, Milton.

The cortege to the cemetery was one of the most impressive ever seen in the streets of Boston. Mayor Collins was laid to rest in Holyhood, near his friend and countryman, John Boyle O'Reilly.

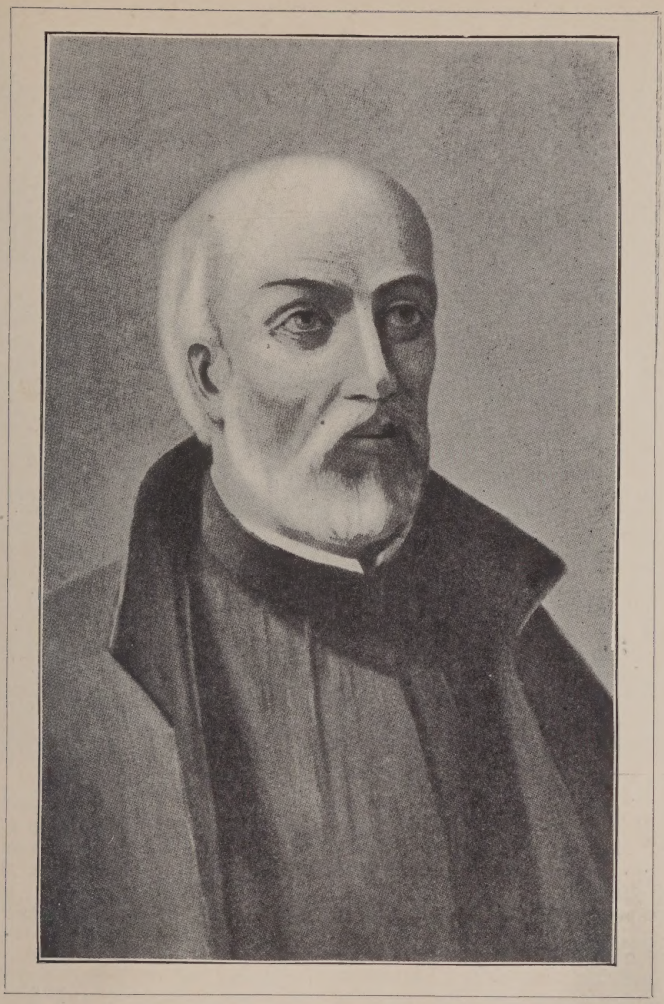
"Grant him, O Lord, perpetual light,
Eternal rest, with Thee!"

GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

VI.

JEAN DE BREBEUF, S. J.

"Mention has often been made of Brebeuf,—that masculine apostle of the Faith,—the Ajax of the mission. . . . . Thus died Jean de Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero, and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race,—the same, it is said, from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel; but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling, with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and 'his death was the astonishment of his murderers.' In him an enthusiastic devotion was



JEAN DE BREBEUF, S. J

"It is in God alone that my heart rests; and, outside of Him, all is naught to me, except for Him."

—*Brebeuf.*

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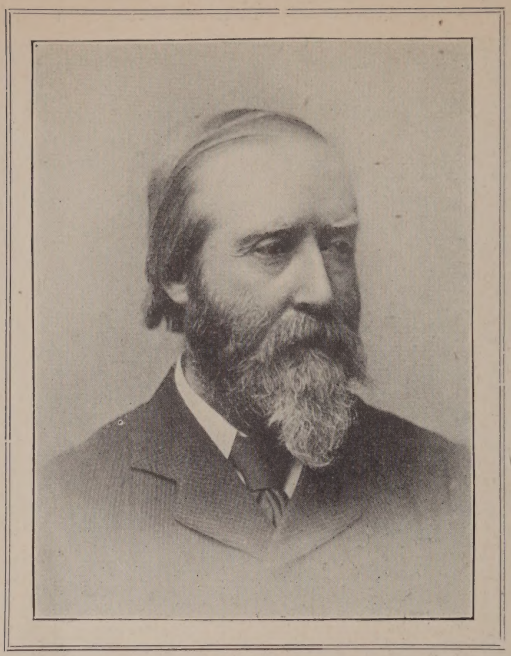
grafted on a heroic nature. His bodily endowments were as remarkable as the temper of his mind. His manly proportions, his strength, and his endurance, which incessant fasts and penances could not undermine, had always won for him the respect of the Indians, no less than a courage unconscious of fear, and yet redeemed from rashness by a cool and vigorous judgment."

—*Francis Parkman.*

"Of these the most remarkable was Jean de Brebeuf, the descendant of a noble family in Normandy, and destined to prove his own nobility by an intrepid zeal and an almost incredible courage. . . . . Lalemant and Brebeuf! So died two men whose memory has ennobled the history of the land for which they labored, and adds to the fame and honor of their race."

—*Gilbert Parker.*



SIR FRANCIS R. CRUISE.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Sir Francis R. Cruise, M.D., D.L., in the Irish edition of his new translation of "The Imitation," calls attention to the changed order in which the books appear, and gives his reasons for so altering the usual form. He says:

"The original of Thomas à Kempis is rugged and epigrammatic, and so is Challoner's version. I hope the present may be found to resemble it; with the correction of some inaccuracies, and a more modern phrasing and punctuation.

"I have taken the bold step of altering the usual order of the books, and reverting to the arrangement adopted by the author, Thomas à Kempis, in his autograph manuscript of 1441, which is now in the Burgundian Library at Brussels.

"Elliot Stock, of London, published in 1879 a photographic facsimile of that manuscript, which I have closely followed. So far as I am aware, the only translator who has hitherto adopted this order is the Rev. C. Biggs, D.D., of Oxford.

"As Thomas à Kempis is the acknowledged author of the immortal 'Imitation of Christ' it is needless to say that he understood best the sequence which he intended for the books. Beyond that order we need not travel or discuss. In the said manuscript, the only one in the author's handwriting, we find:—Book I. treating of the purification of the soul from the world and all things thereof. Book II. treating of the illumination of the soul. Book III. (usually placed as Book IV.) treating of the union of the soul with God in the Holy Communion. Book IV (usually placed as Book III.) treating of internal consolation;—that is the communing of the soul with God, after the Holy Communion.

"Wholly apart from the undeniable authority of the great composer of this spiritual treatise—the most beautiful that ever came from the hand of man—it seems only needful to study it carefully in order to understand the author's design.

"It is undoubtedly difficult to follow out 'The Imitation' as a whole, because of its length, and the fact that each chapter is so full and complete in itself; nevertheless it is impossible to study it, year after year for a lifetime, with frequent readings throughout from beginning to end within a couple of days, without realizing the plan of the work, which evidently led its gifted author to the arrangement of the parts or books which we find in his manuscript of 1441.

"It would occupy too much space to exhibit here, in detail, the incongruity of the usual arrangement, but I may at least draw attention to two chapters, namely the con-

NATIONAL BOARD OF OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS, ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS IN AMERICA.

Upper row, left to right — P. J. Haltigan, National Editor; John T. Keating, P. D. Farrell, George J. Butler, National Directors. Lower row, left to right — M. J. O'Brien, N. T.; James E. Dolan, N. P.; Most Rev. John M. Farley, N. C.; James O'Sullivan, N. V. P.; James T. Carroll, N. S.

cluding ones of the Book of the Holy Communion, and of the Book of Internal Consolation.

"Any one who studies them must see that the first (chap. XVIII. of the Book of the Holy Communion) is totally out of place as the *finale* of the great spiritual treatise: while the second (chap. LIX. of the Book of Internal Consolation), probably the finest in the whole work, and a summary of it, is its natural conclusion.

"It is very easy for any one familiar with the history of 'The Imitation of Christ,' the scattered and irregular fashion in which it was copied in manuscript and sent forth in parts—its author unknown—to understand how pious and well-intentioned readers, ignorant of the author's design, as shown in his own complete and authentic manuscript, placed the Book of the Holy Communion at the end as the climax of the spiritual life; overlooking the need for due and consoling reflection following the great consummation. The error once committed naturally remained.

"However, with Thomas' manuscript before us, and a close study and comprehensive survey of the entire book, from beginning to end, it is impossible to resist the clear evidence of the design and execution of the work. Fully convinced of all this I have felt bound to replace the books in the order adopted by their saintly author."

At the request of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, Sir Francis also prepared a sketch of the author with some account of the times and surroundings amidst which he lived. With deep interest and reverence Dr. Cruise wandered over all the scenes of the life and labors of Thomas à Kempis and his saintly companions. And as he wandered he meditated on "The Imitation" and chose passages to illustrate each stage and crisis, until he says, "I had almost forgotten in my dream that I must turn my steps homeward.

"Ere leaving Zwolle (September, 1884), I wandered out to Mount St. Agnes, to tread with love and awe its hallowed precincts.

"The evening was beautifully serene, and I lingered on to watch the setting sun. Those who know what an autumn sunset in Holland is can realize the weird and solemn scene, as the blood red orb, hugely magnified, sank in the mighty expanse, bathing the horizon in a flood of golden light.

"Standing on the spot where, so many centuries ago, à Kempis prayed and labored in his Master's service; where all the mysticism, piety and holy love, which filled his writings entered and permeated his soul, I came to think how he must often have gazed on this very scene, and from his convent grounds watched the spires of the Sassenpoort and Zwolle glittering and fading in the changing light. Here I came to meditate on that May evening when, in his own poetic phrase, 'The day of eternity dawned and the shadow of mortality sank down,' when he stood in the bright light of God's presence, beholding the kingdom of Heaven and the long promised reward!"

Sir Francis Cruise allowed the Truth Society to republish the translation in the United States, his only desire being to spread the work broadcast. If good reading is of profit, no better book could be placed in the hands of the people than "The Imitation." The famous Frenchman who said that it was the most beautiful book that ever came from the hand of man (the Sacred Scripture coming from God) did not exaggerate its worth. It is the most popular book, next to the Sacred Scriptures, ever written. Though it was composed by a monk of the so-called Dark Ages, still it commands greater popularity in the twentieth century than at any time for the past five hundred years.

"The Imitation" should be in the hands of every Catholic and the young especially should be trained to read it.

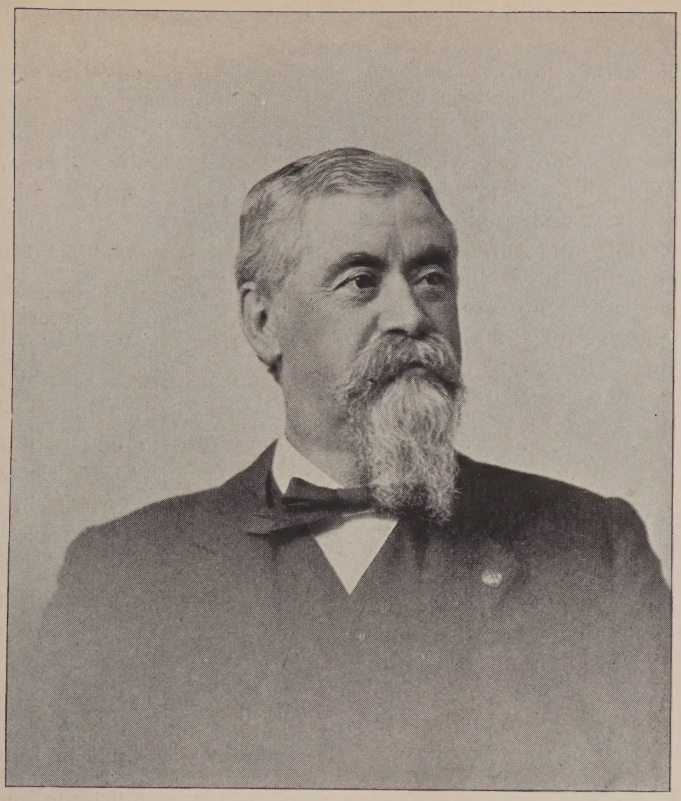
Dr. Cruise is an eminent Irish physician who has devoted his leisure moments to the study of the life and writings of Thomas à Kempis. In a very learned and exhaustive volume he treated the question of the authorship of "The Imitation" and proved that it was written by Thomas à Kempis. In gratitude for his services the Catholic people of Kempis, in Germany, the birthplace of à Kempis, named their principal street in his honor. Pope Pius X. created him a knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great in recognition of his new translation.

The most important meeting of the National Board of the A. O. H., which has ever been held took place last month in Atlantic City, N. J., the full proceedings of which have recently been published in the official paper of the order. With the exception of one National Director, the full membership of the Board was present, including His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, the national chaplain, who remained throughout the week while the sessions lasted.

The many subjects considered by the national officers, together with their grave bearing on all the interests of the order, made the importance of the session second only to that of the national assemblage. For five days and nights they gave their undivided attention to the business of the organization, and rendered many important decisions on the subjects which came before them. And all that was done, not only won the approval of the national chaplain, but enlisted his most hearty co-operation.

The decision of the Board to print 50,000 copies of Rev. Dr. T. J. Shahan's lecture on "Hibernianism" will bring pleasure and profit to many thousands of Irish-Americans throughout the world.

The reports presented to the meeting showed a most encouraging increase in membership and finances. The total strength of the A. O. H. is now 180,000 members, men and women, with an average increase of 1,000 per month.



THE LATE HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

THE LATE HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

The Hon. John C. Linehan, state insurance commissioner, died on Sept. 19th, at his home in Penacook, N. H.

Mr. Linehan had long been one of the most prominent citizens of the Granite state. He was a native of Ireland, born at Macroom, Cork, in February, 1840. When he was seven years of age his father, John Linehan, a man of education, emigrated to this country, and the family followed two years later and settled in New Hampshire. Young Linehan did not enjoy the advantages of a thorough education, but he received a good home training. He left school at the early age of twelve years and began the battle of life as a doffer in a cotton mill at Fisherville, now Penacook, N. H. He remained in the mill for five years, when he changed to a sash, door and blind factory, and soon became foreman in the box department.

Prior to the outbreak of the Civil War he had long been a member of the Fisherville band, and upon the organization of the Third Regiment of volunteers, he enlisted with a few of his comrades. The Third New Hampshire served in the department of the South, and he remained with his regiment until the time of his discharge. In 1864 he was employed in the cabinet manufactory of Caldwell, Amsden & Co., and at the end of two years he formed a co-partnership with Henry F. Brown in the retail grocery business. After 1869 he carried on

the same business on his own account. For about fifteen years after the close of the war he was a member of Brown's band, one of the best musical organizations in New Hampshire.

He had always been a champion of the rights of his countrymen, and in 1865 and 1866 he was head of the Fenian Brotherhood in New Hampshire, and organized a company composed almost entirely of veteran soldiers, and named in honor of Gov. Smyth as the Smyth Guards, for the manly position taken by Gov. Smyth on the imprisonment of Capt. Healy in Ireland, resulting in the release of Healy. For ten years after 1872 he was identified with the total abstinence cause as president of a Catholic temperance society, and was one of the first delegates to represent his state in the national convention in 1874.

Since 1875 he had been one of the most active members of the Grand Army in the Granite state. He was a charter member and first commander of Post 31 of Penacook. He became assistant department inspector in 1879, and served on the staff of the department commander in the next two years. In 1883 he was elected department commander and was unanimously re-elected the following year. He became a member of the national pension committee of the Grand Army in 1884. During his administration as commander the organization was greatly strengthened through his active efforts. He was appointed on the board of directors of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association in 1884, and was selected later by the New Hampshire Veteran Association to procure from the Legislature appropriations for the Gettysburg monuments, and for headquarters for his department at The Weirs.

He had always been active in politics and served in both branches of the city government. In 1887 and 1888 he was elected a member of the executive council.

In 1888 he was elected junior vice-commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was appointed state insurance commissioner in 1890, and held that office till his death. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and of the American Irish Historical Society, and received an honorary degree from Dartmouth in 1887.

Colonel Linehan had a vivid memory of the scenes in which he and his comrades took part, and his reminiscences, published in DONAHOE'S, in 1903, recount many a stirring adventure. His description of the meeting of Father Corby with the survivors of the old brigade is an eloquent tribute to both the priest and veterans:

> "It was the fortune of the writer to be present on July 2nd, 1888, at the memorial ceremonies incidental to the dedication of the monument to the three New York regiments of the Irish brigade, on the battlefield. Father Corby preached the sermon. It was Father Corby's first appearance before the survivors of the old brigade. In consequence, when he made his appearance on the altar, he was unknown to them, so changed was he. The writer sat in the front seat with Colonel Batchelder, and he will never forget the expression on Father Corby's face as he rose from his knees and faced his old comrades. They had with them their tattered old battle-flags, and the scene was such that he could not control himself. The first words he uttered, with tears rolling down his cheeks, were in the nature of a surprise, for instead of "My dear brethren," he addressed them as "My dear comrades." When he made himself known as their old chaplain, the veterans were overcome, and many a manly heart throbbed at the recollection of the scene his presence evoked."

Reading of the death of Colonel Linehan recalls his pathetic comment on comrades who had gone before: "The veterans are receiving the final muster-out rapidly. They are dropping, dropping, dropping day and night, like the leaves from the trees in autumn."

MISS MARIE NARELLE.

AN AUSTRALIAN SINGER.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The most recent of the continents is so far away from us that no one expects from it more than kangaroos and other circus novelties. Of course we know better on second thought. We have heard of Sydney, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, also of Melba and of Moondyne, and we know that great actors made money there, and other actors like Andrew Mack are there now. Beyond facts of this kind our knowledge and our imagination do not stray. Japan is nearer to us than Australia, better known, more esteemed for its peculiar beauties, and draws from us faint resolutions of future visits. As for visiting Australia we would as soon plan for a visit to the Pole. Consequently, Marie Narelle has done her native land some service by temporarily escaping from it, to sojourn among the elder nations and to bring the great southern vastness close to brain and fancy, to understanding and sympathy.

Who is Marie Narelle? A prima donna from Australia. By right she should be the heroine of a romance, for her story, the little history of her single achievement, used to be the theme of romance thirty years ago. A thrilling theme it was, even in the hands of Sylvanus Cobb; the girl with the glorious complexion and the heavenly voice attacking the capitals of Europe without friends or money, forcing a hearing, and

ACT I. "EASY DAWSON."

placing critics and audiences on their knees before her beauty and her genius. Ouida and Marie Corelli must have invented the theme between them, for its development gives play to the gorgeous English in which these clever women love to disport. Marie Narelle literally accomplished the feat, in the modern form. The Jenny Lind performance is no longer possible, we all know. In its place we have the milk baths of the press agent. Conditions have changed since the days of Barnum, and while trickery has larger opportunity in some ways, and merit the same hard road to travel, true recognition must be won like the kingdom of heaven, by violence, "and the violent bear it away."

Marie Narelle was born and brought up, taught and trained, in Australia. Therefore she is an Australian native, a fact mentioned just to bring in a story told by herself on the phrase. Mrs. Sweeney received a letter from her daughter in Australia to the effect that she had married a fine young man there. The newspaper clippings sent on in the letter described the bride as a handsome Irish girl and the groom as a splendid specimen of the Australian native. The phrase pleased the old mother, and she made much of it among the neighbors. Later she traveled to Dublin on a visit,

and her friends showed her about the city. Among other things she saw the Dublin Zoo and was particularly taken with the grave demeanor and solemn hops of the kangaroo.

"An' what do they call the baste?" she inquired.

"A kangaroo," said the keeper.

"An' what is a kangaroo?" she asked.

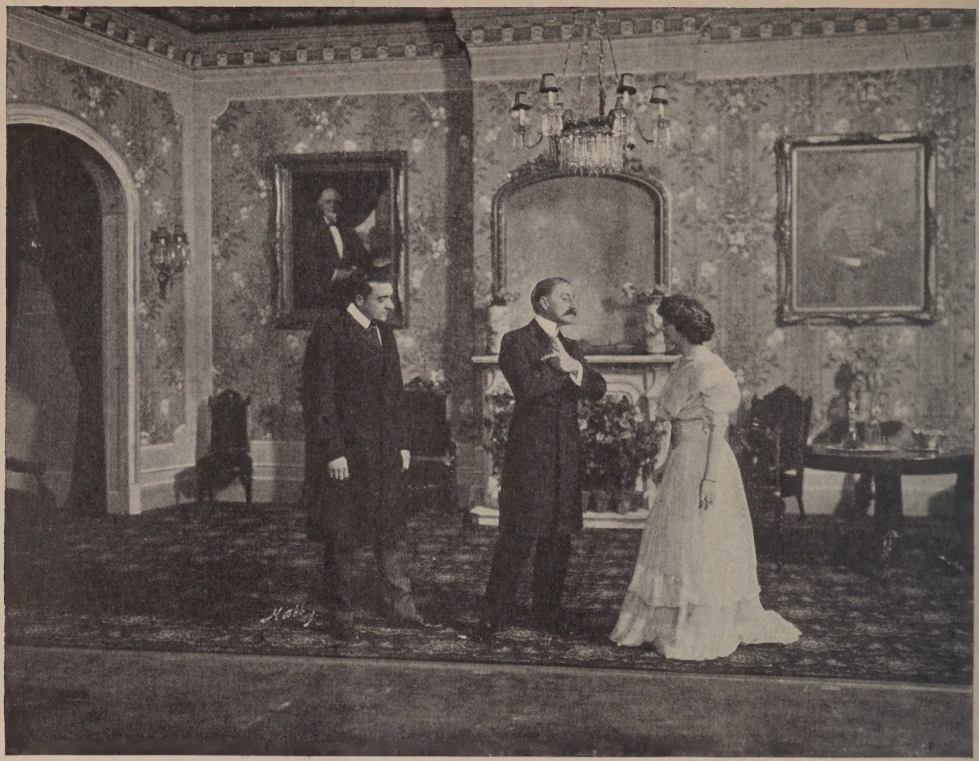
"An Australian native, ma'am," replied the keeper.

ACT II. "EASY DAWSON."

"Glory be to God," murmured the old lady, "an' is that the kind of a craythur my poor Mary Anne is married to!"

Traveling at the head of her own concert company for several years Marie Narelle acquired a high reputation and great popularity among her own people. She took her name from the queen of a little native tribe known as the Murrumbidgee; her teacher was Signor Hazon, formerly of La Scala in Milan; and her appearances in Sydney were under the patronage of the Philharmonic Society. When she went on the road her manager was Signor Lemmone, a celebrated flutist, who had the honor and the profit of managing the last Paderewski tour in Australia. First impressions do not lead one to dream of the southern continent as devoted to music. Natural history informs us that the birds there are songless; Miss Narelle informs us that all Australians sing. Rich and poor, high and low, love music and cultivate it; not at all in the European fashion, which provides a small percentage of the population for the study of music, but wholesale, so that the inhabitants make up for the absence of song-birds by a general devotion to the art.

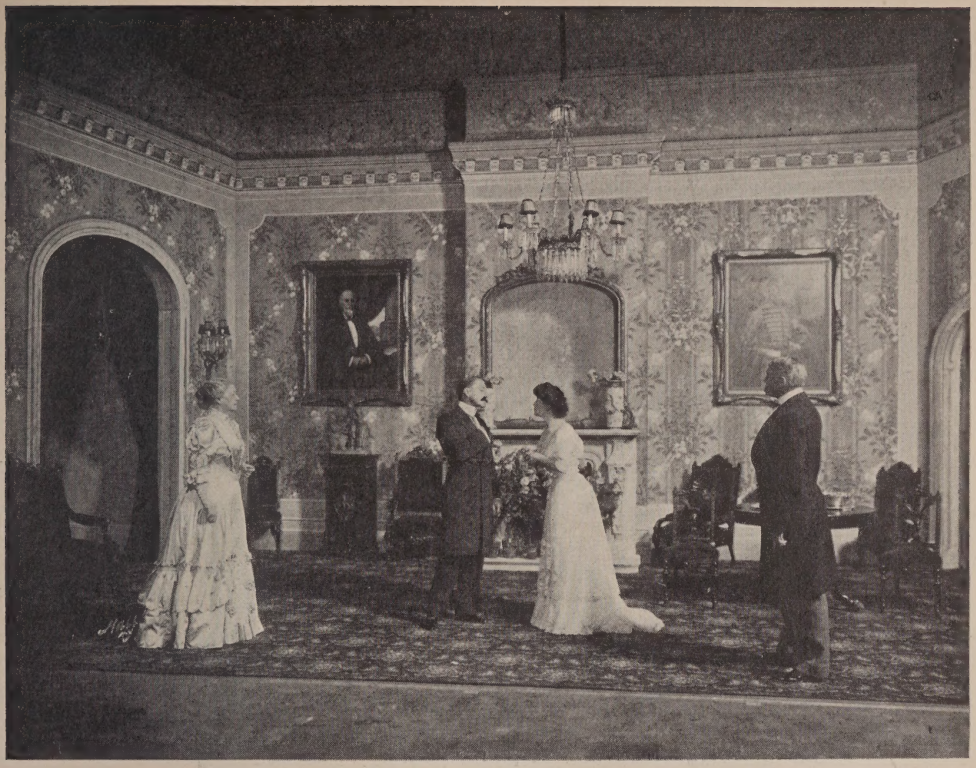
This fact explains many things. Three times the Narelle concert company toured New South Wales, and found close



ACT I "DE LANCEY"

on to three hundred towns ready to welcome each concert. Astonishment at a traveling company giving nearly three hundred concerts in one year led to interesting revelations as to the Australian climate. Summer and winter are both so tolerable that work never ceases, and tours are never closed except for brief vacations; and so stimulating is the air that singers recover in a night the nervous force exhausted on a concert. Thus the Narelle concert company was enabled to tour Queensland for ten weeks, to travel hundreds of miles by rail and stage, and to give fifty-seven concerts without over fatigue; a feat utterly impossible in the climate of Europe and America. In order to reach Queensland from Sydney the singers had to travel three days by rail and three by sea, which gives one an idea of distances in that far-off continent.

Having established her popularity in her native land Marie Narelle, like our own artists, sighed for other worlds to conquer, and finally set sail for London to try her fortune at the center of things English. Without friends or bank account she entered the metropolis of an empire, where the stars of art shine in a rather exclusive heaven, and took up the task of locating herself therein. Her acquaintances at the start were two clever and remarkable women, Mrs. John Redmond and a Miss Murphy of the journalistic profession. Through their efforts she secured the double opportunity of a hearing at the Irish banquet in the Hotel Cecil on St. Patrick's Day and at the Irish concert in St. James' Hall on the same feast. The Irish in London are a strong and remarkable colony, and of first importance through the parliamentary representation, the Irish journalists, and the Irish merchants. The feast of the national Saint is celebrated all over



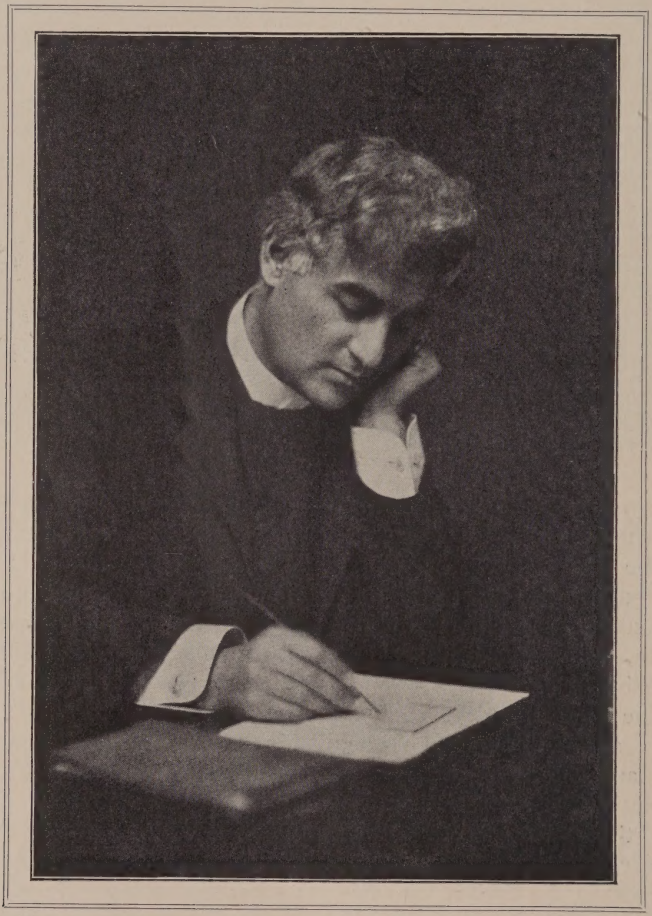
ACT II "DE LANCEY."

the great city in various ways, but the most distinguished and important celebrations are the banquet at the Hotel Cecil and the concert at St. James' Hall. Marie Narelle secured the honor of appearing at both, being due at the Hall first and at the banquet at 10.30, say an hour later. The singers at the concert were Santley and Plunket Greene, Madame Daly and Clara Butt, all favorites of international fame.

In London the frequenters of the theatre and the concert-hall have always a personal interest in the artists who entertain them, and turn out as numerously and heartily for a singer whose voice is gone, as for the newest artist, just for the sake of old times. How precisely unlike dear old New York, where audiences congratulate themselves on not having egged the ancient favorite! In fact the new arrival in London is rather coldly received until his metal has been tested. The press agent has not yet secured a footing and a hearing in London. Marie Narelle walked out before her audience in dead silence and began to sing that much abused trumpet-blast of patriotism, *O'Donnel Aboo.* The air is beautiful, the words are stirring, but mad usage had left the song a wreck on the shores of merciful silence. I heard Marie Narelle sing it at a St. Patrick's banquet in New York, where through faulty management the singer was left standing at the door, in an inconvenient place. To her the surroundings seemed to matter nothing; she sang and the music caught the banqueters like a flame. They were on fire after the first stanza. It is not to be wondered at that the fire of her delivery, the splendid ring of her voice, stirred the London audience to enthusiasm.

She gave as an encore another old-timer, *Barney O'Hea,* and then fled to

her carriage to make the Hotel Cecil on time. But the manager intercepted her and brought her back to an audience that would not be content with mere bows in return for their applause. She would not give the second encore, because it is against custom; but as the applause continued, and the other singers could not



DAVID BELASCO.

go on while it lasted, she sang *The Wearin' O' The Green!* It was an unfortunate choice, for the patriotic crowd went quite mad over a rendering of the old national hymn such as few had ever heard; many times was she called out to bow to their plaudits, and it was half past eleven when she appeared before the banqueters of the Hotel Cecil. The two occasions made the reputation of Marie Narelle, and she traveled throughout the three kingdoms with her own company, welcome and successful everywhere. Between times she studied in London with Steffani, or sang at celebrated concerts with Melba, Albani, and other favorites. Having secured a footing in England as firm as that in her own land she came to the United States last year, and is now making her third attempt at world-wide fame. The achievement has been rather remarkable, and with the artiste herself at close range it has become easy to describe its elements, for the benefit of the

curious no less than for the aspiring, who may have dreamed such a career but never attempted it.

It can be guessed that the physical constitution of a woman who has toured the world for a decade must be of exceptional strength, almost perfect. The appearance of Marie Narelle indicates a perfect and well balanced physical disposition, able to endure hardship with equanimity and to carry out difficult enterprises with ease. Her beauty, of the Irish type, is pronounced; she is tall and stately, complexion perfect, features regular and charming, speaking voice beautiful, and manners as natural as they are perfect. A very brief observation assures one that she possesses a marked and pleasant personality. A half hour's acquaintance convinces one that a more natural, unaffected woman never breathed. The little vices of the professional singer seem to have no place in her character. A stranger to her would never suspect her profession. Her ability to tell a story with emphasis, point, and even mimicry, equals that of Chauncey Depew, an unusual gift for a woman. Her sense of humor is thoroughly masculine and Irish. These qualities of body and temperament account for the success which has attended her efforts in many lands. A charming personality is welcome anywhere, and therefore Marie Narelle can go back to England, Ireland, Scotland and Australia, on the mere strength of her own character.

Her artistic work is admirable in most of its features, and marvelous in its feeling. She gave four concerts at the Summer School this season, in which she illustrated the music of Germany, Italy, France, England and Ireland with power, delicacy, and superb effect; both ballad and operatic music are in her repertoire; the florid music of Italian opera and the long-sustained Wagnerian music, the crisp and delicate French melodies and the solemn English ballads, were all sung with success in the execution. There was considerable difference in the feeling, as her rendering of the French music was superior to the rest. As a dramatic soprano she has the ability to portray the sentiment and the action of the music with that slight but emphatic suggestion of action which differentiates the concert singer from the opera singer. In the Irish ballads feeling and passion are so overpowering that no audience can withstand her, no matter what their nationality; an Australian aborigine could understand the passion in *O'Donnell Aboo* and *The Wearin' O' The Green.* Her success at the Summer School, where audiences familiar with Herr Conried's opera season and stars sit in judgment, became an ovation at the close. With her fine stage presence, her noble voice, and her charming personality, Marie Narelle should find the crown of her career in America.

The dramatic season in New York opened with more caution than usual, due to the terrible frosts of last year, and the gathering forces of the Independents for a tussle with the Theatrical Trust. The position taken by the former shows that they have shrewdness as well as sentiment and right on their side. The leaders are David Belasco, Harrison Grey Fiske, and the Shubert Brothers; the platform is free trade and unhampered competition; and the promoters all declare their personal freedom in the fight with the Trust; that is, they have not formed another Trust to fight the enemy with its own weapons. They have united simply for their own protection against unjust practices of the would-be monopolists. David Belasco in his legal struggle with Joseph Brooks, Mark Klaw and his partner Erlanger, has so far won the points in the contest. The defendants are the leading members of

the Trust. Their method consists chiefly in getting hold of all the leading theatres along the main routes, and then charging dramatic companies for the use of the theatre, for the privilege of booking, and a fine percentage of their general profits. The first two charges are legitimate, the third is the tax of the pirate. Rather than submit to it the Independents have refused booking in certain cities and towns, they are getting their own theatres wherever possible and are throwing them open to the profession, and Belasco has taken the fight into the courts. The general organization of public sentiment against the robber trusts, going on at this moment, will very much help the Independents and embarrass the enemy. If that public sentiment can be brought to the pitch which will shut out the whole thieving brood, Rockefellers, Armours, Railroad Magnates and Erlangers from decent society, quarantine them, fumigate them, and finally jail them, the air will be sweeter for the next decade.

The dramatic events of the month were confined to four dramas, for one must draw the line at the dramas of Hall Caine. Like his novels they are barbarous in their crudity and general sloppishness, and possess far less life and meaning than the melodramas of the everlasting Kremer, the man who wrote *No Wedding Bells For Her,* the Laura Jean Libbey of the stage, and the theatrical counterpart of Marie Corelli. It cannot be said that the four events offered anything significant. The pleasant drama entitled *Easy Dawson* introduced Raymond Hitchcock as a regular comedian, after his prosperous career in comic opera, which by the way has departed from "our midst" as a public amusement, and is thought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum. May it never escape! The play is of the kind made familiar by the late Sol Smith Russell, a gentle and interesting exposition of village life, funny to the last degree, artistic in a measure, and exhilarating to a playgoing audience. It is enough to say that the hero, Easy Dawson, is a capable inventor, a hard drinker, and the head of the village fire company; from which anyone can see that the villain steals his invention, that the hero reforms in time to get it back, and that the fire company has much to do with the spectacle. The leading part as played by Mr. Hitchcock abounded in humor, and its realism withstood the comic-opera habits of the portrayer. When he has forgotten the tricks of his former trade Easy Dawson will bring him reputation as a most delightful comedian.

Augustus Thomas undertook to fit John Drew with a play suited to his audiences and managers, and succeeded remarkably well in *De Lancey.* A capable dramatist and a capable actor engaged in this sorry tailoring is not an inspiring sight, but as a lesson in commercialism it has its place in the general economy. John Drew can act anything well, from Shakespeare down; but it is his manager's crotchet that audiences wish to see him only in the touch-and-go farces that remind us of dandelion seed on a windy day. What was the play concerned with? It matters not. The dialogue was witty, the incidents funny, the characterization good, and the acting as perfect as Drew and his company could make it; that it was only skin deep is supposed to be the desire of the audiences; that it will never be played again after a single season is certain; that it would not have mattered if it had never been played at all . . . but this assertion leaves out the fine profits which accrue to all concerned in the comedy, and therefore cannot be maintained.

Clyde Fitch sent forth a new drama in

which Maxine Elliott was seen to advantage. *Her Great Match* deals with the theme of the American girl with a royal lover, and its best scenes are little satires on high society. Fitch is always up to date in his themes and incidents, in fact some of them are plucked a trifle green, which may account for his failures. The girl in this instance has a stepmother who resembles Mrs. Cassie Chadwick in her financial methods; a morganatic marriage with the princeling would have won for the stepmother influence at court; influence would have enabled her to get a title for an American snob; and the snob would have paid her for the title a handsome sum. With this theme Mr. Fitch could manufacture in six months a farce, a tragedy, a melodrama, a comedy and a burlesque. He has generously confined himself to a comedy, in which Miss Elliott can do as she pleases. With this latitude the lady is sure to please her audiences, and the merits of the play hardly matter.

Mr. Bernard Shaw secured a hearing for his *Man and Superman,* a grotesque, biting, untidy affair, whose wit and intention demand more space than can be afforded at present. It is merit alone to get such a play staged, no matter what we may think of its method and moral. It was the event of the month, in all details of actors, acting, atmosphere, and mentality. The playwright has been playing a little game of bluff with the managers and with the world, and he has won conspicuously. His triumph will have one good effect; it will broaden the field of opportunity. One set of subjects at a time has been the ordinary policy of the managers. Now we may have two. For which we may thank Bernard Shaw very much, but the chief glory remains with the clever and courageous Arnold Daly.

DESTINY.

BY MABEL M. LENT.

The lodestar of our lives, which leads us on,
Its force forever down the path we trend;
Resistless and immutable the sway
Which dominates us all, e'en to the end.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Lives of the English Martyrs. Vol. II. Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth. London. Burns and Oates. 1905.

A number of learned writers have combined to make this volume worthy of the subjects therein discussed. Father John H. Pollen, S.J., has contributed a valuable introduction with several sketches, Father Edward S. Keogh of the Oratory has given us the benefit of his facile pen, Father Sebastian Bowden and Father Geo. E. Phillips have given their help, and the scholarly Benedictine, Dom Bede Camm, has undertaken the arduous task of editing and of completing the entire work. We may well be proud of these records of noble men and of heroic deeds. The whole book reads like a description of the Roman persecutions, and it is hard to realize that the fiendish cruelties and diabolical atrocities herein related were the lot of many loyal Catholics in the sixteenth century. The Introduction is extremely serviceable, for it discusses the complicated questions connected with the origin, nature and tendency of the quarrel in which the martyrs lost their lives during the Elizabethan persecution. It was necessary to solve these problems, before the heroism of the martyrs could be fully appreciated, and Father Pollen has acquitted himself of this task in an eminently satisfactory manner. The book is a credit to the critical acumen, the painstaking research, and the literary workmanship of the writers.

Apologetica. Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew. By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. Price, 85 cents.

Father Halpin is a close reasoner and a fervid writer; and his works, in consequence, enjoy widespread popularity. In this book he presents the basic facts of Christianity in the light of reason alone. The arguments advanced make no appeal, as far as possible, to divine revelation, but they rest upon proofs drawn from natural sources only. Those who have to meet University students, non-Catholic school teachers, and the vast army of modern unbelievers will find Father Halpin's book a veritable arsenal of defence. We wish that the eminent author would give us a complete volume, written in the philosophical, *rather than in the polemical tone*, upon these burning topics. The religious battles of the day are waged around the so-called *apologetica*, and every educated Churchman should equip himself with the weapons necessary to defend his own position. A well-trained body of laymen could work mightily in the cause of Christian truth.

Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley. With an Introductory Note by the Rev. John Gray. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

Aubrey Beardsley was a young man of remarkable gifts and his sudden death, in his twenty-sixth year, removed him from a scene in which he seemed destined to play a leading part. His magic power in sketching inaugurated a new line of art, and, although he had not reached the height of his matchless skill, he left us many precious legacies. He was dowered with a winning childlike spirit, with hope that surmounted every obstacle, and with a faith that was loyal and deep. These touching letters reveal a firm, yet gentle personality, full of noble emotions and of generous sentiments. They should be eagerly read by all admirers of the artistically beautiful and the beautifully artistic.

The Gospel applied to our Times. By the Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis. Herder. 1905. Price, $2.00.

It is an admitted fact that in language as in everything else, where monotony and lack of variety reign, no impression is produced; and that, on the contrary, the liveliest and deepest impressions are made where there is the greatest variety and originality. It is probably due to this absence of freshness and change that so many sermons fail to strike the hearers and so many spiritual books are without readers. It is a fact, which we must all admit, that there is a deplorable sameness and monotony in the treatment of things spiritual which weary the listener and fatigue the reader. How often missions and retreats are given in the same stereotyped phrase, same inflection and with the same illustrations. Why should this be? Why should there not be a freshness, a vivacity, an attractive newness in the discussion of spiritual matters which would captivate the earnest, and attract the thoughtless? How pleasant to turn from the flowerless stretches of the average ascetical book to Father Phelan's bright and cheery pages. Even the titles catch the eye and invite perusal of the varied sermons. Take the following, for example: "Why is the World Un-Religious? The Ministry of Suffering. The Apostasy of a Nation. To Work is Divine. The Dual Commandment." Who, reading these and similar titles, does not want to investigate farther and to ponder over the developed

discourse? Father Phelan shows us how to treat old truths in a new way and how to clothe an ancient principle in the attractive garb of newness. Not only is the treatment decidedly original, but many of the points discussed are not noticed in the ordinary collection of sermons, so that Father Phelan has placed us under a double debt of gratitude. Learned, logical, eloquent, vigorous and suggestive these sermons should inaugurate a new era in the ministry of preaching.

Introductory History of Ireland. By an Irish Priest. Arlington, N. J. Catholic Protectory Print. 1905.

An excellent summary of the tragic history of Erin. The fact that it has been adopted as a text-book for the Parish Schools of an important industrial centre is an eloquent testimony to its worth. It is adequate, concise and interesting. The questions at the bottom of each page increase its serviceableness for class purposes.

Plain Chant and Solesmes. By Dom Paul Cagin, O.S.B., and Dom André Mocquereau, O.S.B. London. Burns and Oates. 1905. Price, 45 cents.

The recent action of the Holy Father for the reformation of Church music and his efforts to bring back the old majestic Gregorian to its proper place in the liturgy, has aroused a keen interest about the various schools of Plain Chant. This brochure gives a detailed account of the school of Solesmes, which has won so much praise from those who have been permitted to attend the services of the monks either formerly in France or at the present time in their English home at Appuldurcombe House, Isle of Wight. How highly the work of the Solesmes Monks is esteemed by the Church authorities is evident from the words of Pius X: "We wish (the preparation of the official book of Gregorian Chant) to be the duty of the Solesmes community, and (we want the members) to go through the entire field of existing records, and when they have thence elaborated and arranged the materials of this edition, to submit them to the examination and approval of those whom we have appointed." These generous words of praise from the Supreme Pontiff are sufficient in themselves to show the importance of accurate information about this school of sacred music.

The Cenacle. Translated from the French of the Abbé L. G., by the Carmelites of Boston. Boston. Carmelite Convent and Angel Guardian Press. 1905.

This little volume contains exercises for a retreat of ten days preparatory to the feast of Pentecost. It is written in a devout spirit, and it breathes throughout that solid piety and that inspiring unction which form so pleasant a feature of the older ascetical works. Those who love the interior life — and there are many of this lofty spirituality even in our busy, bustling cities — will give this precious book a hearty welcome. May the apostolic Nuns of Mt. Carmel furnish us with a plentiful supply of this rugged asceticism.

Cantate Mariæ — Meditations in Song. By David Bearne, S.J. London. Burns and Oates. 1905.

The ring about these poems is true. The thoughts are lofty, the imagery beautiful, the expression choice, and the rhythm majestic. How exquisite is the following, taken from the poem entitled: "Regina Saeculorum."

"Strew sweetness for the passing of the Queen!
By the high hedgerows white with bridal bloom
Woven of whitethorn; and the arras green
Broidered with amber of the April loom,—
Our Lady passeth, and will pass! ah, nay;
Falls the fruit blossom, fades the meadow grass,
But Mary passeth not as doth the May."

Perhaps the poem which will arouse the greatest praise is one charmingly called: "Our Lady of the Boys." It should appeal to every lover of child-life.

"In snow-white marble Mary stands,
Gold-crowned as Empress and as Queen
Of all the heavens, and all the lands
That angel-eyes have ever seen:
Upon the pole of this glad earth,
Her Kingly Jesus doth she poise,
Smiling upon her children's mirth—
Our Lady of the Boys.

She is so fair and white and sweet,
This gentle Queen and Mother Maid,
That players in the game's full heat
In spirit seek her hallowed shade,
Longing, if but for one wee space,
To leave the laughter and the noise
And whisper, 'Mary, full of grace,
Our Lady of the Boys.'

She is the Lady of their heart,
They wear her favors day and night,
Each longs to play her page's part,
Aspires to be her squire and knight;
They loathe all lower loves, they hate
Whatever their white Queen annoys,
Early they kneel to her, and late,
Our Lady of the Boys.

She marks each truant for her own,
Over the wanderer she keeps
Long vigil through the night hours lone.
Over the wayward oft she weeps;

She woos them from the highway wild,
Fain would she wean them from Hell's toys,
She hath no mind to lose *one* child —
Our Lady of the Boys."

This is but a quotation from a poem which for originality of thought and for polished turn of expression is unique in our literature.

Worcester in the Spanish War. By Alfred S. Roe, a Veteran of the Civil War, '61-'65. Worcester, Mass. Published by the Author. 1905.

This is the story of the gallant deeds accomplished by Companies A, C, and H, 2nd Regiment and Company G, 9th, M. V. M. during the war for the liberation of Cuba. From the early days when Worcester was only a frontier town and as such had to send a band of fearless men to repel either Indian or white marauder, until the last conflict in which our country was engaged, the thriving city has held a proud place for the courage and patriotism of its sons. During the Spanish-American War this busy commercial centre outdid itself in feats of loyalty, which are narrated in a wonderfully graphic style by the well-known veteran of the Civil War, Mr. Alfred S. Roe. He paints for us the shining scenes connected with the mustering of the soldiers, the difficulties of debarkation and the tragic days preceding the liberation of Cuba. The whole campaign was enlivened by many amusing incidents which have been carefully related by the author. The illustrations are many and excellent, so that the entire volume forms a delightful record of gallant deeds and of unfaltering courage.

The Hygiene of the School-Room. By William F. Barry, M.D. Second Edition. Silver, Burdett & Co. New York, Boston, Chicago.

An intelligent care of the physical health of school-children is absolutely necessary, if we are to have a race of strong, active, healthy Christians. Neglect of the proper means for the heating, ventilating and lighting of our school-buildings has wrought untold misery and ruin to countless little ones. How often we come across dingy, darksome class-rooms, poorly-ventilated, narrow corridors, while the sanitary accommodations are of a loathsome, primitive nature. Teachers, superintendents, and, above all, those to whom the erection of school-buildings is entrusted, should read this book frequently. A suggestive chapter is the one entitled: "Sickness and accident in the school-room." The book is replete with common sense and judicious advice. It is impossible to dwell too earnestly upon the important points ably discussed in this little book.

St. Michaels – Kalender für das Jahr des Herrn. 1906. Society of the Divine Word. Shermerville, Ill.

This calendar published for the benefit of St. Joseph's Technical School at Shermerville, Illinois, contains many interesting features that should commend it to all Teutons.

AN OLD BOOK ABOUT CHINA.

When W. Hazlitt translated the Abbe Huc's "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China," the translator said that it was to what he called "Papal aggression," the world owed "a work exhibiting for the first time a complete representation of countries previously almost unknown to Europeans," and the detailed account of a form of Buddhism "followed by one hundred and seventy millions" of the human race.

The Abbe and the Abbe Gabet were Lazarist missionaries, and when the Pope, more than sixty years ago, established a Mongolian Apostolic Vicariate the two priests were sent literally to explore the new diocese.

The wanderings of these enterprising missionaries may best be traced on Andriveau-Goujon's map. They traveled in a hungry land when in Tartary; for they followed in the footsteps of the Chinese whose plan had been to stub up all trees, and set fire to all the undergrowth, thus changing the whole face of the country; and they exhausted the soil as fast as possible "by their system of cultivation."

The Abbe Huc says: "A system of devastation is a characteristic of Chinese agriculture;" and it ended by "ruining the climate." In fact and truth, disafforesting conduces to over-dryness. When rains at length fall, in a barren land, they are torrential; and they sweep away not only the crops, but almost every morsel of cultivatable soil. Before the bones of mother earth are laid quite bare the dry season is cursed with dust storms, which, at high noon, bring with them a darkness so thick and horrible that a man would prefer "the blackest night." Hail is frequent. The missionaries weighed some hailstones that were as much as "twelve pounds each." Small wonder that a Mongolian hail shower sometimes extermi-

nates whole flocks. And even for the hail storms the Abbe Huc holds the Chinese responsible, since they spoilt the climate. He thinks "mischievous knavery" characteristic of the Chinese Tarter and "courageous energy" of the Thibetian. "The Chinese are by no means inodorous or particular about cleanliness;" but the Abbe's beloved Tartars' tents "are redolent of that mutton fat and ancient butter" which impregnate everything in them, the clothes of their dwellers included—and the resulting perfume is signalized by the Chinese name for the nomads:—Tsao-Ta-Dze, (Tartars puants). The missionaries would not travel with a Chinese servant because the timidity or "imbecile pusillaminity" of a Chinese convert would rather hinder than help their progress. The Chinese authorities were cunning at contriving "fetters with which to shackle missionaries," sixty years ago, and the two Abbes engaged a man of mixed race, a Dchiahour (is the word the same as Giaour?) as their cameleer. This native, by name Samdad Chiembais is an amusing personage and adds much quaint humor to the two thick volumes of "Travels."

One item of Chinese cruelty the Abbe gives without comment. He does not even say there anent "the leopard does not change his spots," though our author is not unwilling to "adorn a tale" by a reflection against the conquerors in Tartary. Here is the aforesaid item: "North of the Great Wall the discovery of a gold-mine attracted hosts of desperadoes. The country was over-run by robber bands ready either to fall upon the mines, the working of which was in the case of the majority forbidden, or upon the stores of gold that miners had surreptitiously accumulated. A mob of twelve thousand brigands kept the district in terror. The peaceable natives implored the mandarins to interfere for the protection of life and property; but none thought it worth his while to venture his strength in an encounter that promised no reward to the mandarin himself. At length, however, the Queen of Ouniot on her way to worship at the shrine of her ancestors was robbed of her jewels. She returned home, and reproached the King so bitterly for his cowardice in not attacking the brigands that he marched against them, killed many, and drove the rest into the mines. Then the entrances were all blocked up with rocks, so that nothing more was heard of the robbers save and except "for a few days their muffled cries." Any who worked their way to the surface were promptly despatched.

The Abbe was observant. He says Chinese take their stitches perpendicularly, down and up. Tartars drive the needle up. He fancies he remembers that Frenchwomen sew horizontally, impelling the needle sideways. Of Tartar embroideries he says, "for design and execution not even France could surpass the work of these nomads."

The book is a mine of most varied information and of special interest in these days of war in the Far East.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the origin of the Scotch-Irish?

The explanation given of the origin of the Scotch-Irish is the following: In 1607, six counties in the Irish province of Ulster, formerly belonging to the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, were confiscated by the English crown. The two earls had fled from charges of treason, being doubtful of the issue of a trial. The estates thus acquired by King James were parcelled out among a body of Scotch and English who had been brought over for the purpose. As the far greater number of these persons were from the lower part of Scotland, the entire party and their descendants were known as the "Scotch-Irish." This movement is known in history as the *plantation of Ulster*. The story of this infamous transaction is briefly told by Cusack: "The plan of the plantation was agreed upon in 1609. It was the old plan which had been attempted before, though with less show of legal arrangement, but with quite the same proportion of legal iniquity. The simple object was to expel the natives and to extirpate the Catholic religion. The six counties to be planted were Tyrone, Derry, Donegal, Armagh, Fermanagh, and Cavan. These were parcelled out into portions varying from 2,000, to 4,000 acres, and the planters were obliged to build bawns and castles, such as that of Castle Monea, county Fermanagh; Tully Castle was built by Sir John Hume, on his plantation. Both these castles afford good examples of the structures erected at this period. The great desiderata were proximity to water and rising ground,—the beauty of the surrounding scenery, which was superadded at least at Tully Castle, was probably but little valued.

"Chichester then proposed to call a Parliament. The plantation of Ulster had removed some difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. The Protestant University of Dublin had obtained 3,000 acres there, and 400,000 acres of tillage land had been partitioned out between English and Scotch pro-

prietors. It was expressly stipulated that their tenants should be English or Scotch, and Protestants; the Catholic owners of the land were, in some cases as a special favor, permitted to remain, if they took the oath of supremacy, if they worked well for their masters, and if they paid double the rent fixed for the others. Sixty thousand acres in Dublin and in Waterford, and 385,000 acres in Westmeath, Longford, King's county, Queen's county, and Leitrim, had been portioned out in a similar manner. A Presbyterian minister, whose father was one of the planters, thus describes the men who came to establish English rule, and root out Popery: 'From Scotland came many, and from England not a few, yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, who, from debt, or making and fleeing from justice or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice, in a land where there was nothing or but little as yet of the fear of God. . . . Most people were all void of godliness. . . . On all hands atheism increased, and disregard of God; iniquity abounds, with contention, fighting, murder, and lust.'"

The whole proceeding has scarcely had a parallel in the history of any other nation.

What became of Esther Wheelwright who was captured by the Abenakis in the early part of the eighteenth century?

The story of Esther Wheelwright is singularly pathetic. On the 10th of August, 1703, the Abenakis, who had given no sign of unrest, suddenly fell upon the peaceful inhabitants of the little village of Wells, Maine, wounding many, killing several, and bearing away with them into the depths of the forest, little Esther Wheelwright, then a happy-hearted child of seven. The Indian squaws guarded with marked preference the "darling of the pale-faces," and the child was brought up as the favorite of the camp. When the good Father Bigot went on a mission tour to the Abenakis he was startled to see this delicate white child roaming among the huts of the savages. She, on her part, welcomed with keenest joy the missionary's kindly interest and bent all her energies to the mastery of the religious lessons which he strove to inculcate. He would have rescued the child had it been possible to do so alone, but she was too jealously guarded for any plan of this nature to succeed. Her family finally traced her whereabouts, and thus it came to pass that they sought the influence of the French governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil. The governor, on his side, made use of the generous offices of Father Bigot, and, after prolonged negotiations, the child was finally handed over to the governor of Quebec, by whom she was placed with his daughter, in the famous Ursuline Convent. Esther was now seven hundred miles from her home, with slight hopes of traversing the distance, seeing that the way was infested by numerous bands of hostile savages. She was, consequently, left in charge of the good nuns, and it is no wonder that, after a time, the devout girl felt impelled to seek admission among the daughters of St. Angela Merici. Every effort was made by the friends in the world to shake her resolution, but the brave girl remained firm in her purpose, and she was accordingly permitted to enter the ranks of the devoted Ursuline Nuns, whom she edified during the long period of sixty-six years. She was known in religion as Mother Esther of the Infant Jesus. With her were associated two other captives: Miss Mary Ann Davis, known in religion as Mother Mary Benedict, a native of Salem, Mass., who had been taken captive by a war party in 1686, when she was only six years old; and Miss Mary Dorothea Jeryan, in religion Mother St. Joseph, who was borne away to the woods at so early an age that she had no recollection of any other home in infancy but the wigwam.

What is Talmud?

It is the name of the fundamental code of the Jewish civil and economical law. The work consists of two parts; the *Mishna* which signifies a second law; and the *Gemara* which signifies a supplement or a commentary. According to a Jewish tradition the text of the law was first dictated to Moses who was ordered to put this in writing. This *written* law we have in the Pentateuch. The explanation, however, of the law was not put in writing, but committed to memory, and it was styled the *oral* law. These two laws were recited by Moses to Aaron four times, to his sons three times, to the seventy elders twice, and to the rest of the people once; after this, the repetition was renewed by Aaron, his two sons, and the seventy elders. The last month of Moses' life was spent, according to the Jews, in repeating and explaining the law to the people, especially to Joshua, his successor. The Talmud is written in a concise style, chiefly in the form of aphorisms, which admit of a variety of interpretations. On this account a Gemara or commentary was written by a president of a school in Palestine, which together with the Mishna, forms the Jerusalem Talmud. The Jews in Chaldea, however, not being satisfied with this Gemara, one of their rabbis compiled another, which, together with the Mishna, forms the Babylonian Talmud.

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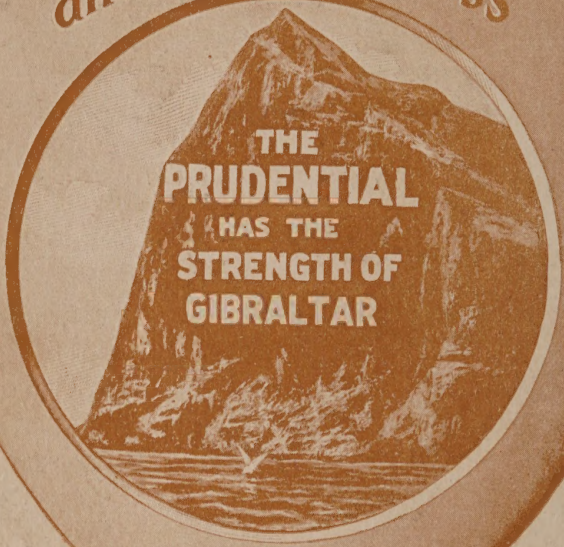

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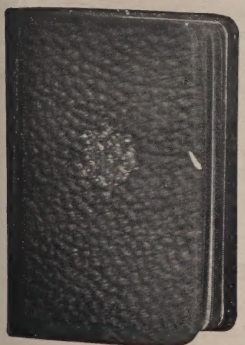

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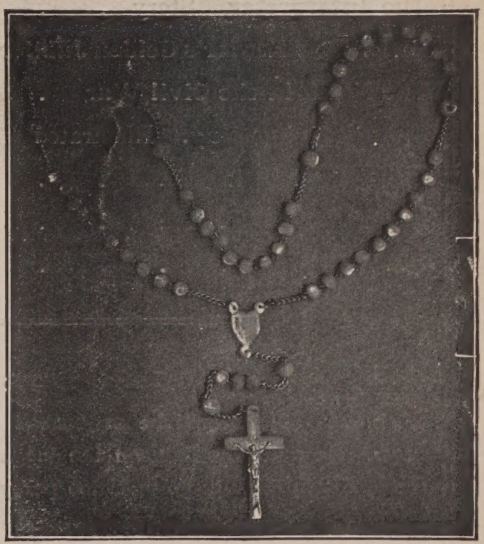

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Donahoe's Magazine

November, 1905

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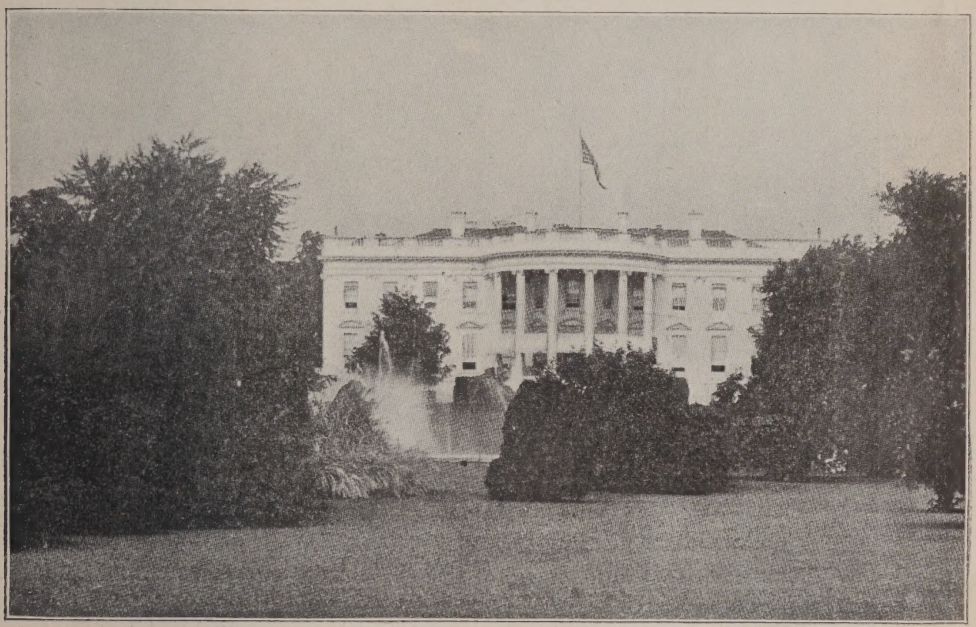

THE WHITE HOUSE.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S THIRD TERM.

BY HERBERT YOUNG.

The prominent drawback in the Presidency of this Republic is the fact that the office has become partisan; its incumbent has usually fallen into the lesser position of leader of his party, and sometimes into the still meaner place of the party mouth-piece. This is a direct consequence of the desire for a second term. To get his desire the President must fit his course in the first term to the needs and even the whims of the party and its leaders. Therefore in the past two decades the Presidents have not risen above the commonplace in their administrations. Most of them seemed to be men of capacity, and two possessed originality; yet only one besides Theodore Roosevelt rose to the full height of his dignity and opportunity. The office has always been splendid in itself, a can-

dlestick in which a candle of most ordinary quality might diffuse a brilliant if not far-reaching light. The men who sought its prominence learned early, with the cautiousness of ambition, to subdue their own brilliancy and originality, to shine meekly, to illuminate nothing but the eyes of voters; when they were placed on the candlestick their light still shone on nothing but the second term; when they realized their ambition, habit had taken from them the strength and inclination to shine at all.

Experience would seem to urge, therefore, the doing away with the second term. A single long term, eight or ten years, would lift a President above the trammels of party and leave him free to shine with his own light. He would become the actual Executive of the Republic, more or less able to consult the true interests of the people, once he had been

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AFTER THE INAUGURATION, MARCH 4th, 1905.

emancipated from party exigencies and personal ambition. Of course party leaders would be sure to offset this happy condition by electing to the office the merest slave of the party; but while this trick might inflict upon the nation a commonplace President, it would not save the partisan leaders, for the slave on horseback would inevitably prove intractable in the position of power. That is human nature. It was quite characteristic of Theodore Roosevelt that he dismissed the temptation of a quasi-third term as soon as he was elected. It was not done merely to add emphasis to the compliment which the American people had paid him in its overwhelming majority, as some are inclined to imagine. The love of personal freedom has always been strong in Mr. Roosevelt, as it is in every sportsman. He just wished to be free of the trammels of party, and also to avoid the load of obligations sure to fall upon the shoulders of a President likely to get another term. It was fair play to the party and the leaders: timely notice that he was now free of all obligations to them and that they were also free from ambitious scheming on his part.

Probably he had felt the restrictions of party in his exalted place. No man living is better able to appreciate the power and prestige of the Presidency than Mr. Roosevelt, and none more able and willing to use it to the highest advantage of the Nation. He saw and regretted naturally what we have all seen and regretted, the highest and noblest office in the Republic become the mouthpiece of political parties. He must have studied the condition earnestly, in order to arrive at his decision against another term. It seems perfectly clear that he came to the conclusion because he wished to use a great office to the fullest advantage, to be really the President of the Republic and not of the Republican Party, to make every citizen feel that the whole nation, not a majority of it, was truly represented in the Executive, to speak the very heart of the American people and not merely the opinions of a successful party. One accepts this reasoning easily, not only from a consideration of the possibilities of the Presidency itself, but from a fair acquaintance with the career and personality of Mr. Roosevelt.

As to the former, it may not generally be known that foreign nations have a higher appreciation of the office than we have; in the first place because authority is more highly thought of with them than with us; and in the next place

because the Republic looms up before the outside world gigantic in its power and ideal in its conditions. It has often been said by European writers that no absolute monarch wields power so great as our President, so unrestricted by law and precedent; and they declare that we can afford to place it in his hands, since he can use it no longer than eight years. This actual power, as head of the army and navy, of all the departments in fact, is supplemented in our day by the moral power of the successful nation, whose influence now touches in one way or another the confines of the world. The lightest word of the President on any matter of general interest now affects the remotest governments. A curious instance of this occurred a few years ago at the Champlain Summer School. President McKinley visited the institution and was given a reception. He had previously stipulated that he was to make no speech in reply to the usual felicitations, only going through the usual tiresome ceremony of shaking hands with his hosts. The reception was a warm-hearted and dignified affair, in the crowded auditorium, and the speech delivered by Monsignor Lavelle in welcoming the President so eloquently expressed the feelings of loyalty and personal devotion to the Head of the Republic, felt by all Americans without regard to party affiliations, that the cool-headed McKinley was sufficiently carried away by it to disregard his own stipulation and to make a speech.

It was the usual deliverance suited to these occasions, full of sonorous platitudes; but in touching upon the forthcoming policy of the Government with reference to the Philippines, replying directly to Monsignor Lavelle's assurance of sympathy in that delicate business, President McKinley made a momentous declaration: that the constitution followed the flag, and where that flag was once planted it would be maintained. That phrase rang around the world within the next twenty-four hours, provoking, as a declaration of policy, all sorts of feeling and language from the interested. The universal comment must have been a surprise to the President. Since that day events have given the Republic a larger place in the general concerns of the world, and the word of a President has an effect so profound and far-reaching that one no longer wonders at Mr. Roosevelt's desire to stand for the Nation rather than for a party. His utterances have all been made from the topmost height of his lofty position. People have marvelled that they hit so squarely the conscience of the Nation, but their astonishment arose from overlooking the fact that the Nation spoke through its President. For the first time in sixty years we have a Chief Executive who speaks as the mouthpiece of the Nation. Our presidents for the most part have either misrepresented us, or failed to represent us, in their political timidity. Theodore Roosevelt, in denouncing race-suicide, in cooling the insolence of the coal barons, the railroad kings, the Wall Street gamblers, and the Beef Trust, in helping the peace between Russia and Japan, in demanding moderation of football barbarians, has spoken as the President of the great Republic.

He has voiced the general conscience. It is not so much his own opinion as the sense of the Nation. The moment he speaks all the political wiseacres are astounded to hear a universal response from the delighted millions. One wonders now that the thing was never done before. But it takes considerable nerve, even under the most inviting conditions, to brush away artificial barriers and to speak the truth. The sneers of Wall Street, the checks of the Trust kings, the insolence of the railroads, are not confined to mere words, but take the form of

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

effective hostility. It happened in this case that the President had already taken the measure of these evil forces and had learned to despise their courage no less than their power. All his life he has fought them, and the events which gathered about him, rather than his own right hand, have vanquished them. He never ran for an office but their influence was against him. They could find no subserviency in his knees, and no false note in his candid speeches. No political leader desired him for Governor of the State of New York. He was shelved in the vice-presidency. The steady current of events kept him to the fore. The evil forces tried to flatter him, to fetter him with his own fortune, and only learned more clearly his opinion of them, his scorn of their vileness, his determination to destroy them. Innumerable stories are told in financial circles of his rudeness towards the most distinguished thieves of the Street. They are a cowardly crew, because, esteeming money as a god, and well aware that vested interests are as delicate as imported monkeys, they know that one good kick from an aroused people would render them bankrupt. The extreme politeness of Mr. Baer, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Cassatt, and others, towards the sugges-

tions of the President springs from their knowledge of his ability to "sick" the people on them.

He has always had the extreme willingness of an honest citizen to do that, and he has never concealed the inclination from the leaders of frenzied finance. They have failed to buy or seduce him, and have adopted the policy of delay until his term ends in 1909. From all these considerations, the increasing importance of the Presidency, the ability of Theodore Roosevelt to lead the people, the lofty patriotism and devotion to national interests which he has displayed, and his fine use of his high position, has arisen the question of giving him a third term. Can the Nation afford to lose such a man? Is it worth while violating the salutary tradition established by Washington to hold Mr. Roosevelt in office? The finest rule can stand an exception without danger. If in a hundred and twenty-five years only one exception can be filed against the rule, its soundness and security cannot be doubted. But is it worth while? No one can now doubt the wisdom of the tradition against a third term. Recall what mediocrity it has extinguished, what dead wood it has removed from the White House at a safe moment, what corruption it has hindered, and perhaps what treasons it has destroyed. Even the patriotism of President Roosevelt and his noble use of his position would not justify the violation of the rule. Only the particular situation in which the Republic finds itself, one of grave danger, such as often forced the Roman Republic to appoint a dictator and suspend its proper constitution, would justify a violation of a safe tradition in behalf of the most perfect President that ever held the office.

ADDRESSING AN OPEN AIR MEETING.

The American Republic is in grave

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GREAT RECEPTION IN THE SOUTH.

The President addressing the students at Durham, N. C. "I earnestly hope and believe that you and those like you in all the colleges of this land will make it evident to the generation that is rising that you are fit to take leadership, that the training has not been wasted, that you are ready to render to the State the kind of service which is unvaluable because there is no price that can be put upon it."

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President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt at Bulloch Hall, the old home of the President's mother, in Roswell, Ga. The group includes Senator and Mrs. Clay, the family of J. B. Wing, and friends and neighbors of the Bulloch family, also Mammy Grace, the old negro woman, who was nurse to President

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The Bulloch Mansion, the home of the President's mother, Roswell, Ga. That the visit was fraught with many tender recollections was evident, and as his carriage drove away from the old Bulloch mansion, where his mother lived and was married, the President murmured to Mrs. Roosevelt: "I can hardly bear to leave here."

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THE PRESIDENT, AT THE HOME OF DR. BAKER, ROSWELL, GA.

He is here seen bidding good-bye to Mrs. Baker, who was one of his mother's bridesmaids.

danger at this moment, much more so than in the crises of the Civil War. In that tragic period the household, divided against itself, fought with increasing vigor for mastery; but the winner helped the exhausted brother to regain his spent strength and to take his proper place in the household again. The present situation of danger has been brought about by an invasion of vermin; the rats have been honeycombing the structure of the Republic and stuffing the holes with rags; and their work, carried on in the darkness, and masked from the day by various stratagems, has arrived at that point where they must be exterminated or the Republic be abandoned. This may seem a rather strong, perhaps exaggerated, way of describing the situation. The optimist orators are always ready with orotund declarations that the people can at any moment sweep treason into the abyss, but in the present instance the rats have most of the orators in their employ. The people are strong, but they act as a body only from intense feeling or overpowering conviction, and then because they have a leader. The investigations now going on in different parts of the country, the exposures in the popular magazines of the rottenness of corporations and distinguished financiers, the insolent raising of prices in the markets, the depression of prices to producers, the corruption of judges and legislators wholesale, the crass ignorance and insolence of such men as the heads of the Beef Trust and of the New York Insurance "Big Three," the fairy fortunes of the Carnegies and the Rockefellers, the revelations of Lawson and of Hughes, indicate a condition beside which the morality of the Sublime Porte must look angelic.

The corruption itself is not the significant thing. The optimist will tell you truly that corruption has been from the beginning and will be to the end. Neither is the magnificence of its scale significant, as seen in such fortunes as Carnegie's and in the enterprise of buying the Presidency. Even the Roman Empire was sold to the highest bidder by the insolent and greedy Pretorians. America has been projected on a grand scale, and her virtues and vices will have like proportions. No, the significant thing, which marks the extent of the danger, is the peculiar hypocrisy which accompanies its universal manifestation. The thieves are doing, as great thieves have always done, a great deal for the religious and intellectual improvement of the race; building churches, endowing universities, creating libraries, supporting missions to the heathen; often personally engaged in the work of the gospel; and yet stealing like the forty thieves all the time. This hypocrisy has taken on a new phase in our time. Formerly the thieves became respectable and pious when they had stolen enough; nowadays they keep up their iniquity between prayers and endowments; and in order to quiet the cries of outraged conscience they have invented a morality of their own. All's fair in the business game, is its best expression. Business has become a game of chance, and in the market one must take the chances. You may cut your rival's throat because he may cut yours; squeeze him out of business and life, because you give him the same privilege against yourself; raise prices to his dire necessity, ignore the law, steal the city water, steal the city gas, reduce wages to any point, inflate stocks, rig the market, loot a railroad or a treasury, use millions from the banks without paying a cent of interest; in a word, do anything you please, because it is in the game.

The men who practise these iniquities are at the head of our financial system, they are teaching and training the young to be worse than themselves, they have all but taken possession

of the wealth of the land, they are bent on owning the Government, they have become, not merely traitors of the dignified Arnold stripe, but vermin, rats, eating the structure of the Republic, and they have formulated the morality of Satan and called it virtue. In their employ now are ministers, politicians, journalists, and other citizens, of the highest character presumably, who for pay announce their virtues to the world. In fact the situation is amazing and terrible, and unlike anything that history has ever discovered among a civilized people. The time seems to have come for a Dictator, or rather the nearest approach to it that American sentiment will tolerate. The situation imperatively demands the continuance of Theodore Roosevelt in office for a third term. He has grown up alongside this new treason, has seen most of its manifestations and crimes, has dealt with its promoters, and kicked the most eminent down-stairs. His honesty and patriotism have together revolted against the continuance of it in power and in respectability. He seems to be the only man in sight with the proper amount of will and the right method to deal with the various forms of treason. Should it be left free for another generation to develop on its own lines, the result would be a new religion, the religion of pirates. You may smile at this statement, but you forget the Mahometans and the Mormons. When vice feels the need of the mask of virtue, it finds the invention of religion an easy and pleasant method of combination. What difference between the worship of Allah united to the pleasures of the harem, and the profession of faith joined with the looting of rival oil companies and railroad rebates? It would not be the first time that the money power invented a religion of its own.

Everyone understands that times arrive in a nation's history when all minor differences must be laid aside, traditions waived, and customs forgotten for the general good. Evidently we have fallen upon such times. Providence seems to have given us an able and virtuous man in whom the people have extraordinary confidence, to lead us through the crisis, to smash the enemy, to place hypocrisy in its proper place, and to hinder the formation of another religion of Moloch. With all due respect to the useful and venerable tradition against a third term, it cannot now be permitted to obstruct rather than to benefit the Republic. Not even President Roosevelt's patriotic and sensible resolve to have no quibbling over his right to a third term can be permitted to deprive the Nation of his services. There is a pretty general conviction among the people that he should accept the third term. It may grow into a popular demand. Be sure that the frenzied financiers will do their utmost to break it up before it forms, for they are already engaged in the preliminaries. A third term under the circumstances will be no pleasure-party for the man who receives the compliment. The rats can fight desperately when cornered. Already they have sniffed the possible danger, and are shelling out their millions for popular benefactions. They will stop at nothing to nullify his attacks upon them, to make impossible the third term, and should it be conferred upon him to reduce his activity to nothing. The fight will make life worth living, and its culmination ought to see the promoters of the new financial morality in jail.

FOUR KINDS OF A WRETCH.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.

"And Annis?—what of her?"

"Oh, really, Aunt Eleanor, I do not know."

Gladys tossed her head, and the sunbeams caught in and glorified some strands of soft brown hair framing a youthful face of fragile beauty. "Dent and I cannot wait for Annis; it is out of the question."

"And yet, Gladys, she has waited all these years—for you."

"And very foolish of her, indeed," proclaimed the crisp, young voice. "Each one of us is entitled to his or her share of happiness; it is the law of life. Annis should have snatched hers long ago. But really I don't think she ever cared much for any one—except perhaps us, and her violin."

"Gladys!"

The tone of the apostrophe stayed the heedless maiden. In the act of fastening her furs, she paused and found herself looking straight into the eyes of the patient-faced invalid propped up among her pillows in the great arm-chair.

It was a thin, white, transparent face, etherealized by suffering, lit up by great dark eyes, which had once glowed with the fires of youthful love, and which could yet glow with the flame of righteous indignation. Suffering had chastened, but not dehumanized Mrs. Robson.

"You little monster!" she ejaculated. The young girl paled and drew back a step.

"Aunt—Eleanor!"

"Yes, you selfish, tyrannical, unfeeling little wretch!" The invalid's pallor had given place to a deep flush extending to cheek, neck and brow; the dark eyes flashed, the attenuated form trembled and shook from head to foot.

Gladys, her face gone quite white, looked helplessly about her; was the nurse within calling distance? Was this Aunt Eleanor, the patient, uncomplaining invalid, patient and uncomplaining during twenty long years—twenty long years! So tradition said; the girl's own life had not yet reached that span; but, was this the Aunt Eleanor whom she had always known?

"Yes, it is I," said the elder woman, as if in answer to the thought within the younger's brain, "and it is I in more normal condition than I have been during a life-time. Sit down, child," she added more gently, motioning to the couch near by, "and I shall tell you a few home truths, wake you up a trifle, for God knows it is time that some of you awakened!"

The girl mechanically obeyed, all the time watching her aunt's face in a sort of fascinated horror. Why, oh! why was not Dent here to save her from this awful, this avenging—fate?

"You are but eighteen," said the stern voice, again addressing her, but even as it spoke, softening, for after all she was only eighteen, this dainty vision of sweet girlhood, and Eleanor Robson could ever be only tender with all young things—"but, Gladys, eighteen is young, and eighteen is selfish, and—did you ever reflect that Annis was once eighteen?"

"So long ago," murmured the girl, regaining some composure.

"Twelve years, yes, I grant you; a life-time at your age; but—can you understand that I too, was once eighteen."

Eighteen of to-day gave a little gasp. The invalid's composure was returning,

and with it her pallor; the fire in her eyes had not dulled, however.

"Forty years ago this time, I admit," she said quietly, "but one does not forget even after forty years; eighteen is a time of magic I grant you. Gladys, love came to Annis at eighteen."

The slim figure on the couch almost came to its feet.

"Love!—Annis!" ejaculated the girl. "Why—why—she *couldn't!*" Gladys' world was spinning round.

The invalid laughed a little bitterly; "No, of course she couldn't, poor child! You were six, and there was no mother, —and there were the others, no, of course, she 'couldn't.'"

"I—I didn't exactly mean that," almost whispered the girl; and then once more she shrank back affrighted, noting the sudden fire which had again leaped to the eyes of the sick woman.

"Of course you didn't—you meant that Annis could never have 'cared,' cared for anybody—'except, perhaps, us, and her violin;' and after all you are not so much to blame, my dear; it seems to have been a household tradition."

"We—*I* never knew," stammered the girl; "Annis never spoke. May I know now?"

Eleanor Robson visibly softened. There was something pathetic, pleading, indescribably touching in the expression of the young face so eagerly now looking into her own. After all, love had come into the child's life—she thought it love, and perhaps it was. One must be lenient, for love is selfish, as well as blind—at eighteen. There are exceptions, but—

"It was a boy and girl affair," she continued quietly, "something that had grown with their growth, but very tender, and sweet and true, and Annis was eighteen and the wedding day was set. And then death came—that of your mother, poor child! and Annis loving her almost as her own, whom she had never known, deferred the date one year. And before the year was up, death again came, claiming this time in the same moment, two victims, your mother's sister, my dear, your aunt Mildred, who had 'mothered' you since your own poor mother's death, and who widowed, and glad of a home, had come to take that mother's place, and—her young companion on the fatal railroad trip,—Annis' promised husband."

Gladys was very pale now; great tears stood in the soft, brown eyes. "Ah!" she breathed, more than spoke.

"Annis grieved—wildly at moments, but mostly in secret, for beneath a tumultuously impetuous nature, a natural temperament of which you, who have lived with her all your life, do not dream, ran a deep strain of sweet unselfishness. She laid her young life, broken, as she thought, but, if she had only known, just beginning to open to all the vast possibilities of love and existence, a sacrifice upon the altar of duty; she relinquished all future dreams of individual happiness; she would merge her existence in that of her father's motherless little ones; she would be a mother to you all, striving lovingly and conscientiously to fill the places of the dear ones gone."

Mrs. Robson paused a moment; her eyes with memories dimmed a trifle, and she continued with some slight difficulty:

"Ah, how well I remember the day she came to me all full of youthful enthusiasm, and this high resolve. I tried to dissuade her, for, Gladys, I was but just at the beginning of my own long trial, and but ill resigned to a life of inaction, and inactivity—and suffering; a death in life, as I bitterly called it. Better, far better than that generous young spirit, I realized the *all* of sacrifice that Annis was contemplating. I knew her better, much better than she knew herself, poor,

brave child! I knew that she was no ordinary girl, that she would develop into no ordinary woman, that years would but add to the charm of sweet womanliness already showing in her face, that the budding comeliness of early youth would but come to full blossom in the prime of womanhood,—as indeed it has come now—and that love would knock once again, and this time with imperious summons, upon the citadel of her passionate heart. And when love so knocked, how would his summons be answered? In the affirmative, were her probation over —for Annis was not made to live alone; we none of us were—*in the negative, were there yet one tithe of the sacrifice to be paid.*

"And," Eleanor Robson paused again, and her voice became lower, and lower —"the divinations of my heart have not proved me wrong. The passionate young grief of the young heart, which colored many of the years succeeding, but which never for one moment dimmed one other life, has all this while been slowly, slowly turning into a power of loving which has been but gaining new force with advancing years. Annis can love, *does* love to-day, and with a love which is as noon to the morning of that first passion. She loves with the love which is an outgrowth of the infinitely fuller life which has come to her through her intimate knowledge of sorrow, and pain, and sacrifice."

Mrs. Robson's voice died away into the merest thread of sound; she leaned her head wearily against the cushions of her chair, and closed her eyes in deep exhaustion.

Gladys' color came and went; the soft brown eyes deepened and darkened; the whole girlish figure grew tremulous with sympathy and comprehension,—and anticipation.

"Is—is it *Robert?* And, will she not marry him?" The girl almost whispered the words.

A tremor passed over the face of the invalid, and she put her hand quickly to her heart.

"Yes, my dear," she said very gently, "it is Robert; and—she will not marry him."

"But, why?" And Gladys bent forward now, all quivering interrogation.

Mrs. Robson's eyes opened slowly, and she regarded her niece.

"Child, *you* ask me why?"

The young girl shrank back affrighted. Her world was going round, and round, and round. She was beginning to think, to think hard, poor little Gladys; and when heedless eighteen begins to think something very romantically unselfish sometimes follows. However, the invalid was speaking again; this time with more calmness.

"According to the modern gospel of individualism which freely accords certain rights of selfishness to the individual, Annis made a fatal mistake in deferring her union with the man whom she has loved for three long years, if not more, —and whom she has now sent from her forever. When happiness came her way she should have 'snatched at it'—your own worldly-wise words, my dear; but there is an older gospel, and to an old woman like me, who has almost finished my life's span, it seems a truer,—the gospel of unselfishness, of self-sacrifice. By this, your sister's life has been ordered; not calmly always, no, I do not say that; for Annis is neither calm nor placid by natural temperament, but with a brave, steadfast determination, which has withstood much, before which another would go down in life's struggle.

"True, she has not had to go out into the world to fight the battle of life. Duty called her to the fireside—and kept her there. And herein has lain the tragedy. Annis has had no youth, none as other girls know the word.

"For years after your mother's death, your father shut himself up in his study

every evening, and refused to receive or allow visitors in the house. He made Annis no allowance, makes her none at the present day—this is well-known to you all—clothed her indeed, but with such grumbling every quarter over the bills, that I've known her to go with one winter gown three winters running, sooner than go through with what was, to her sensitive temperament, the agony of asking for a new one. Gowns and other accessories not being forthcoming, Annis ceased to 'go out,' dropped out of her former social set,—and how she kept her natural sweetness of temper through it all has been a mystery to me,—put far from her youth's ordinary joys, and devoted herself heart and soul to her father's family of four motherless girls.

"One distraction she had, and one alone, and that only because I insisted upon it. Music from her earliest years had been the paramount passion of her nature; she herself had, or has, as you know, natural gifts in that line, far above the ordinary. Annis owes her violin, and all that it has meant to her brave, pure soul, to me,—and she is glad to owe it. God knows I would have given her infinitely more if I could, my dear godchild as she is! but my hands were tied —in many ways.

"And thus with the artistic temperament which she possesses in a marked degree, with 'all the wealth and all the woe' of that temperament, with a natural, though until recently unrecognized as such, hungering for love and happiness, and that fuller life for which every true woman craves, nevertheless she has had to stifle these longings, to deny herself all that youth holds dear, to live a monotonous life, well-fed, well-housed, I grant you,—so are treated the rich man's horses and dogs—but with the wings of her spirit sadly clipt, with a soul hungering for—for—oh! for *everything*.

"And yet, in sweet unconsciousness of her saintly service, she has all these years been spelling the ways and mysteries of God in words so simple that you have all been blind, blind, blind, else you would have read them long ago."

Mrs. Robson came to a stop from sheer want of breath. Gladys, over whose vivid young countenance lights and shadows had alternated in varying succession, now tried to speak, but desisted again at a motion from the older woman.

"I have not finished yet," said the invalid. "I am tired, but I shall go on to the end. You were blind indeed, and yet, I, sometimes in impatience, blame Annis for it all. She loved you with a love that prompted her to shoulder many of the burdens which it would have been better had you been left to carry alone. I have remonstrated with her on the subject, but without avail. In defending her own actions on this point, she once and once only let fall an expression which betrayed how heavy had been the weight of her own cross—how she had felt her burden.

" 'Dear aunt,' she said, 'the children can have but one youth after all; the morning of life comes but once; why not let me keep it sunshiny for them; the clouds will come quickly enough.'

"And so, Constance and Edith, twins of eleven when your poor mother died, Muriel nine, and you, Gladys, six, have had a childhood and youth sunshiny indeed. The little mother's 'mothering' of the twins came to an end on their double wedding day, which as you know was also their nineteenth birthday. And—that day, likewise, marks the first meeting of Annis and Robert Desmond.

"They were mutually attracted from the moment of their meeting, and she was to have been his bride within the year, for Muriel by that time would have been eighteen, home from school, and able to preside at the head of her father's household. All this was known to no

one except myself; had Muriel known in time, Annis thinks she might have wished to sacrifice her 'career' to her elder sister's happiness, but I know otherwise, my dear; for, pledged to secrecy though I was, *I* told Muriel, and my telling had no effect. Muriel felt 'called' to the career of a trained nurse; it was 'so noble to devote one's life to suffering humanity.' As for Annis, oh! Annis would be the last one in the world to wish her to turn aside from such a path of self-sacrifice. Annis always preferred the happiness of others before her own. Home-life, home duties were too narrow, too circumscribed for one of her (Muriel's) nature. Annis had lived contentedly in a restricted sphere for so many years; surely, she could stand it for three or four more, at least till Gladys was 'out,' and able to relieve her of responsibilities. As for Mr. Desmond,— If people truly loved, they would wait a lifetime for each other.

"And so Muriel packed her trunks, and exchanged her graduation frock for the nurse's costume, and is now pursuing her 'career' eminently to her own satisfaction. And a 'career' is very noble, my dear, but a heart, and a sense of duty are still nobler. And—you, Gladys, may add the sequel to this improving tale."

But Gladys sat trembling and silent now, too much moved, too thoroughly wretched to even try to put her thoughts into speech.

"I know it is hard, my dear," continued Mrs. Robson, speaking more gently now; "and I do not ask you to defer your marriage. I simply place before you the story of your sister's life. The announcement of your engagement frustrated their plans for a second time —they were to have been married quietly in the spring, and to have at once gone to Italy, whither Robert in the interests of his art should have repaired two years ago, when he received a commission from a Roman prince to restore some famous statuary in one of the most famous of old Italy's palaces. He deferred his going—though the offer meant much to him both financially and in his career as a sculptor—until he could carry with him as his bride, 'sweet Annis Carringway,' for so, he has quaintly spoken of her to me. But 'sweet Annis Carringway' has now sent him from her forever, for in her eyes duty calls her to remain with the aged, widowed father, bereft now of all his other daughters, and needing constant care and attention in these, his declining days.

"True, Robert would be glad to have your father make his home with them after their marriage, but—you know your father's peculiarities, my dear; a transplanting at his time of life would break him up completely. And, besides he could not, rather, would not, live abroad; even for the three or four years that it would be necessary for Robert and Annis to do so. In addition, Annis recognizing her *fiancé's* great talent, which has already lifted him into the foremost rank of sculptors, conceives it to be his duty to give that talent the fullest possible chance of development. So, Annis, with a brave face but a breaking heart, has sent Robert far from her—away alone to 'sunny Italy,' bidding him never think of her, lest thought of her should distract him from his great life-work. Brave, but foolish child!"

Mrs. Robson threw out both hands in a gesture of fervor— "Can she not realize that thought of her, love of her, will, *must*, inform all his future life-work! That it will be the dominating force which will carry him on to the accomplishment of a work of genius!"

Gladys got to her feet, a strange, bright light upon her fair, young face.

"When does—Robert sail, dear aunt?" she asked in her usual clear, crisp voice.

Mrs. Robson raised her eyes to her niece's face.

"He left by the 'Citta di Milano' at nine o'clock this morning."

"Oh!" The girl's face was a study. Then the clear, crisp tones again; "Well, good-bye, dear Aunt Eleanor. I am glad, so glad of all you told me. And, now I am going home—to add the sequel."

II.

Home,

Jan. 19th, 19—

"Dearest Dent:

I am an eminently practical young person as I believe you already know. A relative of mine (who shall be nameless) recently added the pleasing information that I am likewise a 'little monster'—further embellishing the statement by tacking on to it the many adjectived epithet 'selfish, tyrannical, unfeeling, little wretch!' Now, dear boy, I know your gore is rising, but pray keep cool; I did—comparatively, and it was harder on me than it is on you. However, having heard—and subscribed to (it's much easier to do that than to quarrel) the statement, behold, I proceed to reform. I want to come to you dearest, — hey-diddle-diddle! — doesn't 'dearest' look funny on paper? Dent, I am not a bit sentimental; perhaps—perhaps you'd better try and find a girl who is. But, oh, dear, don't—I—I mean I *dare you to!*

"But, to cut across lots, I mean to say that I come to you—with an odd proposition or two. It seems that there's been a love affair going on right under our very noses—not our own, but another one — guess, — Annis, our Annis, and Mr. Desmond, Robert! Of course they're both terribly old; she's thirty (you're coming into the family, so I don't mind telling you our ages), and he,—gracious! he must be at least thirty-five! But au—the relation I mean who says I'm four different kinds of a wretch,—also says that this is the time when you get true love; I suppose it's like the measles; the older you are the harder you get it.—Oh! *now* I am twenty-four kinds of a 'wretch.'

"But Dentie, dear, I don't mean to be, I truly don't. I'm simply wild with sympathy for dear Annis, and so will you be when you hear of all the heroic things she has done. But, I think it's about time for her to stop being heroic, and let herself just simply be loved. It's awfully nice to just simply let one's self be loved. Isn't it—sweetheart? That's a real pretty word on paper, I think I'll write it again.

"Well, sweetheart—oh! it's a lovely word!—I'm really silly enough to care so much for you that I simply couldn't be 'heroic' if heroic meant throwing you over, as Annis has thrown Robert. Seems to me that she is wrecking his happiness as well as her own—and after all the 'man of it' deserves a little consideration. While I was listening to the why and wherefore of it all (not told by Annis, no indeed, *never*), I was wrought up to such a pitch that I was ready to solemnly 'renounce the devil with all his works and pomps'—that's you, sweetheart—and vow eternal spinsterhood, and untiring devotion to father's declining days. But, being a firm believer in the text that 'it is not good for man to be alone,'—and especially woman, and being, moreover as I told you, an eminently practical body, by the time that 'winter's tale' was told, I had come to the firm determination that Annis and Robert should be married within the week.

"But—lo! and behold! the splendid, grand goose—he is splendid and grand, but a goose all the same, a *gander* rather, I suppose I ought to say,—well, the magnificent, adorable gander is by this time upon the high seas; he took a boat to Naples yesterday morning. It's a slow tub, I imagine—the Citta di Milano.

Dent, dear, couldn't you catch it somehow, somewhere by—by 'wireless' or—or something? Anyhow cable at once to Gibraltar and also to Naples (for fear of weather not permitting a stop at the 'Rock') this message: 'Return by next boat. I shall marry you. Annis.' That's eminently practical and to the point.

"And now about ourselves. We must give up the cottage idea—sweetheart. Father simply can't spare me; he told me so last night; we had a—what do you call it?—heart-to-heart talk. So, if you marry me, you'll have to marry father and this big house into the bargain. It's rather appalling to think of poor little me running the establishment, but the servants are fortunately gems of their kind, and then—I shall have you, and love has been known to thrive quite as well in a mansion as in a cottage—though I shall always regret that dear little cottage of our dreams.

"I've torn up all the plans over which we spent so many foolish, happy hours—; to tear that rose-room right through the middle and then sideways and backwards 'most broke my heart, but never mind, we'll manage a 'rose-room' here, right in the heart of the city,—though I *shall* miss the birds and the flowers, and the soft green grass, and most of all the little rose-vine that was to have framed the casement of the rose-room of our dreams.

"But—mind you, not a word to Annis of all this. I'm up to my eyes in business, planning her *trousseau;* I told father last night he'd have to 'shell out' handsomely, first and foremost for Annis, and then for me. You know father never gets mad with me. The others never dared to say a word to him, except Muriel, and her expressed opinions when they didn't agree with his were usually dubbed 'impudence;' some of them were (I have 'it in' for *her),* but some of them weren't.

"Good-bye, dearest Dentie; come up this evening and I shall tell you all; I am sending this by messenger.

"Four kinds of a little wretch, but ever yours,

"Gladys."

"N. B. I am glad my relation (who shall be nameless) had a chance to call me names yesterday. It was tragic while it lasted, but, after all, it needn't have been at all, really. I could just fall on my knees to Annis for *everything;* I could weep bucketsfull over her, but at the same time I could and would like to shake her! I could and would like to shake some selfish common-sense into her. Being four kinds of a wretch I may, I presume, be allowed the expression of such sentiments. Three short sentences, and I would have understood everything; 'Gladys, I love Robert; Robert loves me; we are going to get married!'—that would have done it. But I suppose she didn't have the courage—after Muriel; but dear boy, I am talking in conundrums; good-bye till eight. G."

* * * *

"Do not destroy them, Annis; I shall claim them some day."

Why should the words so persistently ring in her ears to-night? Why should they write themselves over and over in letters of flame starting and leaping from the glowing embers? Three and twenty days had passed since his going; in all that time no word had reached her. True, she had barred all further correspondence between them; it was to be a final parting; she would leave him free, free, free; free to give all his mind and soul to his art; free, to, in time, give his heart to—another woman!

Annis came to her feet with an inarticulate cry of horror. It was the first time that thought, that possibility, had presented itself as a reality. And, it might be, even now. Three and twenty

days, and not one line, not one word! Already he had forgotten her; surely he did not love her! "For love watcheth, and sleepeth, slumbereth not; . . . but like a vivid flame and a burning torch it mounteth upwards, and securely passeth through all." And, like a vivid flame and a burning torch, over and over again the words burned themselves into her brain; "Do not destroy them, Annis; I shall claim them some day."

Her letters to him, returned by the man in a spirit of chivalry, but which he had so tenderly besought her not to destroy! she had locked them within her desk, though all hope had died in her heart as she did so. Many, as she recalled now, musing in the wintry twilight, had been signed "Beatrice," for so he had often called her, his "Beatrice," his "Lady so fair and blessed." And in her loyal, loving heart, Annis had vowed to be ever and always "Beatrice," ever and always his highest inspiration. And now—this Beatrice of reality bid fair to be as unattainable as the Beatrice of the poet's dream.

She sank down again into the deep chair before the glowing embers; the distant hum of the great city ever and anon came to her ears; the fitful firelight danced about the room; the shadows grew and lengthened, and again—yes, again two figures were upon the hearth-rug, and—and one was kneeling, as it had been when they parted, kneeling then in an abandonment of woe, but it was not the woman this time. *He* was there, *there at her feet!*

"Robert!"

"Annis!"

* * * *

"And so, it wasn't a bit like the 'paradiso,' Beatrice came to earth and Dante found her, and they loved each other ever after, and—it's much more comfortable all around."

Gladys raised her glowing face, and dancing eyes from the broad shoulders against which they had been hidden.

"I'm a bit mixed in my tenses, Dentie, dear, and—I'm four kinds of a wretch—but—but—" Gladys got her breath after a moment, "I could give up ten thousand thousand rose-rooms for one glance from the eyes of this morning's bride,—'so fair, so passing lovely, Beatrice showed.'"

NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER XXII (Continued).

"The artist? His was one of those dreamy, poetic temperaments—he brooded over the one idea and let it prey upon him. He never succeeded in dislodging that girl from his heart. He was stricken a few years afterward with an incurable disease—that was how I became acquainted with him—and he told me he was glad to go. He was positive that she was dead."

"Intensely romantic, but not practical," said John Rollinson. To him this savored of sentimentality, and he abhorred it. "It would not be well for the world if there were many like him."

"I wonder!" returned Dr. Grant. "It is well for the world that there are a few such. I am, I flatter myself, a bit prosaic in spite of my passion for old and artistic things. Nevertheless, when I think of him, something warm stirs my blood. Perhaps it is because I share his enthusiasm for the beauty of the woman he never saw."

He touched a little spring in the black case which he had been holding on his knee and the top flew up. Then he took the miniature from its bed of velvet, and John Rollinson bent forward eagerly. It was surely one of the sweetest faces that had ever come from the brush of an artist, and here again the soul-expression was greatly in evidence. The dark eyes met one's glance appealingly, gentle as a fawn's; soft waves of dark hair, curved around shining forehead and graceful throat; the red lips were pleading, smiling, wistful. Nothing could equal the deft touch that had brought out the potential emotions behind those lovely features—the longing and the pathos, the purity and desire for affection.

"There is a certain fascination in that face for everyone," said Carroll Trevor. "And I have never blamed the artist. It it too bad we know no more about her."

Dr. Grant shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing but what I have told you. I am ignorant of her birth, her origin, whether she was maid, wife, or widow. I do not know the name of the man who took the first painting. I am as much in the dark as you are—and I like it. It adds to the mystery."

He turned to John Rollinson, inquiringly, then his expression changed to one of surprise—for there was a bewildered look on the young man's face. He met Dr. Grant's eyes with the stupid stare that one gives to people or things when one is half-awake. Something had taken the life out of his countenance.

"I am dreaming," he said, in an expressionless voice. "This is only a dream. I'll wake up presently—it will be all right then."

Trevor looked at him in some anxiety.

"It isn't possible," said John Rollinson, still in that quiet tone, as if he were indeed asleep and arguing with himself; "this is just a vagary. I've had the subject too much on my mind lately, and I suppose—"

"What is the matter?" asked Trevor, rising from his chair, and laying his hand on the young man's shoulder.

A look of perplexity shot across John Rollinson's face.

"It all seems so natural," he said, looking up at Trevor. "But you understand, don't you? Why, it's impossible—I tell you it's impossible."

"Come, come," said Trevor, puzzled. He shook him. "Wake up, man, wake up."

"Is he subject to anything of this sort, I wonder?" said Dr. Grant, in a troubled tone. "He seemed perfectly rational—"

John Rollinson sprang to his feet.

"If you wouldn't mind opening the window?" and his voice was faint. "Thank you. No, no, don't put the miniature away, Dr. Grant. I am rational—I am all right now." He took a deep breath of the fresh air and passed his hand over his forehead. Then he went back again to the table. He was deathly pale as he stood looking down on the pictured face.

"I have had a great shock," he said.

"It is not possible that you recognize the face?" ventured Dr. Grant, hesitatingly.

"Yes." He detached the charm from his watch-chain. "I may be mistaken—will you satisfy me? That locket contains a picture of my mother—small, but very clear. I should like you both to look. If it is fancy—" His lips, in spite of his self-control, were quivering.

"It is the same,' said Dr. Grant, in an awed voice; "probably a reduction of the photograph from which the miniature was copied. But it is the same—eyes, hair, and everything.

"I do not wonder," he continued, "that the sight of the miniature unnerved you. And my distressing story! I am so sorry, Dr. Rollinson."

"My mother disappeared before I was a year old—almost twenty-nine years ago," said John Rollinson, "broken-hearted because she imagined that her husband, my father, no longer cared for her. She had no relatives to whom she could have turned, and he searched for her all his life without discovering a single trace. He left the finding of her as a legacy to me. I have done a little, indeed, but an effort of that sort after such a space of time seems hopeless on the very face of it. Only this very day I felt that this ignorance of her ending was a blot upon my happiness. Tell me, is it not a dispensation of Divine Providence that I should be here—*here,* gazing at a picture of my mother, the first clue in so many years?"

"Strange!" said Dr. Grant. "I have never heard a stranger tale."

"My father told me of this photograph. It was taken at his earnest desire soon after their marriage. And from your story she must have been dying when this was painted. But where? With whom? For whom was the work executed? What was the man's name? Surely there is some way of finding out? Surely the artist left papers, letters—"

"Maybe," said Dr. Grant, courteously. "There were such things, and I have kept them. Yet do not allow that fact to raise your hopes. He was an impractical fellow—probably kept no record—"

"Help me," said John Rollinson, impetuously, "help me. If you knew how much my peace of mind depends on this!"

"Everything that can be done shall be done, believe me," said Dr. Grant. "I will go over every single paper in my possession. Come back here to-morrow morning, and you shall know just how much to expect from this unforeseen occurrence."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Clue and Where it Led.

It was not the first time in Dr. Grant's experience that he had come across a romance. In fact there was scarcely a treasure in his collection that had not attached to it its humorous or pathetic tale. He knew each one by heart, but dearest of all had been that story of his artist-friend, poor Norman. His affection was stronger than he thought for that sad, sweet face, on which had been lavished such a wealth of hopeless love. He had known the painter well, as he told John Rollinson, and sympathized with him, for his had been no maudlin sentiment, and no one had ever heard that story from his lips save Dr. Grant alone—nor did Dr. Grant ever repeat it except on rare occasions. It had been told to him

in one of those moments that come to every human heart, those sacred moments when the soul expands and pours out its wealth of feeling to one whom it trusts. Never, by the wildest stretch of his imagination, could the old man have anticipated this further development of that eventful tale. He shook his head.

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends," he said to himself.

As for John Rollinson, he went back to his hotel dazed and bewildered, thankful for the silent companionship of Trevor, who left him at the door, with a shake of the hand. He had taken a liking to John Rollinson, and was anxious to be of service, but he understood that no one could help him at that moment, or do him a greater favor than leave him to himself.

Going to his room, the young man threw himself into a chair. The memory of his mother was so faint, the search had been so fruitless, that no freak of fancy had ever brought success before him. And he owed this to chance! After his father's endeavors, prayers, and hopes, the trained skill that had been brought to bear in the pursuit of one woman, he, John Rollinson, drifted into the study of an antiquary merely to gratify an idle whim—and that idle whim became the means of his great discovery.

"I cannot believe it," said he. "This is not chance—this is God's hand. There is nothing done by chance. Else why should this come now—*now,* when my mother's fate was the only gray in my happy sky? I will not believe that this is chance."

He was excited with anticipations of he knew not what. Slowly and deliberately, he began to pace the floor with regular steps, and before long his brain ceased to beat in such a maddening fashion and his nervousness abated. He thought of Dr. Grant's last words:

"Calm yourself. Time is the only preparation for what may be failure. Do not let your hopes rise too high."

He felt the wisdom of this advice as he considered the matter in all its aspects. The artist, according to Dr. Grant, had been dead twenty years or more. The picture had been taken while his mother was in her first youth, shortly after she had married Horace Rollinson. That was thirty years ago, for was not he, her son, twenty-nine? How did the man who had the miniature painted secure a copy of the photograph, if she had not given it? And, again according to Dr. Grant, she must even then have been dying. His father's words came back to him:

"Whatever she did, or wherever she went, I know her heart broke the night she left us."

John Rollinson sighed, as he sighed over every creature that suffered. That story of Dr. Grant's had power to pain him. If there had been any end to gain by that suffering it would not have mattered so much—

No end? He drew himself up. No end? He saw the careless, brilliant, godless man of the world humbled, subjected to the chastening rod, and bending gradually until resignation came; until the faith in which he had caused his son to be brought up in memory of the lost one claimed him too, and made him one with her wherever she might be.

A messenger tapped lightly on the door, bearing a note from his official friend, announcing the completion of every detail in "Jerry Phelan's" case. He had known that earlier in the day, but he appreciated the thoughtfulness of this final notification. He read the letter three times before he took in its full import, because at sight of that name his mind seemed to shake off its confusion. He grew ashamed of the depression that weighed upon his spirits. How little he had to regret, how little he had sacrificed,

how much he had to be grateful for! He remembered the calm, staid, even-tempered man who had spoken to Mac Selleck. "My soul is covered up," he had said; "it is a blessed possession, but I am a stranger to it." He was that no longer, and his knowledge brought him nearer to the girl he loved. She had had no one to help her bear the struggle—no one. But now, if God were only kind, not a single shadow would rest upon him or her. "And the Lord do so to me, and more also," he thought reverently, "if ever I betray my trust."

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That when a soul is found sincerely so
A thousand liveried angels lackey her:
Driving far off each thought of sin and guilt."

A smile curved his lips as somewhere out of the books he loved the words came to him, for these words expressed his feelings that night—"her night and Dan's" as she had called it. It had been his night, too, but he had not known it then.

"Because she is so pure," he said, "because she is so strong, because she is so self-sacrificing. Because, because, because! That is it, thank God—because!"

They laugh at it as a woman's reason, that word "because." But when our littleness stands face to face with His great majesty, we can only clasp our hands mutely, prayerfully, trustingly, and repeat over and over that great because. Because Thou hast said it, we believe. Because *Thou* hast said it we believe. Not understanding—but because of Thy word. We believe, O Lord, help Thou our unbelief!

* * * *

His sleep that night was broken, although he succeeded in attaining a certain calmness of mind, and it was with sufficient appearance of composure that he presented himself at Dr. Grant's the next morning, after Mass. The old man looked at him approvingly, and ushered him into that room, every detail of which would be forever impressed upon his memory. Nothing was said until both were seated at the table. On its dark surface, beside the case containing the miniature, were a number of papers, yellowed with age, and a rusty, worn notebook. John Rollinson felt a strange excitement quiver through his entire frame. His eyes fastened on these greedily. Was the secret there? Was his mother's fate to be revealed? And now Dr. Grant began to speak:

"Here is every paper Norman left," he said. "I have gone carefully over every single line. I have discovered—nothing."

"Nothing!" John Rollinson started. Dr. Grant raised his hand.

"Wait. I am telling my worst news first. In these papers there is absolutely no trace, but in this little book there is an entry—merely a name. I shall not allow you to read any part of it but one—it is too sacred: the uncovering of what was really a wonderful soul. I realized it more fully as I went over the book today, and as soon as you have finished I shall destroy it. I would not care to leave it even for the most reverent eyes that might come after mine."

He need not have feared irreverence from John Rollinson, for the young man took the book almost with awe. He read the few words that meant so much to him.

"Edmund Warden called to-day to see how the miniature progresses. He is a lawyer, I have discovered. I tried to question him—but I am only an artist! That my future should hinge upon this man's word, and the dark eyes of an unknown woman!"

"And that is all," said Dr. Grant. "His name—the name of the man who had the picture made, was Edmund Warden. He was a lawyer, presumably of your own

city, for Norman always resided there until a few years preceding his death. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Warden! A lawyer in New York thirty years ago!" There was a note of disappointment in John Rollinson's voice. "I'm afraid the clue will lead me blind again—the name is strange." He knitted his brows. "I must thank you for your courtesy to me," he added, in grateful tones, "I—"

"No, no," exclaimed Dr. Grant, "do not thank me. After all, it's a very slight clue."

"Nevertheless, you—"

"Give it into the hands of some good people," interrupted Dr. Grant again, with an evident dislike to hearing any more words of gratitude from the young man's lips.

"I will," said John Rollinson, rising. "I must start for home at once. I want to reach the city this evening."

"I can sympathize with you," said Dr. Grant. "But, before I forget—" he laid his hand upon his visitor's arm. "We grow attached in spite of ourselves, I think, to some inanimate things, and as we grow older the attachment gains upon us. I have come to look upon this miniature as a personal treasure, though indeed its intrinsic value may be but little. I therefore desire to keep it. When I have no farther use for it, it shall be sent to you."

John Rollinson comprehended his meaning. They clasped hands silently, the younger man gratified, the older well-pleased. The thoughtfulness of Dr. Grant touched him, and he was much moved, not alone by the emotions that had been his all morning, but by the tenderness of feeling which this expression had induced. His eyes filled with tears—tears he was not ashamed to show as he raised his head.

"You will not mind letting me see it once more?" he asked. "Somehow—it is not her beauty, I mean now—it's the expression, the sentiment, the shadow. She *must* have looked like that. It is impossible, of course, for me to remember her, but that face haunts me."

"I understand," said Dr. Grant. "It haunts every one who has ever seen it."

He opened the case again, and they stood together, looking down at the sweet girlishness portrayed on that background of pale gold; the waves of soft hair, the fawn-like eyes. John Rollinson gazed at it a long time. The tears that had wet his lashes were on his cheeks when he turned away.

"Wherever she went or whatever she did, I know her heart broke the night she left us," he whispered.

(To be continued.)

FÊTE DES VIGNERONS AT VEVEY.

BY SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

An exquisitely lovely country, a flourishing hereditary industry dating back to remote ages, a patriotic people animated by intense love of their native mountains,— Behold the solid foundations upon which the *Fête des Vignerons* has grown to be a national festival of the first importance! Vevey itself, the flourishing little Vaudois town with a population of fifteen thousand inhabitants, lies on the border of Lake Lemen. It engages for the most part in fabricating cigars and chocolate, condensing milk, lactisising flour, preparing the Nestle's Food known in nurseries all over the world, and offering the hospitality of its many first class hotels to visitors from every clime. The neighboring hills which encircle and protect the town are covered as far as the eye can follow with fruitful vineyards stretching up to the clouds, and if the various vintages they produce have not the world renown of those of Burgundy and Bordeaux, of the Rhineland of Germany, and the champagne country of France, they at any rate enjoy much local esteem, and delight the sturdy Veveysans who once in fifteen years hold high revel and draw visitors from afar, to sing the praises of Bacchus, and glorify the vine.

This Vevey *fête* which has been celebrated regularly since the beginning of the seventeenth century was carried out with unwonted enthusiasm and success in the early days of the August of this year.

An open-air theatre with 1,800 local performers! This immense company, so far from being paid for their services, provided their own costumes, and in spite of their busy lives found time to submit to a constant drilling in their several parts, during a period extending over two years. For was not the splen-

SCENE IN THE FETE DES VIGNERONS.

did *fête* their very own? And who so concerned in the perfect carrying out of every detail as the sons and daughters of Vevey and the vineyards? A complete readjustment of the time-tables of trains, trams, steam-boats and funiculars, regulated solely with regard to the Representation; a prompt disposal of tickets for every performance, and for all parts of the theatre, as soon as the bureau for their sale was opened; a well-considered scheme of decoration whereby the entire town was for ten days transformed into a fairyland of flags and flowers;— all this tipsy-turveydom in a quiet industrial centre such as Vevey will give some idea of the importance of the great *Fête des Vignerons.*

The Representation, which is traditional, is always more or less the same, —a kind of allegory in which Nature, Labor, the Seasons, Ceres, Pallas, and above all "Jolly Bacchus, God of Drinking," are in turn invoked, danced, and sung to. This year a local poet and local composer shaped the customary songs and dances into form, and between them produced the unique and beautiful spectacle which so much delighted the thousands of eager visitors of various classes and climes which it had drawn to Vevey.

As a spectacle indeed the representation was perfect; as a national festival of a pious Protestant people it was misleading; as a school for the children and young people, who had continually rehearsed its verses for two years, it may be doubted whether the complete ignoring of the Creator and Preserver of the universe, and the deifying of Nature and Labor (*La Nature et le travail*), was wholesome teaching. One would have welcomed the slightest word indicating that behind the types of Wisdom, Fruitfulness, and Wine (which Pallas and Bacchus represented), there was a Divine Providence concerned in the destiny of mortals. But that saving word was missing.

The hardy Switzers, who, from first peep of day-break until the long twilight is merged in night, toil contentedly among their vines, do not hold as did the bard of a less sun-lit land that

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

And so at five o'clock in the morning of the opening day a salvo of twenty-two guns roused Vevey and the neighboring mountain villages, calling insistently on actors and audience alike to rally promptly to the scene of action. The hours of the representation were from eight o'clock till midday. Of course even for the spectators, parasols which would have obstructed the view were out of the question, and many among the performers were bareheaded. But the fierce summer sun, pouring down with full force on the *estrade*, so far from making the assembly languish only seemed to raise expectancy and enthusiasm to fever point.

There was no stage in the usual sense in this theatre, the spectators being grouped in raised tiers round the vast arena where the performers went through their evolutions. The entrance and falling into position of the various processions which filed into the porticoed entry to the arena was very impressive. First came the Abbé President of the *fête*. This title comes down from Catholic times when Lord Abbots were important personages in Vevey. He was attended by his councillors in court dress, — Louis XV. — with powdered hair. Then came a gorgeous body of men in scarlet uniform with sweeping white plumes in their sombreros. These men were officially styled "The Swiss," but why more particularly Swiss than the rest of the cortege was never made clear to me. The vignerons, sun-browned and sturdy, followed. They wore a kind of forester's dress of dark green cloth, and looked rather like a band of Robin Hoods who had given up the romance of the road, and settled down to honest humdrum ways of living.

The most serious part of the proceedings on the opening day of the *fête* was the awarding of gold medals and other recompenses to those who had made the choicest wine, since the last festival. The old gentleman who had the best record was solemnly crowned with a wreath of laurel in sight of all competitors. This proceeding was eminently un-English (not necessarily the worse for that) and the bald head shining out through the decoration had a curious effect in real life, though it looks quite classic and proper in an art gallery of Grecian busts.

Grim old Winter came first in the procession of the seasons, sharing the occupations of vignerons and agriculturists during that dismal part of the year; and with Winter a village wedding party. Naturally the wedding guests did not allow the opportunity to pass without harmoniously chanting good wishes for bride and bridegroom. Then a party of hunters with their dogs came along, followed by wood cutters with a log-laden sledge. The wood cutters sang a rousing chorus with much brandishing of axes, the old women with the spinning wheels sang too, and the old men prepared stakes for the vine. This procession ended by a fine solo sung by a sower of seed, whose companions with appropriate gestures scattered grain to the accompaniment of the orchestra.

Winter was followed by joyous Spring and the chariot of Pallas. A lovely band of young girls and children, rose-crowned and waving diaphanous white scarfs, paid homage to the goddess, wreathing her altar with garlands of flowers, while her priestess chanted

THE CAR OF SPRING.

her praises and the countless joys of Spring. This function was followed by a fascinating ballet of little Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses, so graceful, and so prettily dressed, that they looked as if they were a set of Dresden china suddenly animated with the breath of life and set a-dancing. They also had their chorus, which imitated the call of the cuckoo, and they sang as prettily as they danced.

After the cortege of Pallas and Spring came Ceres and Summer. The

CURRAT.
The famous singer of the "Ranz des Vaches."

colors of the riper season were crimson, deep blue, and gold, while radiant Spring had been decked in white and the pale pink of opening buds. The invocation of the beneficent goddess having been duly sung by her priestess, and rites rendered by the troops of youths and maidens who surrounded her chariot, there followed a series of ballets and choruses indicative of the pleasing labor Summer brings in her train. First came the reapers, then the gleaners, who in the supposed intervals of respite from their toil gave themselves whole-heartedly to dance and song. While the frolic was at its highest thunder rolled and the orchestra crashed out a storm. In wild disorder reapers, gleaners, and other merry-makers rushed from the fields, not of course before they had sung a chorus telling the audience of their alarm. Then the priestess besought Ceres to relent, the goddess was pacified, the storm subsided, the haymakers stacked their hay or loaded their wagons, the threshers beat the wheat, the winnowers sifted it to a musical accompaniment, and the whole work of the farm proceeded harmoniously. Then along came the *Armaillis,* or dairy men, leading a herd of such magnificent cows, large and milk-laden, as are only to be found in Swiss pastures. These superb creatures wear, with the air of conscious beauties, the huge bells which proclaim them queens of the herd, and leaders of lesser kine. Like the lady of the nursery rhyme who was to be seen at Banbury Cross, they have music wherever they go, and if the state of their nervous system were not on a par with their grand physique the weight of these ponderous bells and their incessant jangling might drive them to the supreme bovine feat recorded in the history of the cat and the fiddle. The ringing of these cow bells made an appropriate setting to the popular *Ranz Des Vaches,* which was magnificently sung by M. Placide Currat, helped by many voices among the audience to whom it meant much.

And now at last comes the procession of Autumn and Bacchus to which all the rest has been merely a prelude. For is this not the *Fête des Vignerons?* Young Bacchus, a beautiful, vine-crowned youth, is attended by bands of satyrs, fauns, and bacchantes, and by the hideous and disreputable old Silenus, who, in the celebration of 1889, had taken the

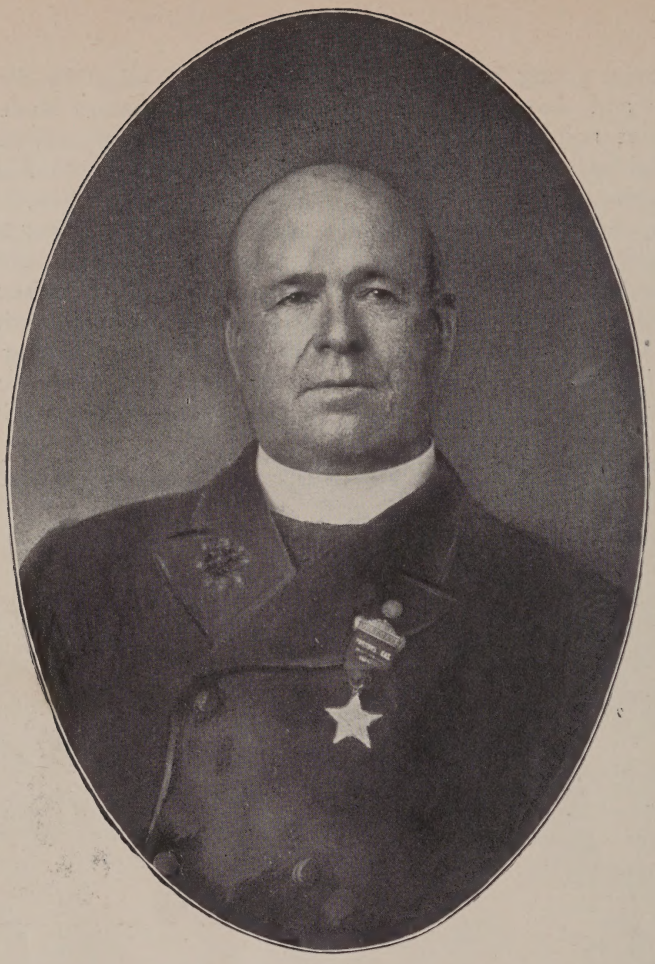
part of the jovial young god of wine. His make-up and bearing portrayed graphically what may be the ultimate fate of beautiful boys if they indulge in too many carousals.

It was now the turn of the Grand Priest of Bacchus to invoke his patron and sing the praises of wine. This was done with much fervor, bacchantes and satyrs joining in a wild chorus recounting the fierce joy of drunkenness which brings forgetfulness of trouble and cure for pain. The ballet of the bacchantes, fauns, and satyrs, though a wild romp very unlike the stately steps of some of the earlier dances, and the grace and daintiness of the Watteau group, was not indecorous. It was followed by the prettiest and most original of all the ballets — the dance of the Autumn leaves. The children and young girls who took part in it were dressed in soft floating garments of all the colors the falling vine leaves assume, and seemed rather to be blown about by the wind than to make any voluntary movement. All the work of the vineyard, and the precautionary dealings with *Blak Root, Phylloxéra, and Mildiou,* the principal scourges vignerons have to fight against, were gone through with explanatory dance and song, each succeeding measure, and the effective dressing of the different groups, showing how carefully every detail had been studied. A four hours' performance which had held the audience from beginning to end was brought to a "triumphant conclusion by an inspiring hymn to labor."

ONE OF THE DANCES.

"Travail sacré, qui nous rendis heureux,
Tu nous a fait chérir comme une mère
Ce doux pays au pied des grands monts bleus."

The celebration was one of which the Vevey vignerons may justly feel proud, and one which will not easily be effaced from the mind pictures of those who had the good fortune to witness it.



REV. J. F. LEARY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Chapman, Kansas, has reason to be proud of the distinction conferred on it by the appointment of the Rev. J. F. Leary, as National Chaplain of the G. A. R. The remarks made by the newly-appointed Chaplain, in acknowledgment of the loyalty of his friends, were very apt, and full of the whole-souled kindliness so characteristic of the much loved priest.

"Commander and Fellow Comrades," said Father Leary; "this is the gladdest hour of my life. I now feel as I felt sixty years ago, when my mother put my first new suit on me. When our regiment, the 15th New York Engineers, were hurrying into Pittsburg to pontoon the Appomattox and rebuild the bridge that the retreating army of Gen. Lee had burned behind them, we met an old slave in an express wagon on the side of which was written in large letters the word 'Express.' He stood up in his wagon, the lines in one hand and his old hat in the other, which he kept swinging while he screamed 'I cannot express myself—I cannot express myself—I cannot express myself.'

"Comrades; you have put me in the express wagon and I feel like that old slave I cannot express myself. I most profoundly thank you. I will spend this year using every means with energy in doing what I can for the welfare of the G. A. R. I thank you again and gladly do I say 'God bless you all forever.'"

Father Leary was born near Lawrence, in New York State, in 1845. He served with the Army of the Potomac, and after the War

entered the University of Niagara, where he spent four years. He also studied at St. Vincent's, Germantown, Pa., and at St. John's, Collegeville, Minn. Ordained in the Cathedral, at Leavenworth, by Bishop Flink, Father Leary took up his first charge at Stranger, where he built a church. His activity as a builder is denoted by the fact that he built a church at Meriden, a beautiful church and parochial residence at Solomon, a church at Banner City, and the parochial school and parsonage at Abilene—all within six years. Nor did his work in parish buildings cease with this record. Several other edifices were reared under his energetic direction, including the church at Herrington. In 1893 Father Leary was moved to Chapman, and among the numerous works that bear witness to his untiring energy is the Padilla monument.

Chapman, 150 miles west of Kansas City, was settled fifty years ago by a few Irish families. Forty years ago a Jesuit Father, working among the Indians on the plains of Kansas, came across this little settlement, and made his home among the hospitable emigrants. They built a church, the first on the plains west of St. Mary's Mission, and to-day Chapman claims with pride the ownership of the third finest church in the state, attended by one hundred families, the heads of whom are prosperous farmers. Father Leary is beloved by all, and his Protestant friends unite with his parishioners in honoring the priest.

G. A. R.

During his missionary visits to remote and unfrequented districts the Rev. Cornelius A. Shyne, S. J., was deeply impressed with the need of Catholic training for the young in such places. Without such training they must grow up in unbelief or become apostates.

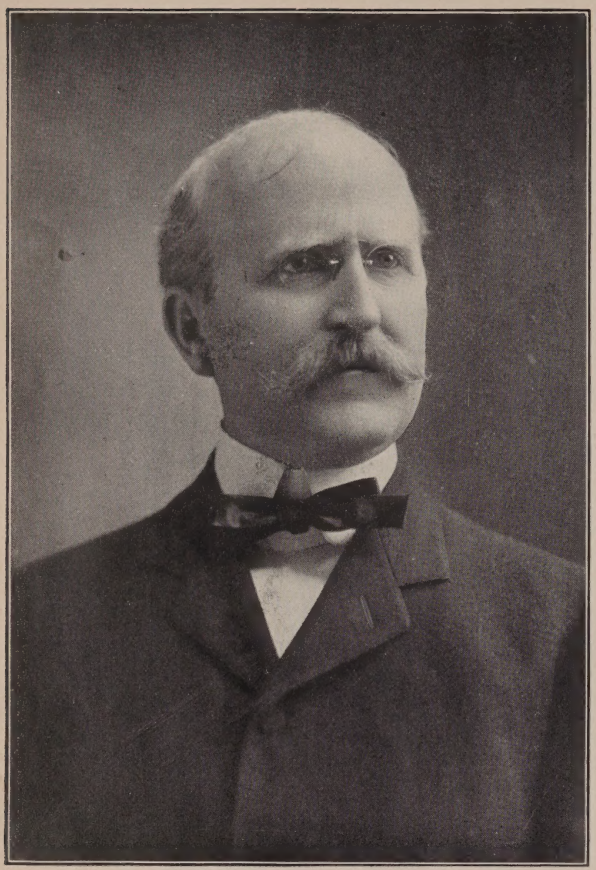
Father Shyne began to give "little missions to little children" in country places where the little ones lack the benefits of Catholic schooling, and only occasional attendance at Mass; it being his belief, founded on experience, that the seed thus sown will bear fruit in the later days when the children have taken their places as fathers and mothers of families. This was vacation work for the zealous Jesuit, who after a year of hard work recalling grown up sinners, turned with unabated zest to the delightful task of working among the little ones of the fold.

REV. CORNELIUS A. SHYNE, S.J.

The work prospered, and singlehanded Father Shyne kept it up for three years, giving to it his brief vacation days and rejoicing to see that his efforts were not lost. The children were eager for the little retreats; after the first one, they looked forward to the one promised for the next vacation; and little bands were formed for the teaching of catechism, that the missionary might see, on his next visit, how well they were profiting by his instructions.

So was the seed sown. And as it is essentially a work according to the letter and spirit of the Jesuit constitution, it appealed strongly to the Provincial of the St. Louis Province, Very Rev. Joseph Grimmelsman, S. J., who designated Father Shyne as the leader of a band of missionaries to prosecute the work in various quarters.

The first requisite of the work, which is intended to reach the children from the ages of seventeen down, is that the missionary be in it, heart and soul. And he must understand children. There are numbers of



GEORGE E. CLARKE.

splendid missionaries but not all have the gift of reaching the child-heart. "Faith comes by hearing," says St. Paul, and the impression made upon the young heart will depend a great deal upon the heart of the preacher.

The first care of these missionaries will be the children in remote districts, but their work will by no means be confined to these. It is Father Shyne's desire that all pastors who have parochial schools should set aside three or four days every year for these spiritual exercises; so that in time they may become a part of the parochial school curriculum. The good wrought in cementing the basis of a true religious foundation would no doubt prove incalculable.

One thing emphasized during the retreats will be the real dangers which the children will meet in after life.

The future with its dangers in cities, factories, offices, dance halls and saloons, will be put vividly before the boys and girls, so that when they leave home they may not have to learn by sad experience what they might have been saved from by a few meditations and illustrations. The tempter, and the haunts of sin and its consequences will be depicted in language that will warn against but will not teach sin.

Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon is greatly interested in the movement, which he considers one of great importance in church extension, and in the saving of souls. He has given the originator of the work great encouragement, and hopes to see it carried out all over the country.

The future of religion in this country is in the hands of the children of to-day. Present-day atheism, indifferentism and lack of religion, if not checked, will develop into actual scoffing at religion in a few years. The children must be reached; the country children, as well as those in cities, for who knows where the bare-footed country lad and lassie may find themselves in a few years, in these days of kaleidoscope changes? The children must be fortified with safeguards; they must be impregnated with religious teaching; they must be taught the difference between success—so called—and progress in the real things of life; above all, they must be impressed with the sublime beauties of their faith so that no matter what comes they may have a haven of refuge in time of sorrow and temptation.

Born in the quaint old city of New Orleans, George E. Clarke began his education under the care of the Loretto Sisters of Kentucky, —who conduct many of the leading schools throughout the South and West,—preparatory to his enrollment in St. Vincent's College, at Cape Girardeau, Mo. After a period in this popular Southern school, young Clarke's family moved North, and the future lecturer and lawyer became a student in the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind., from which he received his Master's degree, and where he gave promise of what he has become in later years. From the University of Michigan he received the degree of Master of Laws.

Mr. Clarke has won a distinguished place among the leading orators of the day. He has addressed the State Bar Association of Indiana, of which he is a member, (his home is in South Bend,) is among the lecturers at the various Chautauqua summer schools, is a popular member of the Knights of Columbus, and takes an active part in national and civic affairs.

A fluent and graceful speaker Mr. Clarke possesses the art of making interesting even the dryest facts in history.

THE GLAMOR OF A QUEEN.

BY FRANCES MAITLAND.

(Concluded.)

"The indulgences of life." The girl's spirits revived in a moment. She stood up as Mrs. Hepburn hurried away to give her orders, and, leaning back against the high mantel-piece clasped her hands behind her head. The attitude was easy, graceful, natural one might have said, and it had been effective in Mary Stuart's last photograph.

"Cæsar dead or Cæsar living," she whispered to herself with her little shoulder shrug, and a glance at the picture that hung above.

"Do you think Mary was as beautiful as people say she was?" she asked. If the man were neither a fool nor blind, he *must* see the difference between living flesh and blood—living *beauty,* (the girl smiled in appreciation of her own charms) and canvas.

James Hepburn, if startled at the sudden question, had his answer ready as he turned, pen in hand, and looked at the portrait.

"Toi qui as veu l'excellence de celle
Qui rend le ciel d'Ecosse envieux,
Dy hardiment, contentez vous mes yeux,
Vous me verrey chose plus belle."

"What said Ronsard, Miss Stuart?"

"Ronsard!" the word came sharply in the girl's annoyance.

"But soul makes face," Hepburn went on, "we see that in the saints."

Again she made a gesture of annoyance, and James Hepburn realized that, somehow, he had given offence, and set himself to wonder how.

"It's uppling, Jamie." Mrs. Hepburn, tea in hand, came back into the room. Another, and an expressive word! but the girl was too sullen in her defeat to note it.

"Going to clear, is it?" James Hepburn went to the window. "Yes, I believe you are right. You will have a fine day to-morrow, Miss Stuart." He turned again to address the girl, who was still standing by the fireplace, though now her arms hung by her side.

"We have been discussing Mary's beauty," she said presently to Mrs. Hepburn, ignoring Hepburn's last words, and giving her chin a little jerk upwards towards the picture.

"And my son would have plenty to say about *that.*" Mother and son exchanged a smile.

Fools, fools, the pair of them! The spoiled beauty could have stamped her foot. Had she ever before taken the trouble to throw her bait and not, at least, raised her fish.

"I believe, myself, the woman was a witch." The words came with such vigor that even Hepburn turned to look at his visitor with surprise.

"There's more than one way of using the word," Mrs. Hepburn said, in her composed way.

"I have never believed in her great beauty," the girl went on, pouting out her lips.

"There's others have been ready to believe it for you" Mrs. Hepburn returned, as half in joke.

The guest did not reply. She was nibbling her oat-cake and scarcely tried to conceal her bad humor as she glanced now and again at Hepburn, again at his papers. The afternoon seemed of interminable length, and even her wiles when supper time came seemed useless, though they did not escape the old serving woman, who watched her with sarcastic

amusement, and poured out her claret with niggard hand, to punish her for her "impidence."

"There's them that's aye after the men, an' there's them the men's aye after, an' she's *baith*," Babbie confided enigmatically to her mistress, finishing her sentence after a pause, as she dried her supper dishes, with "I'd be near aboot as laith t'see Hepburn made a' fu o', as t'see him mak a fu' o' himsel'."

Mrs. Hepburn was right. The weather "uppled" during the night, and the girl awoke in her big curtained bed to find sunshine. The "smoor" had "lifted," and the world was a visible world, visible and alive, and the moor that had been so parched and brown had, in a few short hours, put on a robe of green.

"The Tower is but a dull place," James Hepburn apologized to his guest when they met at the breakfast table. "You will be glad to be off, but I must put you on your way, and if you are not afraid of the bogs, take you by the Queen's Knowe."

Always Mary Stuart! The guest scarcely tried to hide a grimace, though, next moment, she was ready to thank Hepburn for his thought, as she was a little later to thank his mother for her hospitality, with pretty words.

"Ye hae'na seen the last o' her," Babbie prophecied as she stood with her mistress at the court gate and watched Hepburn and the girl disappear down the track. "She's her notion o' Hepburn, or I hae'na an e'e in my head."

After the rain the walking was stiff, but Miss Stuart followed Hepburn's long, free strides with ease. He spoke little till they turned off the road into a valley and led the way to a mound, or "knowe," covered with thorn-bushes, at its head.

"She loved the thorn," Hepburn said. (The pronoun did not need explanation.) "She loved the thorn, and who can say but that is why they were planted here. 'L'épine noble' as they say in France.

"In Bethlehem town was Our Lord born,
His crown, alas, was made of thorn."

So the old rhyme goes, and she came to know the prick of thorns herself." He took out a pocket-book, and turning over the leaves showed a bit of dried blossom and a leaf or two. "Those are from Duddingstone," he said, "picked by my grandfather from the thorn that bore her name; and that," he turned over another leaf, "that is a bit of the milk-thistle, the Virgin's thistle that they say she got the seed of from France and planted on Dumbarton rock; and that," —again he turned over—"that is box from Inch-mee-hone, the 'Isle of rest,' from the baby-garden there that no man can see and not find his eyes wet. Read Dr. John Brown's words about that garden and you will never forget it, more than that 'sadder one,' as he calls it of Chatsworth. And the plane, the sycamore, Mary Stuart brought us that, the tree the Holy Family rested under near Hermapholus, and that the Crusaders brought in memory of Them to France. Read you ever of a saint that did not love the Creator's works? It is a touchstone, I have thought. You who know most things must know your Wordsworth, Miss Stuart?

"Born all too high, by wedlock raised still higher, to be cast so low,
Would that my eye had never gazed on ought of more ambitious show,
Than the sweet flowerets of the field."

"Aye, she loved them all for their Creator's sake. She had the tastes, the innocence of the child."

James Hepburn's listener drew a long breath as the man came to an end. She could have shaken him. Was the man mad? But the voice was gentle that begged for a leaf or two from one of the

thorns to keep for *Mary's* sake, "and your own, Mr. Hepburn, to remind me of the kindness I met with at the Tower."

Did Hepburn hear her words? She doubted it.

"She loved her Maker's works," he repeated, "and they worked their miracles for her. See here," he again turned over the leaves of his pocket-book, "see here, from Crook o' Lime, when she drank from the well its leaves shaded, the hart's tongue put on its crown." He held out a frond of crested fern. "You never heard that? Then you don't know Catholic Lancashire. Wherever she has been, I have been. Step by step I've followed her—" The man pulled himself up with the quick recovery of self-possession the visitor had noted more than once. "But I must not weary you," he went on, "and though it is so fine now, I do not say we shall have a fine day. We must get on." He led the way by a detour towards the moor road, and when they had reached it bade her adieu.

"You will forgive me going farther," he said, "these wet days have left the farm work in arrears."

The girl held out her hand. She had been walking without her gloves. Would he notice it as he had done before, she asked herself as she let it linger, cool and white, a snowflake, in his palm? But a moment later, when Hepburn had left her, she was still standing on the same spot, and looking at it as if it had received a hurt.

"He is a monster," she told herself with passion. "A ghoul, yet a ghoul who is content to live with dead people." Not alone vanity had met with a wound.

"We'll see her again," the old serving-woman was careful to prophesy. "I hae'na een in my head for nocht. *She had her notion o' Hepburn,* no twa ways o' that, though she's no' the wife I'd choose for him, a stravagnin' (wandering) wha-may-ye-be lass like that; but we'll see her again, no mistake aboot that." But in spite of the old woman's prediction, Autumn had flamed into its full October fire before the stranger who had come and gone knocked again at the gate.

The late plums were dropping from the gum-gemmed trees that find their home in every old-fashioned Scotch orchard, the small and hardy apples were waiting for the first frost to be picked, and Babbie was having a jelly-making from the crabs the master had brought her in from the hillside. Hepburn had carried the basket into the kitchen for her, and was lingering, amused by her quaint talk, and finishing a cigar, when a clatter of hoofs at the gate, answered by the growls of the mastiffs from the court, made them both look up.

"I canna leeve the preserves," Babbie announced at once, "whaever it may be, ye mun gang till the yett yersel'," and Hepburn, without demur did as he was told.

"You see I have come back."

The girl who had been his and his mother's guest smiled graciously as she bent from her saddle to give him her hand. "I have brought you my father to thank you for your kindness to a—vagrant—daughter." There was a slight stress on the "vagrant," the eyes danced with amusement.

The tall and elderly man, who, holding his horse, was standing by the girl's side, held out his hand with cordiality. "Before I thank you," he said with a smile, "I see I must introduce myself, since my daughter neglects that part of her duty. We are neighbors at any rate on the moor—Lord Esk-a-dale."

James Hepburn's eyes turned cool and searching on the girl. "We knew we had the honor of entertaining a—Stuart." He spoke without hesitation, but

something in his eyes and voice made the girl wince.

"Ah, my daughter tells me that like myself you take an interest in the old line."

"Scotch history has an interest for me," Hepburn returned shortly, "and your family has reason to take an interest in the Stuarts as I understand."

"The best, and the *worst* of reasons, but no man can help his pedigree." Lord Esk-a-dale's shoulders went up in the gesture that was familiar in the daughter.

"My mother is in York," James Hepburn explained, as he helped the girl to dismount, "but perhaps, you would like to come in and rest? You will have to excuse me while I take the horses to the stables, but if I take you past the dogs you will be able to find your own way to the living-room."

"I like dogs, but why do you keep such brutes?" asked the girl as she followed him through the court.

"Why do you like your friends?" asked the man in return, with a smile, and the girl remembered the mother's speech.

While she waited for Hepburn and her father to join her she again wandered round the living-room. Often as she had pictured it to herself she had forgotten it had been so conventual-looking; yes, its neatness and cleanliness, the precision of the arrangement of the furniture, the big crucifix hanging at the end, all combined to give it something of the air of a convent parlor. The only litter was on the centre table, covered as before with evidence of its master's work.

When the men came back together it was evident they had already found a subject in common, and Hepburn at once led his guest up to Mary's picture, and the girl, now seated, played impatiently with her whip, as she looked from one to the other, an expression of satire on her face.

This painter, that painter; this portrait, that portrait; Mary in youth, Mary in middle-age. The authenticity of this, the authenticity of that; Jehan le Court, Clouet Oudry, Catherine da Costa, Janet —names, dates, what not, were passed in review while she sat forgotten.

Babbie brought in tea with a cool nod of the head and a curt, "Aye, I lukit for ye back," as she glanced at Hepburn, and the girl grew more and more sullen in a fever of what can only be described as jealousy as the moments passed.

When her father turned to her at last congratulating himself on his pleasant afternoon, her answer was ready and came sharp as a blade from its sheath.

"I have been congratulating Queen Elizabeth," she said with demure satire.

Lord Esk-a-dale divined a jest and laughed as if to show he appreciated it, but Hepburn turned one of his searching glances on the speaker.

"You are displeased with me," she said, as her father wandered off to inspect this and that treasure in the old room.

"Displeased, Miss Stuart?"

"Lady Mary Stuart, please, I am proud of my name. Yes, displeased. You think I should not have come—well, masquerading to the Tower."

"Excuse me," Hepburn slowly began, seeking for a reply.

"Your sister would not have done such a thing." The blue eyes flashed in his face.

"My sister?" There was no mistaking James Hepburn's voice, but his face reddened as he hastened to apologize. "Surely, Miss Stuart, you know I have no business to meddle with what does not concern me."

"Lady Mary," the girl repeated the correction with emphasis. "I know you think it was unladylike," she screwed up

her mouth as she added after a pause, "improper."

"Miss Stuart!" remonstrated Hepburn.

"Oh, yes, you do, and I am not astonished, but I had—my temptation!" She bent her supple riding-whip till it made a ring on her knee.

"Oh, I know," she went on after waiting in vain for an answer. "I have damned myself forever in your eyes. You are shocked? You see when I gave you the list of them I forgot to add swearing to my accomplishments."

Again Hepburn looked at his visitor, puzzled. Were there many specimens of young ladies like this, he wondered, abroad in the world?

"Are you human, Mr.—Bothwell—I beg your pardon, Hepburn," the girl went on in the same reckless fashion.

"I beg your pardon if I do not understand," Hepburn returned gravely. "If it amused you to come to us as you did, it hurt no one, Miss Stuart."

"Lady Mary," the girl repeated. "Not even myself? Thank you, Mr. Hepburn; that means, I suppose, you forgive me." The tone was full of mockery.

"I shall forgive when there is anything to forgive," James Hepburn returned in the same grave fashion. "You cannot doubt that I recognize you are your own mistress?"

"Am I?" the shoulder went up. "Well, let us suppose the business is settled. Father," she jumped up and going over to Lord Esk-a-dale touched him on the shoulder, "if we are to get home to-night we ought to start, and—I have been swearing—and—and Mr. Hepburn does not like it."

"I don't wonder, my dear, but he does not know all your accomplishments."

"Just what I have been telling him," the girl returned with flippancy. "Mr. Hepburn, are we to say good-bye to Babbie?"

Hepburn called the old woman who came to the gateway, and watched him mount the girl.

"It's the last o' ye?" she asked, when he had finished the task. The keen old eyes went from one face to the other, but she did not wait for an answer. "Aye, I'm thinkin' it's the last o' ye," she said, drily, and went back into the house.

The girl looked after her, and then turned to Hepburn. "Are you human?" she asked again, as she held out her hand in good-bye.

"I hope so," Hepburn returned, this time with a smile.

His visitor looked at him, and then turned her face away. "Remember my question," she called back, with a wave of her whip, when she was half way down the track.

"What question?" Lord Esk-a-dale asked. "Take care, there are loose stones."

"Only if he was human, a very natural question."

"Natural?" her father asked. "Mary, you grow more enigmatical every day. But, let me tell you, I like your man, and I am glad you unearthed him, though there are to be no more such pranks, remember."

The girl made a little face. "Till the next time," she said and nodded her head.

"No, no more such walks alone," Lord Esk-a-dale repeated. "But, as I said, Hepburn is a capital fellow. I am only sorry we shall see so little of him, but with these infernal death-duties, if I don't let Esk-a-dale, I don't see how I shall get along."

The girl nodded again. "I suppose so," she said. Her heart was sore with unaccustomed defeat, and with something more—an ache that amounted to a physical pain.

She had guessed it before, she knew it now. Her heart was no longer her

own; it was in Hepburn's possession, and he did not know of the gift. Her soul rose up against him in what was mingled passion and bitterness.

"Yes, a capital fellow," Lord Esk-a-dale repeated. "See that you give me as sensible a one for a son-in-law."

"With Mary Stuart on the brain?" the girl asked with a sneer.

"Better than Mary Stuart on the heart." Lord Esk-a-dale chuckled over his joke. His experiences had not always been happy ones with his daughter's many swains. "Gently, gently, my dear." The girl had jerked the rein till her chestnut reared.

Something had put the spoiled beauty out of temper. Lord Esk-a-dale as he rode along whistled softly to himself.

"Not a conquest, eh Polly?" he asked at last, as if he had found solution to a riddle.

"Oh, leave the man alone," Mary Stuart cried. "I don't know why you went to see him."

"Because you took me, my dear." Again Lord Esk-a-dale whistled to himself, as he looked from time to time at his daughter's gloomy face.

It was a couple of hours later that Lady Mary Stuart's maid brought her a tiny box, and, from the cotton-wool which lined it produced a pearl. "A real one, I think, my Lady," she said, "though it is so discolored. I found it in the hem of the dress I was unpacking this morning."

"Which dress?" Lady Mary's voice was sharp.

"The grey tweed, the one you wanted altered, my Lady; the one you wore on the walking tour. I never had time to touch it till to-day."

Mary Stuart took the pearl, looked at it, and then walked across the room to her writing-table. "One of Mary Stuart's tears" she wrote on a slip of paper, folded it round the pearl and enclosed it in the box, which she addressed with a firm hand.

"See that that goes to-night, Ford," she said, and went back to her seat by the toilet-table.

"Your Ladyship is tired?" the maid ventured. Her mistress did not often sit in silence as she was doing to-night.

Lady Mary bent forward and looked at herself in the glass. If an old woman's face had looked back at her she would not have been surprised. "I think," she said, "I shall be always tired," and then seeing the woman's astonishment, she burst into a laugh. "You know I like talking nonsense, Ford," she said. "Quick, my dress. Bothwell and—Mary Stuart! The coincidence, the absurdity of it all!"

Lady Mary was the first in the drawing-room before dinner, the brightest at the dinner-table, in "capital form" as one of the men who sat at her feet whispered to another with approval. Her father must give an account of their adventures of the day, she said, when called upon for that.

"Wha was't, Hepburn? What was the man?" old Babbie asked when the visitors had ridden away, and her master had joined her in the doorway.

"The new Lord Esk-a-dale," Hepburn answered, adding after a moment's pause, "and his daughter."

"His dochter!" The old woman held up her hands. "What took *her* stravagnin' the countryside like ony pack-wife?"

Hepburn shook his head to show he had no answer to give to this question.

"His dochter!" The old woman repeated. "Then I warrant ye she's no 'Miss,' 'My Leddy'll' be the way o't, I'm thinking."

"That's it," Hepburn nodded in affirmation.

"An' what for did she no' speak oot?" Babbie demanded as if Hepburn, too, somehow, had been to blame.

'She meant no harm," Hepburn apologized for his guest. "She gave us her name all right. Who can answer for a girl's nonsense?"

"She was for her fun aff us." The old woman nodded her head shrewdly. "But she, maybe, got mair—*fun*—for hersel' than she reckoned on. Ye wudna be for her for a wife, Hepburn?"

James Hepburn reddened, as he always did when the old woman (as she would have put it herself) "flouted" him on his matrimonial prospects.

"I's warrant ye, ye cudna gie the color o' her e'en?" Babbie went on with sarcasm.

Hepburn shook his head.

"Ye're a queer yin!" The old woman looked at him, her eyes twinkling, the wrinkled face full of humor.

"Why, what ails me?" Hepburn asked with good-humor, and falling into the vernacular, as he often did when chatting with her in the kitchen.

"I'd spier that at the bonnie 'Leddy,'" with sarcasm.

"Babbie, I dinna ken what ye would be at," James Hepburn laughed again.

"Weel, ye've seen the last o' her," Babbie returned with emphasis. "But, mind my words, Hepburn, ye're a queer chiel (fellow)."

The next morning brought Hepburn his little packet.

"Frae yer sweetheart, I wudna say," Babbie said grimly as she gave it to him.

"One of Mary Stuart's tears."

For a moment James Hepburn was puzzled, but as he looked at the discolored pearl he found a solution to the puzzle. It was one of the broken string, that must have found its way somehow into the folds of their visitor's dress.

"One of Mary Stuart's tears." It was a pretty conceit. James Hepburn had no thought but for the dead Queen as he added it to its sisters.

TO AVOID THE CURSE.

BY BEN HURST.

The man let his gaze wander over the rich fields, the groups of stately trees, the promising orchards that adorned his property, but his face expressed dissatisfaction, and the girl who walked by his side looked up at him anxiously from time to time. A shower of fruit blossoms would fall upon their heads when a passing breeze stirred the branches and lie unnoticed upon the man's hat and shoulders and the girl's dark hair.

"I don't see, father," she said at last, "why John's misfortune should be a bar to my happiness. One has nothing to do with the other. If John is your son, Rosie and I are your daughters, and everybody should have a chance." Then, as he gave no answer but looked darkly at the ground, she went on.

"What can you have against Philip? He is thrifty and hard-working. His father's success in business is mainly due to him. Bolton is not so far off. I can come to see you often. You can say naught against the man himself and—I know he is devoted to me. Father, you must be fair to us."

The farmer stopped and looked at her.

"Nobody ever said yet that Farmer Winton was unfair or unjust," he said. "It is because I *am* correct, straightforward and honest in all my dealings that I don't want to join with those who are not."

"Philip is just as straightforward," she cried. "You know he is."

"Maybe," he assented. "I have naught against Philip Carr, but his mother was divorced, and that taint runs in the blood. She was a good creature I allow, shamefully ill-treated by her first husband, and she did quite right in getting a separation. But why did she marry again? There it is."

The girl bent her head despondingly.

"If it were not for John's mishap," she said, "you would never have minded."

"Perhaps not—probably not. But a burnt child dreads the fire."

He stopped short as they turned down the walk that led for some yards along the bank of the stream.

"When I think of the infamy of the whole business," he went on slowly, "the ruin of my hopes for the sake of a few bitter words which neither would stop to recall;—all my life's plans in the dust; —he, an only son; she, an only daughter; —fond of each other from infancy; the two farms joined and a prosperous future before the family; two healthy boys to carry on the name and improve the place from year to year; the daughter that John doted on most of all—though she has her!—but that is not all."

He broke off, and his face grew darker.

"When all their private bickerings were made the theme for the wit of the judges in court,—and her father, the neighbor I had been on friendly terms with since we were born, began to attack my weaknesses, to expose me to ridicule in order to get more advantageous terms of separation for his daughter,—"

"It was the friend who wanted Mary and her land that spurred him on to belittle you," said Alice. "Thank heaven she has sent him about his business. She never wanted him, I know. All his mischief-making did not benefit him a jot."

"No," said the old man slowly. "No, child, it was not he who did the mischief. It was the open door, the open door of divorce that made all things possible. The law itself corrupts now-a-days. Look here, Alice!" Again he stopped

and drove his stick into the earth with violence— "Sooner than have such a scandal occur again in the family I'd rather"—he paused,—"yes, I would, by heaven! I'd rather see you married to a Papist in their little tumble-down church yonder."

The girl turned away impatiently, then returned to the charge.

"Father," she said, "all this has nothing to do with Philip and me. But he may get tired of waiting, and I am not attractive like Rosie who is always sure to make a good match. Philip naturally wishes us to give an answer at last."

"I courted your mother during three years," said the farmer, "but there were no divorces then, and we thought twice before getting married."

"People are not so slow, now-a-days," said Alice, "and there is no real cause to hinder my marrying Philip. I may not find another man so good, or willing to have me. You see I speak quite reasonably, though you know I love Philip. You don't want to keep me here minding John's children all my life?"

"Rosie is more devoted to them than you are," said her father.

Alice did not reply though she reflected that this was so because Rosie had no immediate prospect of a home of her own and also, perhaps, because their company afforded her the opportunity of being much in the open air with a constant view of the stream along which was often propelled a boat which had a peculiar interest for Rosie. Even now the dip of oars was heard in the still air and then a voice floated over the water, singing—

> O Love, Love, Love,
> That bringest me but pain,
> O Love, I love thee, Love
> That cleavest my heart in twain!

"'Tis the organist of the Romans," said Alice apologetically. "He comes down every Saturday evening to play at the Sunday service."

"And a good many days in the week, too," said the farmer gruffly. "Organist indeed! As if I didn't know he's Glynn's son—Glynn that owns the big mills in Bolton—and that he took up with Rosie at the seaside last summer. The fool! So that's why he turned organist!"

"No, indeed, father, he always played the organ, that is, the old harmonium they've got. But since he met Rosie he is fond of coming this way oftener than once a week. After all it does no harm. 'Tis but a bit of nonsense."

"Look there," said the farmer, nodding towards a corner of the garden where Rosie stood with her charges, listening intently. Then he turned again to the stream where the singer was mute, for lo! he was rowing with might and main towards the spot where the farmer stood.

"Look at his impudence," muttered the farmer. "I'm blessed if he isn't coming straight here to me. What do you want, young man?" he called out as the boat neared the bank.

The courageous visitor hesitated a little, and then answered gayly, "To tell you all I want, Mr. Winton, would perhaps tire you; and I should be awfully sorry to do that. The greatest wish of my life is to have the honor of your acquaintance."

He spoke so frankly and looked so pleadingly at the farmer that the latter relented.

"I might as well tell you then, Mr. Glynn," he said, "that it would lead to nothing if we saw more of each other. I have never had any dealings with people of a strange creed and, please God, I won't begin now. You understand me. I wish you good evening."

"You may change your mind some day, sir," said the young man, as he pushed off.

"Not likely," answered the farmer, adding sarcastically, "I advise you to stick to your hymns."

"*There* you are not far wrong," replied the young man cheerily. "But one does not hinder the other you know. And there is a time for all things. However, here goes!"

And he struck up an *Ave Maria* with such fervor that his listeners were awed, and the farmer turned away with a strange sentiment of uneasiness.

"Heaven help me with these children!" he sighed. "They are getting too much for me. I wish their mother were alive."

"Father," said Alice, coming up at the same moment, "I have just reflected on your objection to Philip, and it occurs to me that if everybody followed your theory nobody would mate with Rosie and me."

The farmer winced.

"I suppose so," he said. "We must no longer pick and choose, but take what we get. The taint is on us."

"Oh, father!" cried the girl, "How can you speak like that when it is no fault of ours? Rosie and I are fond of Amy, still. We had nothing to do with the quarrel."

"No," he answered, "it is no fault of yours or theirs. It is the fatal law which allows an angry couple to go asunder. I remember—with your mother—"

Alice started and looked at him in surprise.

"Well," he continued, awkwardly, "you cannot imagine it, I suppose, but even she and I did not have all smooth sailing from the first. But we cooled down, for there was nothing else to do, and thank God, we were lucky together. I often blame myself for backing up John in his law-suit. I fought for him tooth and nail, to secure his rights and get his liberty. And with what result? He is unhappy to-day, his children are orphans, and I am alone to look after things, for he is never at home when he can help it. I helped him to get rid of her because *they* wanted to get loose from us. My pride would not let me run after them. That is how it was, Alice. If we, the parents, had not meddled, perhaps the young folk would have made it up. But she'll marry now; she'll bring another man in there after all John's planting and draining."

"No, father," said Rosie, who had joined them. "I know she won't. Amy will never forget John. Father," she went on timidly, "why did you send Mr. Glynn away? You know I never speak to him, but I like to hear him sing. That is no harm, is it? We are so dull and so depressed, all of us."

"I will have no more complications," said the old man violently. "The Wintons have naught to do with Papists. Is it my fault if we are dull and depressed? The curse is upon us, the curse of modern life—divorce, that leaves us no security for our family or our acres. The curse! the curse!"

II.

"Philip," said Alice, a week or two later, as she strolled through the same garden with her affianced, "if you only knew the condition attached to father's consent. I can hardly tell you, it sounds so ridiculously out of place."

"Oh, I think I can guess," he laughed. "I know his sore point. He'd like to tie us with a triple knot for fear we'd ever break loose. Isn't that it?"

"Yes," said Alice, echoing his laugh. "He thinks we'll fall out, or grow tired of each other; and he made me promise never to sue for a divorce,—not even if you beat me black and blue."

"What nonsense," said the young man, indignantly. "Really, Alice, your father is not sane on this one point. Such talk

would mortally offend me but that I am so fond of you. I must put up with it for your sake. I know why he harps so much on the subject,—on account of my poor mother. Well, Alice, she suffered enough for the faults of others. I give you my word she pined and died from fretting over the irrevocable step. All my dear father's kindness could not make her forget the brute that wrecked her life. Do you know, dear, I am sure a good woman is always constant to her first love."

"How dreadful then," said Alice with a shudder, "to belong to another man. I can't conceive how one can do it."

"But society is not lenient to a divorced wife," said Philip. "And I see no alternative for her but to re-marry, if she can. Even that, you see, does not always rehabilitate a woman, in some eyes."

"Oh, never mind father, dearest," said Alice, soothingly. "He is very upset and troubled since John's divorce. And John is inconsiderate and selfish. He is quite changed. He keeps running to fairs and staying away as long as he can. It weighs on father. But don't let us speak of disagreeable things any more. You and I agree at all events."

"Yes, my sweet," said Philip, tenderly, "and we have each other for ever and a day."

"I wonder, Philip," she said thoughtfully, "whether we will ever feel inimical and bitter to each other? When I think of John and Amy who were so loving, so devoted to each other, and how strangely different they feel to-day I am quite puzzled. Could you and I ever quarrel, do you think?"

"Such things happen, I know," he answered, after a pause, "but upon my word, Alice, I don't imagine it could be so with us. We are too sincerely attached. I can't believe that we could ever quarrel."

"Neither can I," said Alice with conviction.

"Look, Philip!" she added a moment afterwards, "there's young Glynn in his boat at the other side, moored in among the bushes, and he's talking to Amy. Oh, I'm sorry for Rosie; I know she's fond of him, and of course it is out of the question. If father hears that Amy is encouraging them it will make matters worse. He is not pleased that we speak to Amy, even. But Glynn is extraordinary. He keeps on just the same. He tried to get round father himself, but you can fancy with what success."

"Indeed I can," laughed Philip. "Poor Farmer Winton! The settlement of his children is giving him more worry than he bargained for. Listen, Alice. It was Glynn rowed me down to-day, and I never saw a man more determined. Your father will end up with a Papist son-in-law. See if he doesn't."

"Don't, Philip," remonstrated Alice, "these people won't change their religion you know, so you see it's out of the question. But I *am* sorry for Rosie."

III.

Rosie was at that moment racing up the walk which led to the little summer-house where her father sat, on sultry afternoons. Two little boys followed her in hot pursuit, their heels beating the air rhythmically and their heads bent so low in the effort that they only caught sight of the edge of Aunt Rosie's skirt flying ahead.

"Father," she asked breathlessly, bearding the old man in his lair, "Amy is waving her hand on the other side of the bank. She has brought little Maud. Fred and Sim want to see their little sister. They may go, father, may they not? Mr. Glynn, I think, would row them across," she added in a lower voice.

"No," thundered the farmer, "the law

has given her her daughter, but only the right to see her sons at stated times. In John's absence I am the master, and I'll keep to the letter of the law. I won't be annoyed in my own grounds. This Glynn is a mischief-maker, and I'll summon him for trespassing if he keeps prowling round here."

The glad hope that shone in the girl's face died out, and tears gathered in her eyes. Without a word she turned away and slowly retraced her steps to the river side, making a negative sign to the figures waiting on the opposite bank. But the boat shot into the stream and almost before she realized it the rower had brought it beneath her feet and stood up, leaning on his oar, cap in hand.

"Don't be downcast, Miss Winton," he said. "All will come right, some day."

Rosie shook her head despondently.

"I must tell you, Mr. Glynn," she faltered, "that my father doesn't alter his decisions. And—it is a pity you should waste your time here. I was silly, last summer, to encourage you to try."

"Oh, how soon you let your courage fail," he said reproachfully. "But you don't know what the word novena even means, do you? You poor little thing! As for me, I'm not going away,—not for the next ten years. You must know I belong to folk who never say die."

IV.

The peaches were ripe when the bride made her first lengthened visit to her former home. They had never had her for more than half a day since her marriage, and Rosie greeted her now with rapture. But after the first confidential chat in their own private haven both were strangely silent and dejected. Rosie's sorrowful attitude did not escape her father, and although Alice tried to appear as usual it was plain that she was not happy. She and John disappeared for hours together and sounds of heated discussion accompanied their conferences. The farmer tried to shut his eyes and ears and to still his forebodings. But the days went on to weeks, and Alice did not speak of returning to Bolton. Nay, more, she gradually resumed her old duties and occupations and relieved Rosie of many of the cares of housekeeping. The farmer's heart sank lower and lower, but he dreaded the explanation.

At last one morning at the breakfast table he faced the ordeal.

"Alice," he said, "why has Philip not been to see you since you came here?"

"Oh, father," she burst out volubly, "you can't conceive how busy he is just now. He simply hasn't a moment to sit down."

"I wonder then how you can leave him for so long? But when is he coming to take you home?"

Alice turned deathly pale and looked appealingly at John. But John was silent, and kept his eyes fixed on the tablecloth. The farmer drew a long breath.

"Come! out with it!" he said.

"Father," sobbed Alice, "I am not going back to Bolton,—at least, not soon. Philip and I do not get on. We are *not* going to divorce, whatever John thinks, but if Philip wants me let him come for me. John says I ought to take the first step, but, father, I can't. And why should I? Philip has an advantage over me because he knows you would not help me to get a divorce. But why did you stand by John? It is not fair that you should favor him more than me. And if people *are* to go asunder, the sooner they do it the better. It is much worse when one has a family."

"There she is quite right," assented John. "But I cannot allow there is any valid reason for a separation. And I advise you, Alice," he went on earnestly, "to put your pride in your pocket and go

back to Philip. Would to God I had done the same."

"Ah," cried Alice, bitterly, "it is easy to counsel others. On account of you we must all eat humble pie. Do stop crying Rosie! There will be no divorce. I promised father, and it is just that promise that makes Philip feel he can provoke me as far as he likes. I must be in complete subjection—"

She stopped, for the old man had fallen forward, his head in his hands.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "why do you take it so tragically? A wife may disagree with her husband at times I suppose, and they can make it up. But it wounds me to think I am bound to Philip, forever, while he is not bound to me."

"And what did you both promise in church?" asked the old man fiercely. "Answer me that! Was it *till death do us part?*"

"But everybody promises that, and the church lets them go free all the same. It is my promise to *you,* father, that gives Philip an advantage over me. I came here to show him I am not quite dependent on him."

"Of course if he ill-treats you this house is open to you. I never meant that you should suffer because—O God! the curse, the curse! So the very promise I forced you to make is the cause of dissension—in your mind?"

John stood up and pushed back his chair.

"Father," he said, "Alice is wrong, as I was myself. There has been neither harshness or ill-treatment,—simply bickerings about trifles. I saw Philip yesterday, and he is waiting for her to go back. That is only fair."

"Let him make the first move then," said Alice, very relieved.

"You made the first move in going away," cried Rosie. "You should make the first move to go back. That is only fair."

"Oh, well," said Alice reproachfully, "you needn't have joined them all against me, Rosie. One day you'll see yourself what it is to be lorded over by a husband."

"No, I won't," said Rosie sorrowfully. "There shall be no troubles about my marriage or divorce,—for I never intend to marry. It is the surest way to ward off all disagreements of this kind."

Farmer Winton stood up.

"You are right, Rosie," he said. "It is the law that corrupts us all. It is there to encourage and incite. Why do people marry at all, I wonder? It is a senseless proceeding, a useless formality, a farce I call it." He turned to Alice.

"Write instantly to your husband," he commanded in the voice of authority they never withstood. "John will take the letter this evening. Ask him to be here at eight o'clock to-morrow, that all may see us together at church. Meantime I'll reflect on what to do for the future."

Without waiting for a reply he strode out of the room.

V.

It was Sunday morning, and a strange feeling of uneasiness pervaded the house. Farmer Winton had not gone to bed all night. He had paced the garden till midnight and when John came to remind him of the hour, he had begged not to be disturbed again. They watched him from an upper window going to and fro in the moonshine, his head bent, his hands clasped behind. At last the girls retired to rest, and John remained alone. He sat, a prey to sorrowful thoughts, and his heart sank still lower whenever the figure in the garden came into view.

"Poor father," he thought, "our troubles weigh on him and depress him more day after day. God forgive me who have most to answer for."

When he had seen the old man seated in the summer-house resting, he, too stole away to rest, walking softly, not to disturb his sisters.

Sunday's breakfast was an elaborate affair, and the farmer, in spite of his vigil, did ample justice to it. Philip and Alice to hide their awkwardness made a joint attack on Rosie, accusing her of an inordinate preference for regattas beyond any other athletic contest.

"I can't understand," went on Philip, "why you won't come to the races at Bolton, or to the cricket-match? But if there is anything on the water there you are!"

Rosie put up with the teasing, her heart made glad by the knowledge that her father had been out shortly after dawn, and that he had gone in the direction of a neighboring farm.

"If I am not to be happy, others are," she thought with a little sigh of resignation.

As the farmer rose from the table he stood a moment looking on the faces gathered round it. Then he cleared his throat.

"John," he said, "will you give me your two boys to train and teach? Will you let me do what I wish with them?"

John looked puzzled, but he did not hesitate.

"Surely, father," he said, "they are yours as well as I am."

"Very well. Rosie, put on your hat and come with me, too." He took John's children by the hand and led them forth. Rosie hastened after them.

At the gate the farmer turned back once more.

"Follow me, whoever is *mine*," he said significantly.

All at once it was clear to Alice. She turned to her husband. "Philip! I'll go, too," she said, and before he could speak she rushed upstairs to get her hat and gloves.

John and Philip exchanged glances and then moved to the open gate, to watch the group.

"He has turned into the lane that goes straight down to the Romish church!" exclaimed Philip.

And so he had. Down the lane went the little procession, the farmer first with his grandchildren, Alice and Rosie following closely. As they neared the door they were joined by another figure at sight of which John's heart began to throb violently. Without a word to Philip he started off at a run. Philip remained alone, chuckling to himself.

"Bravo, old Winton!" he muttered. "When he wants a thing he'll stop at nothing to get it! I've a great mind to follow him, too. But Glynn has scored heavily. It's a hundred to one on Glynn."

When the farmer and his family entered the crowded little church the sacred service had already begun, but the kneeling congregation made way for them silently, and beyond one startling, unwonted chord on the harmonium there was nothing to show that their presence was unusual. The error was quickly repaired, and as it did not occur again, and as the singing was as devotional as usual, we hope that the momentary distraction may have been forgiven.

At the close of the service, Farmer Winton was, at his request, admitted to the sacristy to confer with the officiating priest.

"I have come, sir," he said, "to join your church as the surest stronghold of all moral institutions. I suppose you know me?"

The priest did know him as the inveterate foe of all that was Catholic, but he held out his hand in sincere welcome.

"In the interest of my family and my posterity," continued the farmer, "I am forced to this step. I have not taken it without a severe struggle with myself

and I must say that I regret being driven to it. However, no other course remains to me. Family security no longer exists with us since divorce threatens us on every side. I have myself fallen a victim to the plague, and have never had a quiet conscience since. Now, to begin with, I want you to marry my son to his divorced wife and thus restore peace and set a good example to the rest of the household. Both of them, I can answer for it, are quite willing to join your community, and they won't sue for a divorce again I guarantee."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the bewildered priest, "I am not free to marry those who still belong to another creed, and besides your son's marriage is perfectly valid in the eyes of my church. It would be idle to repeat the ceremony. Once married is always married."

The farmer was silent. He was evidently disappointed, but after a little reflection his face cleared.

"Well, yes," he assented, "this view would be the natural outcome of your principles, but you will never be able to do much with me, I fear, as a student of doctrine. However, here are these youngsters"—he went to the door and beckoned to the two boys to come forward—"here are these," he said, "you can make sound—ahem—Romans of them. They come of a solid stock."

The priest was touched. He put his hands on the children's heads, caressingly.

"They are already good Christians I feel sure," he said, "and though your motives for joining the Church, Mr. Winton, are not—usual,—everybody that wishes to uphold the purity of domestic life in this nation must respect you for them. Such thorough men as you are thrice welcome to the Fold of Peter."

The farmer bowed stiffly.

"I want your advice on many points, reverend sir," he said, "may I call on you very soon?"

"At any day or hour you wish I shall be most happy to go to you, or to receive you," said the clergyman.

The Winton family were still assembled in the churchyard when the farmer reappeared, awaiting his further decision. Amy had linked her arm in her husband's, and was the first to turn her footsteps home when the word was given.

Philip had already joined the group, and Mr. Glynn had somehow tacked himself on, under pretext of leading little Maud whom he had confiscated from a not too unwilling maternal grandparent.

"John," said the farmer, when they reached the front gate, "your wife returns to this roof for evermore. Do you think I have not seen her watching across the stream from day to day and often weeping sore? You won't be fools again, either of you. The law of the land as to divorce is the law of hell, and in future we will follow the laws of the Pope of Rome. Yes, the Pope of Rome! On this point he's certainly sound, sound as sound can be."

"I think, Mr. Winton, that on every other point, if you study it as well, you'll find him just as sound," ventured the organist.

"Maybe," said the farmer. "But in any case I wish my children to know that I hope they will follow me into the Church that I have chosen."

"I'm sure I have no objection, sir," said Philip. "One creed is as good as another to my mind."

"Ay, but it isn't," said the old man fiercely. "If it were would I be brought to change my own as I am doing? And if you think it came easy to me you are mistaken. I have had a bitter struggle. Come here, Mr. Glynn. Take her," he said, nodding at Rosie. "I know you'll

keep her. She's safe from divorce at all events."

"I wouldn't rail at divorce if I were you, Glynn," mocked Philip in an undertone.

"Oh, Rosie!" Glynn was murmuring. "Do you now see what faith and prayer can do?"

* * * *

And this was how the Winton family, stanch Protestants for generations, returned to the creed of their ancestors.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE.

BY JAMES T. SULLIVAN.

We darkened the room where we laid him,
When he had answered death's call,
Each heart hotly seared at the parting
Mantled itself in a pall.
We placed a green wreath on his casket,
Into his hand pressed a rose,
Then watched by his side in such anguish
That only a breaking heart knows.

With faltering steps to God's temple,
Sweet with its incense-burned air,
We bore him, our heads bowed in sorrow,
Fervently hearts breathed prayer.
Solemnity marked the priests' chanting,
Garbed in robes of sombre hue,
It gave us the strength that was lacking,
Courage for that last adieu.

We laid him away in God's acre,
Tenderly each kissed his brow,
Where the sun shades its leavetaking,
There he sleeps peacefully now;
His coverlet pansies and roses,
By loving hands for him sown,
The world shed no tears, but we miss him,
For he was one of our own.

AUTUMN DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

After the foreigner had made the round of the New York theatres he remarked to his friend: "Are you all children in America? There is not a serious thought, not a suggestion of the intellectual in anything I have seen. If all is typical of your stage to-day, I predict there will be no dramatic art in America twenty years hence." The prediction was verified twenty minutes later, instead of twenty years, as far as the city is concerned. There is no dramatic art in America, outside of that kindergarten department in which the profitable stars develop; but there are several people of unusual merit acting, just enough to provide the decent exceptions to every mournful rule. Mrs. Fiske is at the Manhattan with her pretty and touching vignette of *Leah Kleschna,* Arnold Daly is illuminating George Bernard Shaw at the Garrick, and Margaret Anglin is proving her remarkable talent at the Princess. All the rest is hey-diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon drama!

The expression of commercial art always betrays the nature of that beast. In the last few years there has grown up a theatrical district in this city, the precise counterpart of the dry-goods district, the iron district, and the green goods district. The region from Twenty-third Street to the Columbus Circle has all the characteristics of a Coney Island Inferno: electric lights of a size that suggest the furnace no less than the sun, hastening crowds, trolley-cars, cabs, steaming restaurants, whirling dust; a terrible factory in which the actor can chat from the stage with the cooks in the alley, both engaged in the same business, money-making, by like methods, with like effects on their proper persons. The architectural expression of the modern drama is a replica in cold stone of Coney Island on a hot night. It is a frightful experience to venture into this district for the purpose of seeing a play; but as the dramatic art is suited to its environment,—that is, the theatre fits the district, the play fits the theatre, the actors fit the play, and the audience fits the actor, fits all around indeed,—only the aesthetic are left to find fault. The restaurant now builds close to the playhouse, which is the kindly compensation of nature, for the playgoers can find always in the former the stimulus lacking in the latter.

Margaret Anglin has to her credit the success of the opening season, which she won in the old-fashioned play of *The New Magdalen.* The present generation does not read Wilkie Collins. He had the power to write interesting novels, in which the plots were strong and everything else of no importance. His novels made striking plays, and not the least remarkable was *The New Magdalen,* which gave Clara Morris and women of her talent fine opportunities, in the character of Mercy Merrick. The old story has been given a new fashion, renamed *Zira,* and presented with Miss Anglin in the rôle of the charming imposter. And it is perfectly safe to say that the actress captured the town, if the play did not, and that playgoers will be eager to see her strong and pathetic interpretation of an interesting character. Miss Anglin is a subdued and thoroughly trained artist, and her task was of the kind that would give Sarah Bernhardt an opportunity. Zira was once a woman of no reputation, but had the character that raises its owner in time to better things. Rescued by missionaries from her sad life she becomes an army nurse,

and finds herself one night in charge of the soldiers near the headquarters of Major-General Graham, during the recent Boer war. A chance shot apparently fractures the skull of a young English lady, Ruth Wilding, an orphan on her way to England to the home and protection of her aunt, Lady Constance Clavering. Spurred by her desire to have a place in society, Hester Trent, the nurse, changes clothes with the dead woman, takes her papers, passes herself off as Ruth Wilding, and finds a hearty welcome from Lady Constance.

Her perfect content is marred only by the remorse over her imposture. The nephews of Lady Constance fall in love with her, and she becomes the old lady's darling; from the complications of love she keeps herself free, out of deference to her dangerous past; and the dramatic crisis arrives when the real Ruth Wilding returns to claim her name and her position in the household. She did not die in the hospital. After weary months of convalescence and a period of mental confusion, she recovered her health and her wits together, and although her claims were looked upon as the result of her disordered mind, she assaulted the position of the imposter with the bitterness and determination of a virago. The two women face each other in different tempers. Hester Trent has made up her mind that the truth must come out and she herself return to the dark out of which she came; but her natural wish is to make the exposure to those who love her in the most considerate way, taking her own time, and finding her own methods.

The real Ruth imprudently refuses this mild petition, demands that she make confession on the spot, and return in ten minutes to her native mud; and in addition so insults the wretched girl that she drops her honest intentions, defies the somewhat acidulous Ruth, and has her quietly driven from the house as an imposter. But in the event she breaks down before her lover and Lady Constance and overwhelms both with the confession of her guilt. Margaret Anglin happens to be, in temperament and talent, about the fittest exponent of this character that could be found on the stage. Her abasement, her rage, and her confession were rendered with more simplicity than Clara Morris ever attained to, with less intensity perhaps, but with a larger effect. The critics were charmed and the public is hurrying to see that sort of acting which seems foreign on Broadway. The play itself is pleasant and interesting, with actors like Worthing and Finney to help the interpretation, and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen as the sharp-tongued, fine-hearted Lady Constance. Its only fault is the artificiality of the situations, a weakness, however, effectively concealed by the cleverness of the company and the powerful acting of Miss Anglin.

It is not quite clear why this lady has not been given the opportunity to delight audiences oftener, in the plays best suited to her talents. If Augustine Daly long ago discovered such ability, amounting to genius almost, he would have trained and developed it with the utmost care. It is some years since Miss Anglin showed her superiority in *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* and this is her first appearance on Broadway since that success. One may measure the character of our managers from the incident, when they permit such talent to languish, and spend round sums on the lay figures that pose as stars. At all events Miss Anglin has proved to the commercial managers that talent of a rare quality belongs to her, and that it will be worth while providing her with plays of large dramatic value. We have another Clara Morris in her, without the crudeness that marred the work of that famous artist.

Mr. James K. Hackett gave up the art of posing and returned to the art of acting last month with a respectable play curiously entitled *The Walls of Jericho.* Mr. Hackett is a good actor, able to present the average hero, strong in primitive emotions, but requiring the strongest limelight and the exact center of the stage. Consequently his plays have usually been made to order, of the one pattern, and finally ceased to have any other than a pork-and-beans valuation. By no means was he uninteresting, for with a court suit and a good sword he could do things that brought back the dear dime-novel days to every jaded fancy, and made youthful illusions glow again with the gracious old-time fire. He found his new play in London, where it had won the town, but not the managers. For some unknown reason the American managers concluded that in this country the theme would not be popular, and through this failure of judgment Mr. Hackett fell into a fortune.

The title of the play would lead one to think that the theme was scriptural and the presentation of scenic splendor; whereas the title is only metaphoric, Jericho being the modern Mayfair. The young Australian, who arrives in England with a fortune of millions to spend on his own glory, is given by the dramatist the task of blowing down the gorgeous traditions of Mayfair with a single blast of his trumpet. He does it, not in the cleverest way from a dramatic point of view, but sufficiently well to stir the hearts of an average audience. Hence the success of a rather crude drama, and the personal success of Mr. Hackett and his wife, Mary Mannering, as the Australian miner and the daughter of the Marquis of Steventon. Jack Frobisher, the millionaire miner, married the Lady Alethea for love, and in spite of his millions was fortunate enough to win her heart along with her hand. He found himself rather suddenly in the very heart of the English aristocracy, and also in the swift current of the smart set.

Coming from the vigorous realities of Australian life, the trifling and vicious natures with whom he came in contact disgusted him. The smart set anywhere is made up of knaves and fools who have laid aside for the time the reasonable nature conferred upon them by God, have converted themselves into moths, and treat life and its grave realities from the moth's point of view. Jack Frobisher could make no headway against the smart set; he heard all the sacred things of life politely ridiculed; he saw his wife neglect their little son for the puerilities of social functions, flirt with any man that cared to, gamble expensively and smoke cigarettes, and finally encourage a roué to the point of avowal; the impecunious family of the Marquis emptied his treasury at pleasure, and their impecunious friends followed suit; his own protests were laughed at, and he was given liberal instructions to keep his place; until a thousand details gathered head in a single incident, and the provoked giant raised his trumpet and blew the walls of the Mayfair Jericho flat to the ground.

He did it by ordering all his English properties sold and returning to Queensland. This brought about an interview with the blackguards and beggars and fools who had been trading on his generosity, and led to the liveliest scenes that have lately been given in Broadway drama. He helped his young brother-in-law to marry the woman he had seduced, and set him up on a stock-farm in Australia, to the intense indignation of the Marquis and the smart set. His plain speech to the Marquis of Steventon parted them forever, to the great joy of the audience, for the Marquis was a

plain scamp. He invited the blackleg who pursued his wife to a healthy interview, forced him to open and read the letter which the scoundrel had just written to Lady Alethea, and then flung him into the street for good. He made one blunder in his healthy and stirring enterprise. The last interview with his wife contained not only a command to accompany him to Australia, but also the accusation that she had married him for his money, without a spark of love. In her natural rage and mortification she declined to go to Australia, and the dramatist had a difficult time bringing her to obedience.

This description fails to give any idea of the healthful breezes that blew out of this play during the rampage of the young Australian. As he punctured each vile bubble the audience shouted with laughter. His savage arraignment of the smart set fitted America as neatly as England; their vice, flippancy, irreligion, scorn of virtue and duty, hatred of children, and general rottenness, were painted as only a rugged but fluent miner could do it. Evidently the audience regretted but one fact; that the smashing of the walls of Jericho did not take up three acts instead of one, so inspiriting was the process. Mr. Hackett acted, for the first time in years, and with tremendous zeal. If finesse was lacking he may be pardoned in view of his rugged sincerity. It will take him some years to recover lost ground, but fidelity to his own powers will quickly develop in him the finer qualities. Mary Mannering, his wife, as the Lady Alethea, gave a charming performance of the character of a true woman, poisoned by her associates, and redeemed by her love for husband and child and duty. The play has created a real sensation in New York. Its arraignment of the smart set, or of the vicious set, in all society, is genuine and merited. The author of the play is a new-comer, and the critics have animadverted upon his deficiencies of construction, exaggeration of character, crudeness of the moral sermon. The criticism may be deserved, but the value of the drama does not thereby suffer. It is the best play that the city has seen in years. It proves once more the royal worth of moral themes for the drama. The entire output of the Pineros, the Grundys, the Fitch's, and the Thomas', would not outweigh the dramatic, financial and moral strength of *The Walls of Jericho.*

Men may discuss and sneer as they please, but the present value and future endurance of any work of art depend upon its moral fibre and its due regard for moral principle. Beauty of language and richness of sentiment are fine things, but their producers are not few in each generation. They are more easily cultivated than moral beauty, and are therefore cheaper by comparison. If George Ade kept these simple truths in mind he would not now be mourning over the two failures to his credit this season. His successes for two years have been remarkable, including such bright plays as *The County Chairman* and *The College Widow;* in his prosperity he forgot the necessity of rest for the active brain and deeper principles for the direction of his own talent. Instead of progressing he in his haste to fill contracts has gone backward. His two latest plays, *The Bad Samaritan* and *Just Out of College,* have all the faults and none of the virtues of their predecessors. They can hardly be called interesting, although the second seems to have taken hold of public interest since its opening night.

Mr. Ade's instincts are very happy in the selection of theme and characters. He chose for his hero a young man just out of college, brought him into business relationship with a hard-headed

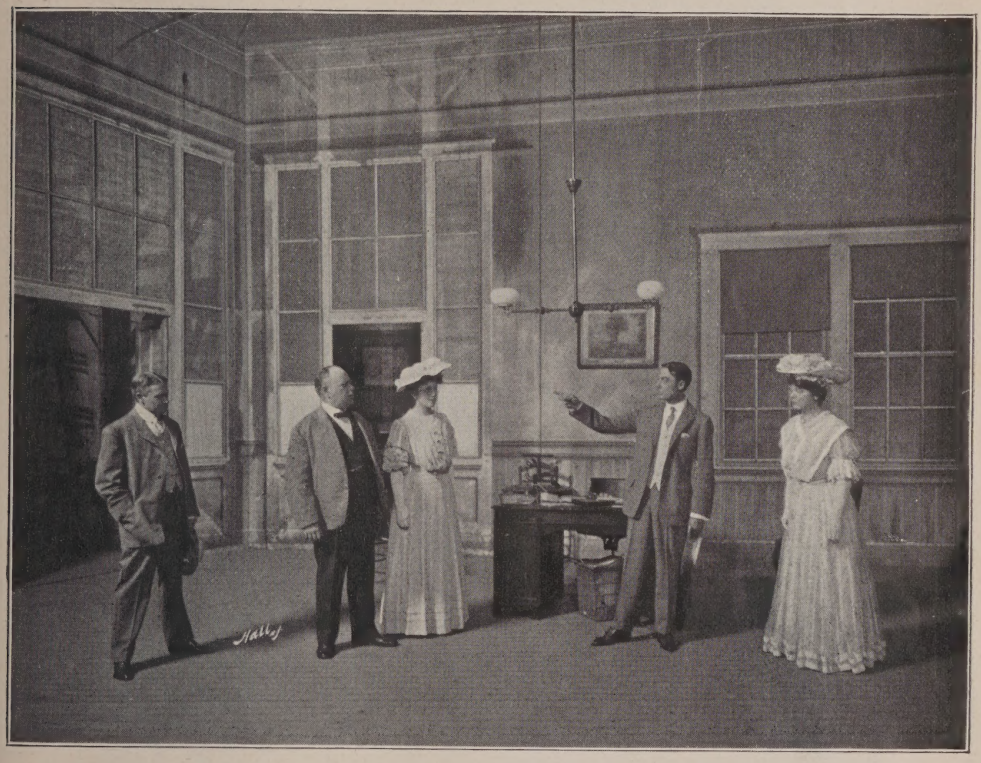
business man, and set him at the work of making his fortune. There is fun enough in such a theme to satisfy any humorist. It affords opportunities for vivacious satire. It involves moral questions of the most serious import. Its development is as naturally easy as the growth of a tree. Mr. Ade forgot its natural direction almost at the outset, and allowed a promising play to become a second-rate farce. His hero lost the dashing impudence and innocence of the first act to become a very ordinary liar in the second and a mere puppet in the third. The various characters had no relationship to anything except the place

MARGARET ANGLIN AS "ZIRA."

"ZIRA."
The living woman defrauds the dead.

"ZIRA."
Act I. Headquarters.

to which the playwright summoned them. There was no atmosphere. Even of George Ade there was very little. The hero gets twenty thousand dollars from his prospective father-in-law, starts an opposition to the pickle trust over which his benefactor presides, and forces the old gentleman to buy him out at an exorbitant price. The meanness of the scheme is not glossed over in any way. The girl has as little respect for her parents as her future husband professes.



"JUST OUT OF COLLEGE."
Act I The Pickle Trust Office.

The characters were barely able to raise the necessary laugh. A lofty stenographer, who sailed in and out like a burlesque duchess; a smart office-boy, who imitated even the vices of his employers; a professor of modern culture, whose specialty was repose and the direction of Dont-Worry clubs; and the head of the pickle trust, were funny enough to tickle any audience, had they been permitted to develop according to their nature. The scenes of the play were fatal to sentiment, to unity of thought, and to atmosphere. The office of the pickle trust, a gorgeous food show and a railway station are not favorable to drama, but rather to farce. Mr. Ade yielded to the influence of the scenes and produced a Hoyt farce. It was inevitable. Still it was George Ade. The humorous characterization which which made him notable sparkled here and there with sufficient brilliancy to interest the audience. One felt the possibilities of the main situation and of the leading characters, and laughed beforehand at the things which never developed.

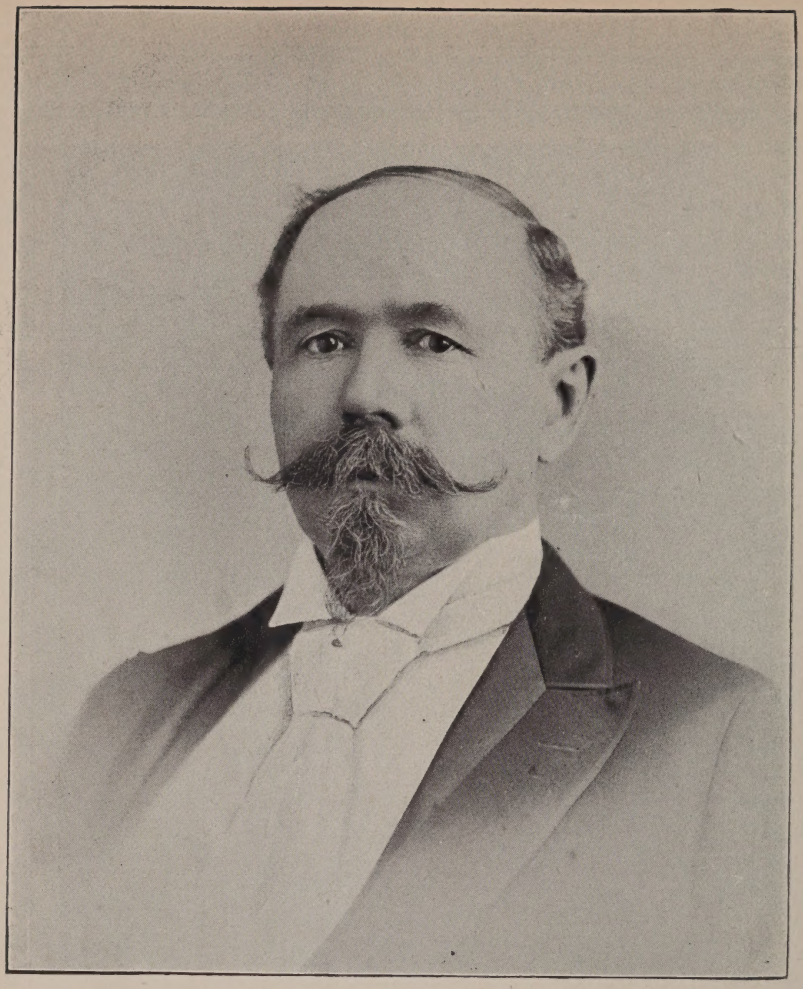
Mr. Ade, like Mr. Clyde Fitch, has

not yet studied the range and qualities of his own talent; yet it is not difficult to describe just what both dramatists need in writing a play to make an almost certain success. The prescription is given to them humbly, but with the conviction that only through its steady use will they arrive at dramatic infallibility. Mr. Ade should sit himself down in a quiet community like those set forth in

'JUST OUT OF COLLEGE.'
Act III. The Railway Station.

The College Widow and *The County Chairman,* absorb the atmosphere, become pleasantly intimate with the characters; then search for the theme which grows out of the very soil of the community; finally study the natural effect of the theme upon the characters and upon the community; and having given his gracious humor abundant room to permeate the mass, write from the fullness of his heart. Almost any theme and situation, provided they be true to life and logic, would get life and color from the Ade humor, which is essentially human, not eccentric, and therefore surprises even more than it pleases. His two failures are not commercial failures, since there is enough fun in them to carry any play through a season. Simply they are not the quality with which he made us familiar, and which he must always give us if he desires the fame of the true artist. The same advice may be profitably used by Mr. Fitch. The two playwrights are capable and trained men, of generous instincts, and honorably ambitious. The desire for rich contracts, and the foolish haste of managers, are no doubt responsible for their comparative failures.

MARY MANNERING.



JOHN F. SCANLAN.

THE CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

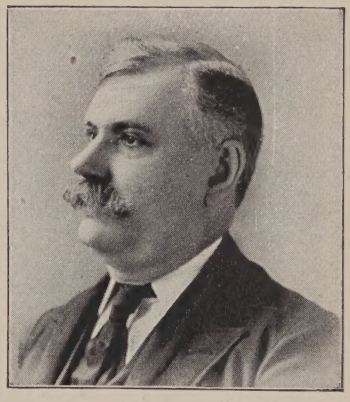
BY PHILIP J. MCKENNA.

Fraternal beneficiary societies are attracting unusual attention and interest at the present time. Prior to ten years ago the fraternal system was in a formative state. The associations or societies then in existence, with very few exceptions, were comparatively young and therefore without sufficient experience to direct and guide them along safe and sure lines. All this must come with time; and when we see what has been accomplished up to date we cannot but marvel at the wonderful development of the fraternal system.

A quarter of a century ago life insurance was practically controlled, if not indeed monopolized, by the old line insurance companies. Beneficial associations were then few in number, and those few were groping in the dark. The men

who undertook to shape their policies were in almost every instance without training in that particular line of thought. Their ideas of the science of life insurance were necessarily crude and immature, and the undertaking to build up a new and practically untried system was to say the least an arduous one. But there was no retracing of steps — no backward movement. Each new society tried to improve upon the plans of those already organized, and slowly, but surely, a trail was blazed through the dense underbrush of inexperience, and after many years of tireless effort, redoubled energy, and intelligent and indefatigable perseverance, fraternal life insurance worked its way to the forefront of success, until to-day it is recognized by competent insurance commissioners in almost every state in the Union, as well as by insurance experts in the provinces of Canada, as safe, sound and enduring, where adequate rates, based upon correct life experience tables, have been adopted.

JOHN C. SCHUBERT.



PATRICK J. CAHILL

The Church, ever jealous of the welfare of its people, and always wise in its counsels, saw inherent danger in the influence of secret ritualistic societies, and hence forbade Catholics to become members of certain organizations known to be in conflict with its teachings and its doctrines. For these and other reasons, Catholics did not become enthused in the matter of fraternal life insurance in the early days of the system. Gradually, however, they became interested; and recognizing the need of protection for their families, and wishing at all times to act in obedience to the mandates of the Church, the idea was conceived of organizing strictly Catholic societies. So, in 1873, the Catholic Benevolent Legion came into existence. The Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association, the Catholic Knights of America, the Catholic Order of Foresters of Massachusetts, and a few others, soon followed.

None of these societies had its "home" office in the great middle west. The Catholics of Chicago were anxious to follow in the footsteps of their eastern brethren, but they had nothing to guide them in the matter of procedure. After some preliminary talk on the subject, a few of the gentlemen interested secured a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Fores-

HIGH COURT OFFICERS, CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

1. Thomas H. Cannon, High Chief Ranger.
2. Thomas F. McDonald, High Secretary.
3. John A. Limback, High Treasurer.
4. J. B. Gendreau, Vice High Chief Ranger.
5. Dr. J. P. Smyth, High Medical Examiner.
6. L. V. McBrady, High Trustee.
7. James E. McGinley, High Trustee.
8. Julius A. Coller, High Trustee.
9. Simeon Viger, High Trustee.
10. Gabriel Franchere, High Trustee.
11. John F. Doherty, High Trustee.
12. Thomas P. Flynn, High Trustee.
13. E. S. Cummings, Attorney.
14. John E. Stephan, High Trustee.
15. Philip J. McKenna, Editor *Catholic Forester*.

ters. A plan of organization was discussed and finally after a great deal of hard work and many discouragements the Catholic Order of Foresters of Illinois was organized and a charter obtained in May, 1883, with Mr. John F. Scanlan as first High Chief Ranger. The original idea was to make it a local organization. The society did not have a very rosy beginning, due mainly to the fact that fraternal insurance was new and untried. The "men behind the guns" seemed to succeed on adversity, and like the grand, brave men they were, they remained at their guns until the dawn of hope appeared on the horizon. Mr. Scanlan and his lieutenants kept persistently at the good work. Every day brought forth hope; the officers benefited by their experience, and new recruits were added from month to month. At first, there was no age limit, and whenever a death occurred a flat assessment of one dollar was levied against each member. No stipulated amount was guaranteed beyond what the assessment would bring. When the first death was recorded there were only 846 members in the Order, and the beneficiary accordingly received $846. The second death was reported when there were 940 members, and the third when the total membership was 960. Those three deaths occurred in 1884, since which time each certificate has had a face value of $1,000, except where the member, under the constitution, chose to insure his life for $500, $2,000 or $3,000. Mr. Scanlan was High Chief Ranger from 1883 till 1888, and the impress of his personality is still a distinguishing mark of the Order. He is as active and enthusiastic now as in the days when it was a struggle to keep the Order alive, and he can always be relied upon to assist in every movement that spells PROGRESS for the society.

Professor John P. Lauth, in 1888, succeeded Mr. Scanlan. He, too, was an earnest, sincere and ardent Forester, and during the period of his administration the Order grew and prospered. Professor Lauth continues to be deeply interested in the success of the Foresters, and is an influential figure in all state and international conventions.

Mr. P. J. Cahill succeeded Mr. Lauth. His administration, like that of his predecessors, was most successful, and perhaps outside of his family ties there is nothing more dear to his heart than the Catholic Order of Foresters. Mr. Cahill is never absent from a state or international convention and his good counsel is at all times sought when important changes in the constitution are contemplated.

Another big man in the Catholic Order of Foresters is Mr. John C. Schubert, who was High Chief Ranger from 1892 to 1894. During the period of his incumbency as chief executive officer the membership increased rapidly, and his earnest enthusiasm in the discharge of his duties continues to the present day to mark his popularity among the rank and file.

The present High Chief Ranger, Mr. Thomas H. Cannon, assumed the duties of his office at the international convention held at St. Paul in June, 1894, and it is a tribute to his efficiency that he has been re-elected without opposition at every convention of the Order since that time. The total membership at the time Mr. Cannon was chosen High Chief Ranger was 26,579, in 445 subordinate Courts. Now there are 1,470 Courts and a total membership of 118,000.

In the early days of the Catholic Order of Foresters it was not an easy matter to secure members. This was largely due to two causes: first, men of all ages were admitted to membership; and, secondly, the rate of assessment was the same for all ages. This was manifestly

inequitable, but it was no easy matter to amend the constitution, and not until the international convention which was held at Ottawa, Ontario, in 1895, was any progress made in this direction. After a hard struggle a system of graded assessment was adopted. The new rate was established at too low a figure, but it was a question of take that or go along on the old plan, so the compromise was accepted. Four years later at the Burlington (Vt.) convention the rates were pushed up a little higher, but again on a compromise basis. This time, however, there was a surplus left over each month after paying off all mortuary claims and a nucleus for a reserve fund was established.

At the Detroit convention in 1901, it was ordered that a Commission on Rates and Classification of Risks be appointed, its duty being to prepare one or more plans and submit same to the Dubuque convention two years later. Two or three plans were submitted, but a discussion of them resulted only in another compromise, whereby the rates were raised, this time on an average of about twenty per cent. It was another case of take that or nothing, so the crumb was more or less thanklessly accepted. Meanwhile the surplus has grown until the Order has now invested in gilt-edged securities the sum of $936,360.34, besides a cash balance in the benefit fund of $92,499.29, which is in the hands of the High Treasurer, making a grand total of $1,028,859.31. None of the Order's money can be invested in securities other than government, state or municipal bonds, and the board of trustees has been cautious to accept none but the very best to be found on the market.

Since it was organized on May 24, 1883, the Catholic Order of Foresters has paid to beneficiaries of deceased members up to October 1, 1905, the aggregate sum of $7,615,442.66, and $2,000,000.00 in funeral and sick benefits. This money was disbursed largely among people of very limited means, and it relieved many a family of want and destitution. As soon as possible after proof of death is filed all claims are paid, unless where irregularities are apparent. Contested claims are comparatively few and payment is never refused except in instances of gross misrepresentation, such as untruthful answers to material questions by the deceased in his medical examination, or in his application for membership.

In all departments, the Catholic Order of Foresters is conducted strictly along business lines, the only drawback being that the rates are not sufficiently high to cover the cost of insurance, but there is good reason to believe that the next international convention will dispose of that ever perplexing question by adopting adequate rates, thus placing the Order on a permanent footing once and forever. At the Boston convention held last August, the readjustment of rates was discussed at great length and with deep interest. The plan proposed was practically that of the National Fraternal Congress, which all agree would be sufficient for the future. A majority of the delegates voted to increase the rates on the basis submitted; but the question was defeated because it lacked the necessary two-thirds majority to amend the constitution. Every leading fraternal society in the country has increased its rates within the past five or six years, and all must come to it sooner or later, or go out of business.

The officer upon whom, perhaps, rests the greatest responsibility is the High Secretary. That position not only demands a high standard of executive ability, but tact, diplomacy and experience as well. The vast correspondence of the office calls for the closest possible attention. The laws of the various

states and provinces, as well as the constitution of the Order, must be strictly complied with, and it is no easy matter to see that every detail is properly attended to. Carelessness on the part of subordinate Court officers might readily involve the Order in endless confusion, and here the greatest scrutiny and vigilance are called for on the part of the High Secretary. The present incumbent of the office, Mr. Thomas F. McDonald, fulfills all these requirements. He entered the employ of the Order in 1893, as book-keeper, and soon was promoted to the position of chief clerk which he held until the spring of 1903, when he was appointed High Secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of the man who occupied the place up to that time. He was elected High Secretary at the Dubuque convention in August, 1903, and re-elected by acclamation at Boston some months ago. He is thoroughly familiar with every detail pertaining to the Order and its affairs and the records of the office give testimony to his ability and efficiency.

Conventions are held biennially when officers for the ensuing term are elected. The High Court, which consists of the high chief ranger, vice high chief ranger, high secretary, high treasurer, high medical examiner, and eight High Court trustees, holds monthly meetings. The personnel of the High Court is of the very highest type of Catholic citizenship. The vice High Chief Ranger, Mr. J. B. Gendreau, is a prominent professional man of Coaticook, Quebec; Mr. John A. Limback, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., a successful lumber merchant, is High Treasurer; Dr. J. P. Smyth, of Chicago, a practitioner of ripe experience and ability, is High Medical Examiner and has held the position, with satisfaction to the Order, since 1899. The board of trustees is made up of professional and business men of standing and respectability. Mr. Julius A. Coller, of Shakopee, Minn., is a lawyer of prominence and a senator in the legislature of his state; Mr. John F. Doherty has his home at LaCrosse, Wis., where he commands a large and lucrative law practice; Mr. L. V. McBrady represents the Province of Ontario where his ability and learning give him a high place in the legal profession in the city of Toronto; Mr. James E. McGinley is a well-known Chicago lawyer and an ex-member of the state legislature of Illinois; Mr. Gabriel Franchere is a successful merchant in the city of Chicago where he has built up a fine trade; Mr. Thomas P. Flynn, also of Chicago, is a civil engineer and identified with the granite business of Illinois and Wisconsin; Mr. Simeon Viger represents the New England States and lives at Lawrence, Mass., where he is engaged in business as a druggist; Mr. John E. Stephan is the Chicago representative and business manager of large Minnesota flouring-mills. On account of his wide and varied business experience he is well-equipped for the position he holds on the board of high trustees as chairman of the finance committee.

The Catholic Order of Foresters is doing business in all states north of the Mason and Dixon Line, Kentucky, and Missouri, as well as in the provinces of Canada, its membership being distributed as follows: Illinois, 33,817; Indiana, 1,802; Iowa, 4,713; Maine, 2,179; Massachusetts, 2,944; Michigan, 3,292; Minnesota, 11,464; Montana, 540; New Hampshire, 2,966; North Dakota, 1,188; Ohio, 7,979; Oregon, 485; Ontario, 7,907; Province of Quebec, 18,599; Rhode Island, 822; South Dakota, 597; Vermont, 3,057; Washington, 552; Wisconsin, 12,491; Nebraska, 405.

THE INTERPRETER.

BY ANNE ELIZABETH O'HARE.

From somewhere, sharp amid all the noises of life on the big ship, rose the cry of a sick child.

It was a mere skeleton of sound, a thin little whisper of pain, yet it cut like a knife through the rasp of ropes, through the throb of engines, through the steady splash of the waves. There was something irritating in its feeble penetration. As it detached itself from the huddled groups in the steerage and broke in upon the tranquil cheerfulness of the upper deck, it seemed an impertinent disturbance of the serene and soothing beauty of the day.

One man, hearing it, closed his book and lifted his face with a frown of impatience, casting a glance of furtive anxiety upon his wife. She sat quiet beside him, a slender woman in black, her eyes remote, her hands crossed listlessly on her steamer rug. He tried to follow her gaze, but the horizon, a sheer wall of sapphire in the dense blue of sea and sky, intervened between him and the farther reaches of her vision.

The prospect was as vivid, in its solidity of color, as a stereopticon picture. The sunshine fell in streams, like fluent amber drained from an inverted turquoise cup. The blue waves reached up to drink, and then spilled out the golden draught in sprays of iridescent foam. Mr. Whiton's face cleared as he yielded to the outer enchantment, watching the white flashes as they shot between the upper and the nether blue and were caught over and over again in the snare of the sunbeams.

"What a day!" he exclaimed at last. "Did you ever see anything so —" he paused for a word — "so deliberately beautiful?"

"It is too deliberate," answered his wife, her gaze still beyond the horizon. "This intense blue is always hard,— and so cold. I remember how it chilled me at Naples."

"With such sun, Helen!" he remonstrated. "Come! Perhaps you need a turn or two to feel the warmth of it."

He held out his hand and pointed to where the deck lay shining in the light, its white length swaying never so slightly to the blue charm of the sea. As they rose, the child's cry, timid but persistent, wailed up to meet them. Mr. Whiton noisily pushed his chair out of the way. His wife paused where she stood.

"I thought I heard it crying," she whispered. "I wonder if it will never cease to haunt me, that poor little cry? I hear it everywhere. It follows me everywhere. It is always calling —— calling——."

"Oh, hush, dear, hush!" her husband besought her, in helpless distress. She was quiet for a moment as they moved forward and then broke out again, under her breath.

"It was so little, so afraid! I could not hush it then, and I was its mother. I cannot hush it now. I think it will cry on to me forever."

And then, as the plaint pressed closer, more piteous and more acute,— "Can't you hear it?" she demanded aloud. "You always say I imagine it. Can't you hear it now?"

"Why, of course I hear it," he replied, as one soothes a child. "It's some poor little beggar in the steerage."

At the end of the promenade, the sound assailed them sharply from the deck below. Mrs. Whiton strained all her senses to listen and then relaxed

with a sigh of mingled relief and disappointment.

"No, it is not my baby's voice," she said, and turned again toward her husband. He tried desperately to divert her, but the puny voice invaded the ship. They could not escape from it. He was conscious that it drowned his voice in his wife's ears, that finally it even penetrated the thick casing of insensibility in which she had wrapped her own sorrow.

"Isn't it heart-breaking?" she burst out after they had paced the deck two or three times. "Down there some poor mother is helpless as I was helpless. John!" She faced him as if suddenly stung into life. "Do you think she can be feeling as I felt?"

The thought seemed to goad her to action. She hurried her husband over to where they could look down upon the crowded steerage deck. The passengers were disposed in picturesque but lifeless groups. Except for a few gathered about a man who drew forth harsh melodies from an accordion, and a few who chattered with shrill voices and voluble gestures, they sat in stolid silence, blinking at the sun or drowsing in its warmth.

The child's cry came from a group immediately under the upper deck. In the midst of it a woman sat rocking to and fro, the little one covered by a red shawl crossed on her breast. She spoke to no one and no one spoke to her. Now and then a man grunted irritably when the baby's cry grew discomforting in its sharpness, but the others never so much as glanced at her. She was curiously alone.

Mrs. Whiton watched her for a few minutes in silence. Then she laid her hand nervously on her husband's arm.

"Wait for me here, John," she said. "I must go down to her."

He watched her clear her way to the centre of the group, and pause uncertainly before the swaying figure.

"Is the baby very ill?" She put the question almost timidly.

The mother did not look up. Her ears seemed deaf to everything but the gasping cry above her heart.

Mrs. Whiton repeated the inquiry, laying her hand gently on the bent shoulder. At the touch the woman raised her head and threw back the shock of yellow hair that fell over her forehead. One thick braid streaked the scarlet shawl; another trembled with the child's fluttering breath over her breast. The face was large and round, and so childish that Mrs. Whiton made an involuntary exclamation.

"Surely the little one is not yours?"

The girl's wide eyes were fixed in a look of sullen misery. She seemed to absorb the meaning of the question, and edged a little away, drawing her shawl more closely about her with the jealous instinct of ownership. She kept on rocking automatically the while, as if her body were the instrument of the baby's cry. Her companions were now alert with curiosity, and as Mrs. Whiton spoke again a stocky little German woman arose from the group and regarded the young mother with the contempt she plainly felt for one who spoke an unintelligible tongue.

"No Englisch," she explained briefly. "No Deutsch. Nodings."

Mrs. Whiton scanned the faces pressing about her and in a rush of compassion comprehended the entire alienation of mother and child.

"Poor children!" she murmured, bending forward to loosen the shawl and look upon the little pain-pinched face she imagined hidden under its heavy folds. But the girl divined her purpose and drew back. She caught hungrily for a moment at the kindness in the other's eyes, and made a movement of

surrender. Then, as she met the staring coldness all about her, her look took on the cunning of an affrighted animal guarding its young. Even when the older woman opened her arms, her face a prayer to the misery she could not reach with words, the mother still shrank back in terror. She wavered between desperate need and desperate fear, but the fear conquered; and Mrs. Whiton was at last forced to turn away. She sighed as she slowly mounted the steps. The mother's stormy eyes haunted her, and the baby's moaning followed her as if reproaching her helplessness.

It pursued and smote her through the clatter and sparkle of the dinner hour, and formed a poignant accompaniment to the after-dinner conversation on the brilliantly-lighted deck. In the group in which she found herself, the talk too aptly turned upon class distinctions — hereditary, education, environment — as they affect capacity for emotion.

"The suppression of emotion is a principle of our training," laughed Miss Stanley. "I must never be so gay as when I have a heart-break."

"Ah, my dear lady," corrected Professor Symonds, "remember that we are speaking of emotion itself, not the expression of it. It is so difficult to keep the feminine mind to definitions."

"Don't get off on the feminine mind!" begged the sprightly widow beside him. "It's vastly more interesting, of course, but too complicated just after dinner. You were saying, Mr. Eddington?"

"I was saying," that young man went on, with the conclusive air of a recent college graduate, "that the keenness of our susceptibilities is almost exactly in proportion to our education. The lower we get in the social order the less we feel. So far from suppressing your emotions, Miss Stanley, your whole training is a cultivation of them. You are brought up to go into raptures over a sunset or a flower or a Chopin nocturne, to pity pain, to love with a complexity of feeling never conceived in the original passion."

"Yes," agreed Dr. Lorimer, "undoubtedly the upper classes feel more. They are over-sensitized. I never have a washerwoman or a laborer come to me with over-wrought nerves or hysteria."

"As if they ever could afford it, Dr. Lorimer!" sighed the widow with a plaintiveness that raised a general laugh.

"Isn't that just it?" ventured Mr. Whiton. "Might not even washerwomen have 'nerves' if they weren't as far beyond their means as Worth gowns? How are we to know anything of the feelings of the unexpressive?"

"How, indeed," echoed the widow, "when even Miss Stanley confesses that her gayety covers a heart-ache"

Miss Stanley laughed. "Don't make me too interesting, Mrs. Palmer!"

Once launched, Mr. Whiton was not to be diverted. "Do you think there can be any class distinctions in the elemental emotions?" he went on. "Don't you suppose the people down in the steerage, for instance, feel love and hate and joy and fear just as we do?"

"Those stupid, dirty creatures, who sprawl over the decks all day!" exclaimed Miss Stanley. "Why, they don't feel at all!"

Mrs. Whiton sat a little away from the others, taking no part in the discussion. A whimsical thought of the kinship between herself and the child-mother downstairs, each the alien of an incommunicable sorrow, flashed upon her as she listened, and impelled her to turn away from the light toward the railing that hung over the shadowy under-deck. She heard young Mr. Eddington's voice in a finality that closed the discussion.

"Emotion depends so much upon self-analysis that it must be a matter of edu-

cation. How could those primitive creatures suffer and enjoy with the intense self-consciousness with which we suffer and enjoy?"

Through his words she caught the tremble of a little cry. Guided by the sound, her straining eyes discerned the outline of a huddled figure down in the darkness. It was rocking silently to and fro, alone in the night with the despair of a child's futile strangling for the breath of life.

. . . . . .

The next day the blue sea was black with storm. All the morning it flung the big ship about like a plaything of which it had tired, but by afternoon it had spent the fury of its temper and lay sulking in a gray and angry gloom. Mrs. Whiton joined the few passengers on deck as soon as she could keep her footing. She wanted to escape from the thoughts that pressed too closely in the narrowness of her cabin, and from the plaint of the little voice from the steerage that had mingled with the cry of her own dead baby to haunt the watches of the stormy night. Six months' wandering among new scenes had not softened the poignancy of that older cry. For three weeks her baby had wailed its feeble life away, gasping at last for the silence that had at the same time relieved her aching pity and left her desolate. It was her first child, the child of many wistful years, and had so absorbed her stored-up passion of motherhood that its loss seemed to drain her life of every emotion except capacity for pain. She had acquiesced indifferently to her husband's suggestion of a trip abroad, but the change had not diminished her sorrow and had increased its resentment. She went through Italy and Spain impervious to all their new and subtle allurements, and lingered in the Riviera as unenlivened by its gayeties as if they were no more than echoes of the requiem in her heart. Such beauties and enrichments as the old world offered affected her only as fresh reasons for bitterness against the power that had deprived her child of enjoyment of the life she had given it with such ecstasy of joy and pain. It was almost with relief that she was going back to where her grief need not suffer interruption. She longed to be at home with the daily reminders of her bereavement.

The gray sea, sobbing in deep exhaustion, fitted her mood. She clung to the deck rail for a few minutes, watching the long laps of the waves and listening for the cry that had pierced through the sunshine of the day before. Catching no sound above the dirge-like swing of the waters, she made her way forward and looked down upon the steerage deck. The storm had driven most of the immigrants below, and those that remained were silent and afraid. Timid children clung sleepily to their mothers, old women muttered their prayers with closed eyes and swaying bodies, and men, more stolid, stretched out to pay the night's arrears of sleep. A solitary splash of scarlet guided the watcher's eyes to the figure she sought. The young mother was crouched against an air funnel. Her shawl was still drawn close about her, but no sound issued from the burden on her breast. She still rocked wearily to and fro, but her eyes, no longer downcast, peered about furtively, with something wild and strange in their shifting. She was sitting quite alone, separated from every soul about her as completely as if walls had enclosed her from them. Her fellow passengers shrank from her as from one carrying a contagion. Even the glances they cast upon her were full of a vague but vivid fear. But she only kept on rocking, now and then raising her voice in a weird and crooning lullaby that fell upon the gray silence with heart-reaching clearness.

A passing deck steward was arrested by the girl's strange attitude and stood for a moment regarding her suspiciously. As he hesitated, evidently uncertain whether or not to address her, he was accosted by the stout little German woman of yesterday, who pulled him aside and whispered something in his ear. Mrs. Whiton saw him shrink back and stare more sharply at the young mother. She was following their every movement like a hunted thing. She clutched her baby closer under their gaze and kept on singing her hoarse and broken song.

The steward shuddered. He shook off the hand on his arm and walked hastily down the deck, returning in a few minutes with one of the ship's officers. With a brave air of official decision, they made at once towards the shrinking figure of the girl. She rose to meet them and stood with her back braced against the air shaft, her eyes desperate, her childish face hard with defiance. The red shawl was drawn vise-like about her, and her thick yellow braids stirred with the trembling of her body. The officer's bravery wilted before her look. Stopping an arm's length away, he stretched out a timid hand that fluttered a moment and then fell back at his side, as if scathed by the sudden flame of rage and fear with which she crushed the infant closer to her heaving breast.

In a flash Mrs. Whiton understood. She stumbled down the steps and crept to the edge of the crowd that had gathered around the little group.

"Ach, mein Gott! Mein Gott!" the German woman was crying. "To carry round like dot a dead child! Mein Gott!"

A shudder shook the stolidity of the circle. The pall that hung over the girl spread to all the vacant faces. They had a common horror of the Thing shrouded in the scarlet shawl, and for a few moments, before the thought of this wild-eyed child who pressed a dead baby to her living breast and defied them to take it from her, no one found a word to say. And she, in a last pitiful effort to deceive them, began again her desolate crooning to soothe its sleep.

The third officer was a young man, and he was afraid. He began to explain to the young mother why she must give up the body of her child, speaking at first gently, even tenderly, and then, exasperated by the total lack of comprehension in the sullen eyes, raising his voice to threaten and command. She stared from his face to the bank of gaping faces behind him, and beyond them to the omnious sea. She saw hostility everywhere, in the strange and heavy faces, in the hunger of the black waters, and clasped her cold baby tighter, trying to warm it, singing to wake it. She understood nothing except that they wanted to take it away from her and give it to the cruel gulfs that cried out for it—.

The officer's hands, taking advantage of her abstraction, were already rending her shawl. She wrenched herself free from his filching fingers and then, defying them all, she slowly unwound the crimson shrouding and uncovered her dead for them to see. She held it out in front of her as a defence, the pinched and purpling little face knotted in a final contortion of pain, the small body stiff and stark in her extended arms.

Murmuring, the crowd fell back a pace. The officer turned away in instinctive repulsion. The stricken mother had entrenched herself behind a barrier of death that neither he nor any of the others dared to pass. They were all bound by a spell of horror, and for a time no sound broke the sobbing of the sea.

Suddenly Mrs. Whiton pushed her way through the throng.

"Leave her to me," she commanded the dazed officer, "and send these people away." She spoke so imperiously that the young man turned at once to obey her. Then she stepped forward and faced the girl over the outstretched body of the dead child.

As she looked at the little form, so ghastly and so pitiful, all the agony of her own desolated motherhood surged from her heart into her eyes. She lifted her face to meet the hard and suspicious gaze of the other mother, and for a few seconds they regarded each other steadily, each discovering in strange eyes a loneliness like unto her own. The sullen child-face gradually softened, and when the older woman opened her arms, with an abandon that expressed all their emptiness, the other placed her dead baby within them with a perfect trust.

Mrs. Whiton did not shrink from the touch of the alien dead. She took the little body gently from the girl's stiff clasp, smoothing down the crumpled clothing and trying to stroke the tiny face into lines of peace. She forgot that it was the corpse of an exile's child. She forgot the steerage deck and the peering faces, and spoke aloud the love words that had been stifled on her lips too soon. She forgot even the girl at her side until she felt awkward fingers caressing her black gown and looked into eyes that gave her back a mute but compassionate understanding. And she only remembered then that they were two mothers, bereft together.

An hour later, when Mr. Whiton went seeking his wife, he found her in a sheltered corner of the steerage deck, one arm around a yellowhaired Slav, the other pillowing the stark form of a dead baby. The girl was staring out with dry eyes upon the sea, and the woman was shedding the first tears she had shed since her own bereavement.

. . . . . .

The baby was buried next morning. Despite all Mr. Whiton's arguments and his wife's entreaties, even in the sight of the mother's dumb despair, the captain had resolutely refused to carry the tiny corpse to port. "Why, my dear sir," he said to Mr. Whiton, "these steerage babies die at every crossing. If I created a precedent in favor of this one, my ship would become a morgue for dead infants."

So the barren burial service of the sea proceeded. A number of passengers from the first and second cabin gathered to witness it and a curious crowd from the steerage filled out the silent circle that surrounded the little coffin. The mother's scarlet shawl fluttered incongruously against its blackness.

There was no lingering over the perfunctory ceremony. The third officer said a brief prayer, a few lines of a hymn were chanted raucously by three or four sailors, and the tiny deal box was lifted in silence. It swung for a moment on its ropes, scraped against the deck railing, and splashed into the waiting sea.

"The mother seems very young," sighed Miss Stanley to Mr. Eddington as they turned to answer the luncheon gong. "But how dull and unfeeling she looks!"

"I told you these people have no capacity for feeling," the young man triumphantly reminded her. "I suppose it's a blessing."

His companion nodded with a backward look at the young Slav. She was standing by the railing at the spot where her baby had been lowered to the waves. Her childish eyes, hard and strained, had watched the sudden opening of the waters as the coffin touched them and had followed the rift to a ripple and the ripple until the broad trail of the ship had swallowed it. There her gaze wandered helplessly. Her baby was lost.

The ship was plunging faster and faster away, leaving it behind, leaving it all alone, so little and so cold, in the wide and cruel sea—.

Her foot was already on the second railing, her hands a pivot for the downward spring, when some one pulled her back. She turned furiously, but her desperate eyes fell before Mrs. Whiton's compassionate reproach, and she submitted drearily to be led away from the sight of her despoiler.

. . . . .

Dinner was over before Mrs. Whiton rejoined her husband. Her eyes were still wet and pitiful.

"Oh, John, that child!" she cried with a break in her voice. "I can't bear to leave her. She can't understand her misery. She feels that no one else, in this world or another, wants her baby, and that they have taken it away from her only because she is alone and helpless, because she has no weapons against them. I know"— she caught her breath —"because even I felt so when my baby was taken from me."

He noted the use of the past tense, and was glad.

"You see," she went on, "it isn't the loss of the baby alone, though heaven knows that is enough! She is afraid to face her husband. From what I am able to gather, she was going out to him with the child. It had not come when he left and she waited to follow when her little one was born. She started too soon, before it was able to bear the journey, and now part of her dumb misery is remorse. She feels in some dim but acute way that if she had waited it might have lived, that its death is to be laid at the door of her haste to get to him. He told her to come with the baby, and now that she must meet him without it I believe she thinks she has lost her right to come at all. I know that she is mortally afraid."

Mr. Whiton frowned his perplexity. "But how do you know? I thought nobody could understand her."

"Ah, mothers don't need words," she answered. "They carry an interpreter in their hearts."

He looked at her with the humility he always felt before the mystery of her intuitions. "You must have been a great help to her," he commented, receding to surer ground.

"She has been a great help to me! Why, John,"— she turned to him with a quick impulse of contrition,—"I had forgotten that there was another sorrow in the world! It seemed to me that no one could suffer as I had suffered, could lose what I lost. And now to find this stolid child in a trouble so much greater than mine,—Oh, I —"

She broke off with a sob. Her husband stroked her hand tenderly as it lay on his arm. "If she makes you reproach yourself I can't agree that she's helped you," he said.

"Well, you never reproached me! Why didn't you, John? During all these months when I haven't given a breath or a thought to anything else in the world — Why didn't you reproach me?"

He met her question bravely. "Why should I reproach you?" he asked. "Because you had to bear all the brunt of a sorrow as much mine as yours? I only reproach myself that I could not share it more."

She leaned over and pressed her cheek against his sleeve. "Poor old John!" she murmured, and they were both silent in the understanding that follows a long estrangement.

"That's why you musn't let that poor girl be afraid of her husband," he resumed after the pause. "It can't mean as much to him as it means to her. It is always the mother's loss."

"I've tried to make her understand that, but she only shivers miserably and

shakes her head. She flays herself with the thought of his grief. It is terrible to her that he has not even seen it, that now he can never see it. Well, at any rate, he shan't abuse her," she exclaimed with sudden energy. "I'm going to land with her."

"Oh, I say, Helen!" he protested. "Isn't that carrying it a little too far?"

She looked at him with eyes in which pity had taken the place of indifference. "I think she wants me to," she pleaded, "and you must help me to manage it. I must see her through now."

It was easier for Mr. Whiton to overcome his own unwillingness than to prevail against official reluctance, but his persistence so triumphed over precedent that on the day the first landing was made he and his wife joined the bewildered immigrants in their jostling progress down the gang-plank. They were met by many curious glances and compelled to explanations at every turn during the tedious delay caused by the preliminary investigations of the immigration officers. "I'll never say again that the United States is careless about letting the alien in," Mr. Whiton remarked by way of drawing attention to the silence of his endurance. His wife smiled absent-mindedly. She was tense with the excitement of the girl beside her, whose hot hand clasped hers convulsively until a movement in the front ranks of the new arrivals signified that they were at last to be permitted to see their friends. Then she strained forward and dropped her friend's hold with a cry as she caught sight of the blond young giant who was making straight towards her.

Her dull face was suddenly bright with joy as she ran forth to meet him. She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder and then drew back to look him up and down, her eyes shining with the pride of his height and his girth and the ruddy fairness of him. He greeted her with a rough and shamed-faced gladness, quickly disguised. There was no other demonstration between them, but the girl's dumbness fell away from her and she began to chatter eagerly, breathlessly, as if there were not years enough to make up for the months of silence.

Mr. Whiton watched the transformation with astonishment. "Hush!" whispered his wife, vaguely, as he was about to speak. "Don't interrupt them!"

And in a moment, even as she chattered in the first joy of reunion, the girl remembered. The old mask of misery closed over the brightness of her face and she drew back with a piteous shrinking, casting one affrighted look behind her to where through an opening in the distance there was a glimpse of the sea whose cruelty she had briefly forgotten. She fell silent as suddenly as she had burst into speech.

The young man seemed to be questioning her, and for answer, bringing her hunted look back to his, she only opened wide her arms, as if to ask his pity on their emptiness. Still he did not understand, and she groped about for words to enlighten him. One by one she found them, bringing them forth painfully and slowly, each syllable afraid to follow the other and each afraid to break off into silence that held their judgment.

Mrs. Whiton leaned forward and watched narrowly the husband's face. She saw bewilderment gradually give way to a dull comprehension. For a moment there was the boy's disappointment when some anticipated pleasure is denied him at the moment of realization. But almost before the shadow had time to settle, it was superseded by an expression that could be interpreted only as relief. He patted his wife's shoulder kindly, concerned at the vehemence of her grief without being able to fathom

it, but it was plain that her tidings somehow relieved him.

Mrs. Whiton sighed, and the young mother, quite inexplicably, it seemed to Mr. Whiton, broke into a passion of dry and wrenching sobs. He was hurrying forward, but his wife grasped his arm.

"Oh, come away!" she cried. "Don't you see she'd rather he'd kill her than take it like that? Come away."

The man looked down at her in bewilderment. He opened his lips to speak and kept them parted in sheer inability to frame a question, as he meekly turned to follow her impulsive movement of flight. But even as they turned, the big Slav strode forward and blocked their way. He addressed the lady, so slowly that his words had the effect of sullenness.

"She — say — you — know," pointing over his shoulder at his weeping wife. "Her — babe — dey t'row — to de sea — an' you — unly you — cry."

The perspiration started to his forehead in the effort to make himself understood. He finished with a sentence in his own tongue that was evidently meant, from the bow that went with it, to be an expression of thanks.

Mrs. Whiton's eyes were stung with a rush of salt tears. "Oh, be good to her!" she cried. "Be good to her! Aren't you sorry too, for your poor little baby lost in the sea?"

"Me?" He looked at her tears and from her to the heaving figure in the red shawl that had crept up behind him. Then he turned to Mr. Whiton with an air of deprecating fellowship. When he spoke it was instinctively to the man.

"Work — iss — bad," he explained.

Mrs. Whiton crossed over to the girl and led her away to where she could look out upon the wide sweep of the sea. "I am going home to my baby's grave," she whispered. "You, poor child, haven't even a grave."

When they left the exiles to each other, the wife was again rubbing her wet cheek against her husband's shoulder. He was trying to comfort her, repeating over and over again the English words he had evolved to account for his resignation to a Providence that had spared him another mouth to feed.

"Work — iss — bad."

His simple satisfaction in this practical comfort changed to dismay as the girl broke away from him and ran breathlessly after her friends. She clutched at Mrs. Whiton's arm, stroking her black dress with a motion of passionate tenderness and appeal. The older woman stooped and kissed her, but shook her head in answer to the prayer in the pitiful eyes, and gently led her back to her husband.

Mr. Whiton watched the little pantomime in perplexity. His wife smiled into his puzzled face as she rejoined him.

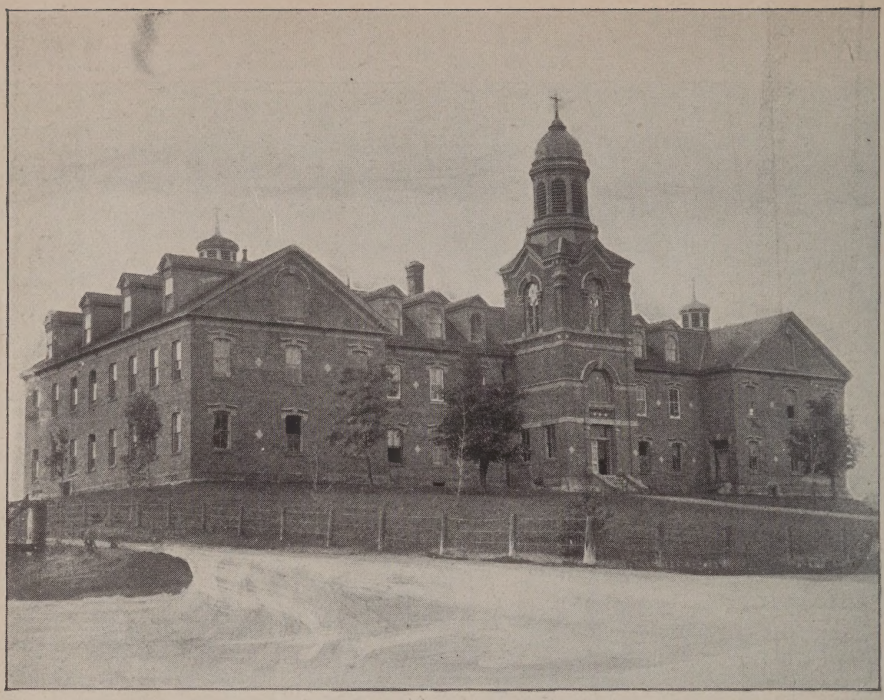
"She knows I understand," she explained simply.

"But he is her husband, and he speaks her tongue."

She looked at him with the large maternity in which her own loss was henceforth to be merged.

"But I am a mother," she said.

A REQUIEM.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

BY J. ANGUS MACDONALD.

St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., on the sixth and seventh of last September, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its existence. The Pope cabled his blessing, King Edward his congratulations, leading educational institutions all over the continent sent their best wishes, distinguished representatives of foremost universities were present, the Alumni of St. Francis Xavier's gathered in force, leading men of the Dominion and Provincial Governments came to the celebration, a splendid representation of Nova Scotia's most talented and successful sons were there, many of them journeying long distances in honor of the institution that gave them early inspiration, and guests came from all points of the compass — all of which (with the programme admirably arranged and efficiently carried out) made the Jubilee celebration a signally successful and happy event.

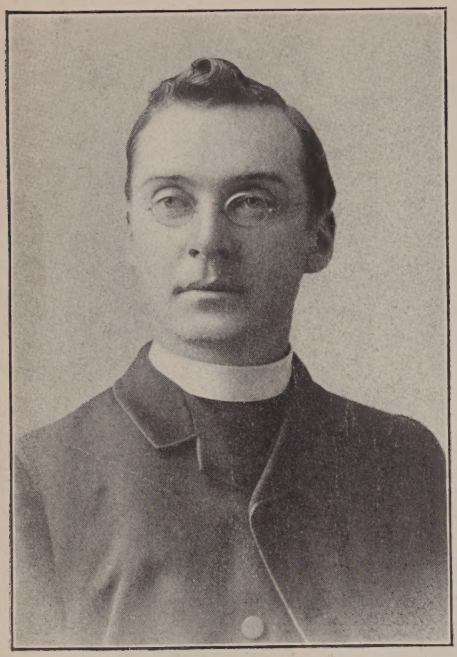
The eastern section of the Province of Nova Scotia is like the Scottish Highlands. In both you will find the same people, with the same names — MacDonalds, MacKenzies, MacPhersons, MacGillivrays, Chisholms, Camerons, Campbells, Beatons and other representatives of the Scottish clans. In both countries you will find the Gaelic, the bagpipes, the Highland reel and sword dance, and incomparable, whole-souled hospitality — an inseparable part and parcel of Celtic life.

To the visitor fresh from the hurly-burly of American cities the air seems

purer, the verdure more inviting to the eye, the rural regions invested with rare charm, and even the stillness of country places seems to be imbued with an atmosphere of pastoral poetry. It is impossible to express in words the delights of a visit to such a country after the strenuosity of life in the big cities. One pleasant summer afternoon the writer boarded the "Prince George" of the Yarmouth Steamship line, and the next morning woke in Yarmouth, a pretty town with a population of about seven thousand. There was time for breakfast and a brief glance at the town before the "Flying Bluenose"— the express of the Dominion Atlantic Railway service — started on the trip through the far-famed Annapolis Valley. "The Land of Evangeline" has been written up so often and its merits so frequently extolled that there is no need to dwell here upon its charms. There is another section of Nova Scotia even more beautiful, and as yet comparatively unknown to fame—Antigonish County, which one reaches after a ride of several hours on the Intercolonial. Here is where scenery, real scenery, scenery worth traveling a continent to see, unfolds before the eye. As the train skirts along Marshy Hope, James River, Avondale, Bailey's Brook, and the section forming that hilly undulating country west of Antigonish village, the observant traveler will note that here is one of the superb scenic points of Nova Scotia. The train rushes through a magnificent country of hill and valley, well-kept farms, stately forests, stretches of green — showing ripening hay, oats, buckwheat, potatoes, corn, and many kinds of vegetables; neat farm houses, orchards of apple, plum, pear and other fruit trees; past rippling brooks and rivers; trim country roads; "cow-paths" leading into woody depths; occasional Micmac camps, frequent country school houses, once in a while a cross-roads' store, boys on trouting expeditions, and many other points of interest, as it speeds along between hills and across valleys, now in the shade of the woods, again glancing into the sunlight, till the cry of the brakeman and the slackening of speed warn the tourist that the end of the journey is near.

RT. REV. JOHN CAMERON, D.D., BISHOP OF ANTIGONISH FIRST RECTOR ST FRANCIS XAVIER'S

A beautiful view of the town of An-



REV. ALEX. McD. THOMPSON, D.D.,
Rector St. Francis Xavier's College.

tigonish and the surrounding country may be had from the summit of College Hill, an eminence above the town. Here are located St. Francis Xavier's College, St. Ninian's Cathedral, Mt. St. Bernard's Convent, and the Bishop's residence. At first sight the appearance of those costly buildings excites the wonder of strangers, they seem so disproportioned to the size of the town and the population of the county. However, there they are — telling tributes to the fidelity and generosity of the Catholics of the Diocese of Antigonish.

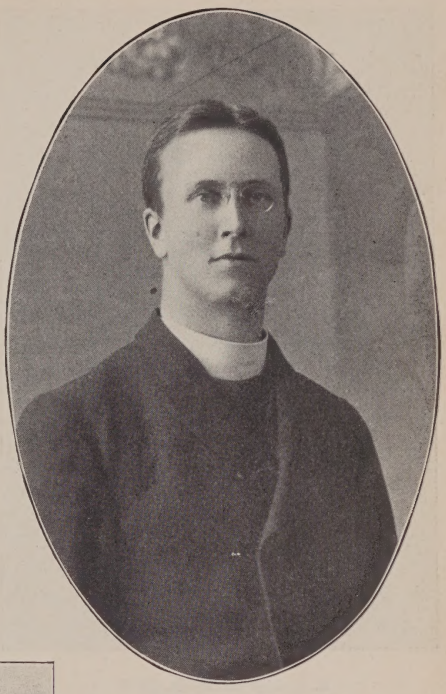
It would be difficult to find a prettier picture than this college town on a perfect summer day. It is surrounded by hills, of which old "Sugar Loaf" is the highest, and any one of the hills, "Gregory's," "Whidden's," "Trotter's" or "College Hill," commands as pretty a view as can be found in a year's travel. There is good trout fishing in almost any of the numerous streams, excellent salmon fishing at certain seasons of the year, splendid gaspereaux fishing in Gaspereaux Lake in the spring; while in season plover, partridge, duck, etc., make rare sport for the gunner. In fact if he long, for fox or even bear-hunting he can get it in Antigonish County.

Interesting trips may be made to points outside the town, in any direction. Take the North Grant road, for instance — it is inviting — drive along farther and you come to Maliginant Cove, Arisaig, or Cape George. Return can be made by way of Pleasant Valley, rightly named. Or go up West River—say to Pinkietown or Addington Forks or somewhere up in this region where the trouting is so good that the average trout is the size of the average mackerel. In fact to whichever point of the compass you turn after leaving the village there you will find incomparable scenery, good sport — fishing, hunting, nutting or berrying — and genial hospitality. The tourist is always amply rewarded for visiting this lovely country, but to visit it in Jubilee year was indeed a privilege, an experience to be treasured among the joyous memories of life's happenings.

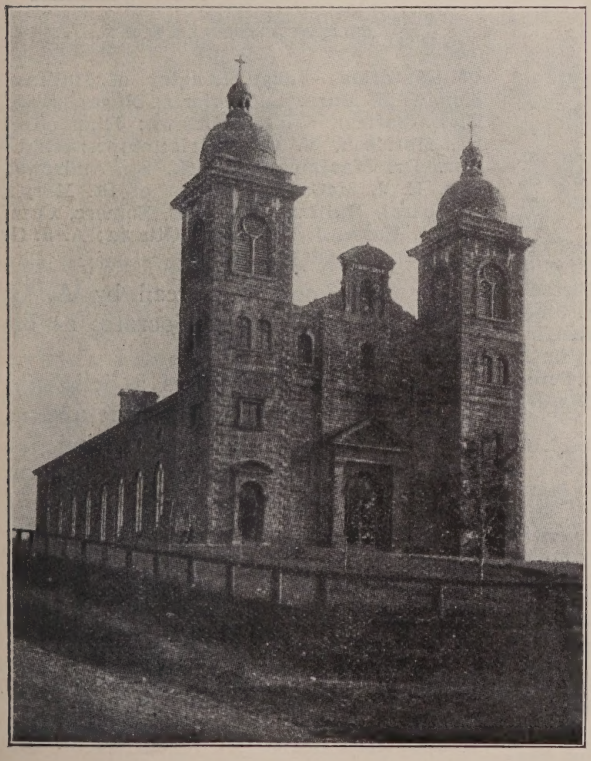
On the afternoon of September 6th, nearly two thousand guests, including three hundred and fifty members of the C. M. B. A. of Cape Breton County, assembled at St. Francis Xavier's, to take part in the opening ceremonies. The town was gay with bunting; the college, cathedral and convent were decorated with flags, and at night innumerable electric lights glowed from the arches of spruce spanning the buildings. At three o'clock the faculty, students, representatives of other universities, and St. Francis Xavier's Alumni, marched to the college rink; the procession was headed by the Stellarton Band. The exercises began with the reading of an address of welcome by the Rev. Alex. McD. Thompson, Rector of the College. On the plat-

form sat the Rt. Rev. John Cameron, D.D., Bishop of Antigonish, and many distinguished prelates and laymen. It was a brilliant scene. The white and red silk hoods of the Masters and Doctors, the Papal and National colors, the cross of incandescent lights hung high in the background, and the assembly of enthusiastic people made a picture that will not soon be forgotten.

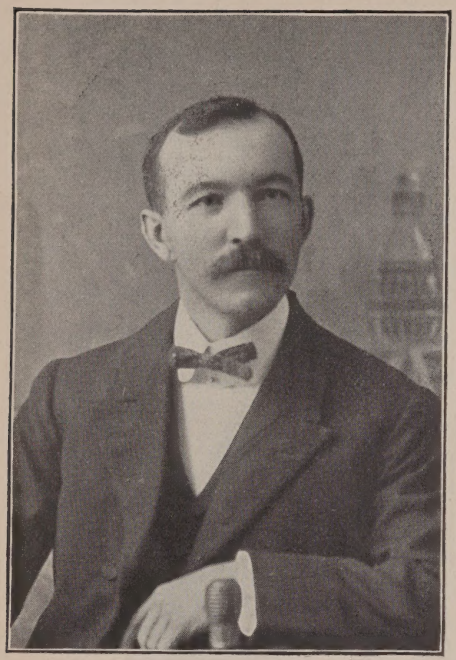
The Rector's address also dealt with the growth and development of the College. The first Catholic Bishop of Nova Scotia, Dr. Burke, in making a pastoral visit through the province decided that a college should be built in Antigonish. In 1853 a college had been opened in Arichat, at that time the cathedral town of eastern Nova Scotia. The building at Antigonish having been completed in 1855, the Diocesan College was transferred there, where it was established under the name of St. Francis Xavier's College. In the course of his address Dr. Thompson said, referring to Bishop Cameron, "It is not only fitting but imperative that this celebration should be a public tribute to the one to whom more than to any other, living or dead, St. Francis Xavier's College owes its present standing." He also paid his respects to the people of the Diocese whose lively interest in the welfare of the college was manifested at all times. Dr. Thompson's address was indeed able and scholarly. Following it came the salutatory, read by M. M. Coady, his subject being the greatness of Aeschylus, the father of Greek tragedy. This



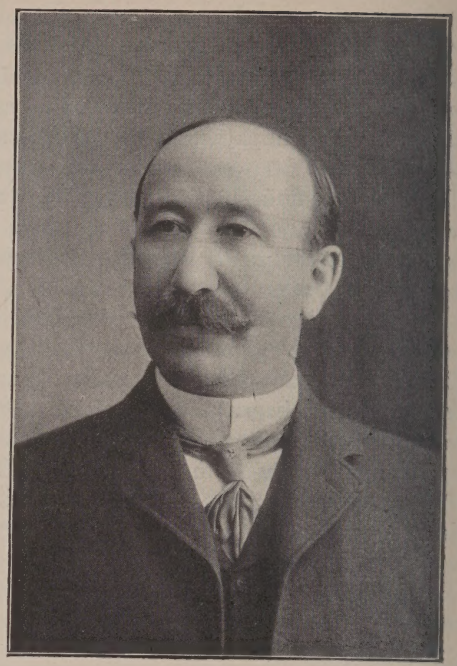
REV. M. A. MACADAM,
Rector St. Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonish.



ST. NINIAN'S CATHEDRAL.



E. LAVIN GIRROIR, LL.B.



COLIN W. MACDONALD, M. D.

essay was followed by the conferring of degrees on the following gentlemen:

Bachelors of Arts: Zephyrin Cameron, Mabou; D. D. Chisholm, Ashdale; M. M. Coady, Margaree; John Doyle, Margaree; Neil MacArthur, Antigonish; Hugh John MacDonald, St. Andrews; John J. MacDonald, New Glasgow; Wm. C. MacDonald, Bailey's Brook; Robert MacEwen, Pictou; Alex. MacFarlane, St. Andrews; A. A. MacKinnon, Douglastown, N. B.; A. G. MacKinnon, Antigonish; Frank MacKinnon, Antigonish; George MacSweeney, Moncton; Peter Rankin, Mabou; Herbert Rice, Weymouth; P. C. Smith, Port Hood.

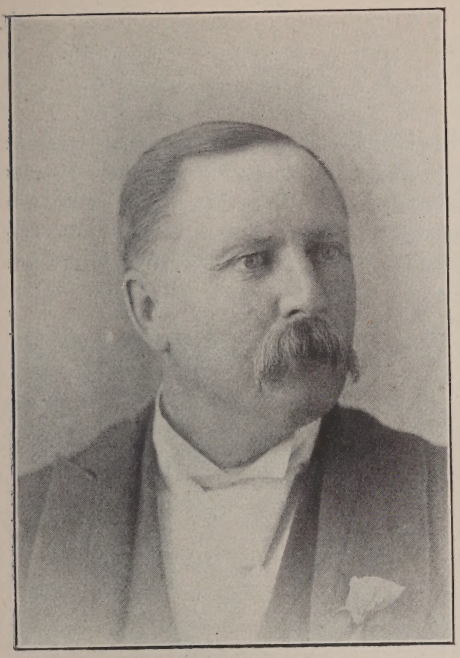
Masters of Arts: A. D. MacIntosh, Lismore; M. J. MacIntyre, North Sydney.

Doctors of Laws, *honoris causa:* Mgr. Mathieu, Rector of Laval University; Dr. Robertson, Principal of Prince Wales College, Charlottetown; Rev. Dr. Falconer, Principal of Pine Hill College, Halifax; Dr. Keirstead of Acadia College, Wolfville; Rev. Dr. Forrest, Principal of Dalhousie College, Halifax; Dr. Torey of McGill; Rev. Frank Du Moulin, of Trinity College, Toronto; Father Le Courtois of the Eudist Seminary, Halifax; Father Tessier, of St. Joseph's College, Memramcook; Rev. Dr. Emery, Rector of Ottawa University; Principal Soloan, of the Normal School, Truro; Dr. MacKay, Supt. of Education; Judge Longley of Halifax; Hon. G. H. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia; R. L. Borden, Esq., of Ottawa; Right Rev. Dr. Morrison, V. G., Charlottetown; Right Rev. Dr. MacDonald, V. G., St. Andrews; Rev. E. J. McCarthy, Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax; Dr. J. E. Somers, Cambridge, Mass.; J. F. Waters, Ottawa; A. J. G. MacEchen, Sydney.

The valedictory was read by A. G. MacKinnon who chose Socrates as his subject.

After the rink exercises a delightful programme of music, essays, the awarding of premiums and medals, and the conferring of degrees was carried out at Mount St. Bernard's Convent, a short distance away, and separated from the college building by St. Ninian's Cathedral.

During the interval for supper the kilted Piper's Band, from Caledonia, headed by Piper Jameison, discoursed the music that warms the cockles of a Scotchman's heart. A reception on the lawn in the evening gave an opportunity,



A. G. MACDONALD
For many years instructor in mathematics at St. Francis Xavier's.

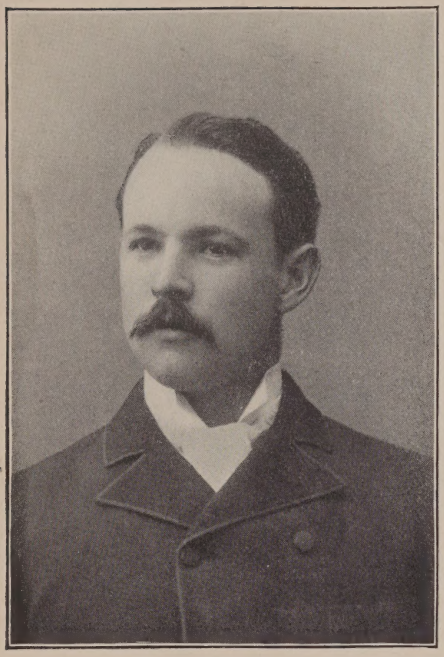
JOHN E SOMERS, M D.

eagerly embraced by many, of meeting His Lordship, Bishop Cameron. The grounds were lit with Chinese lanterns, the College tower was a blaze of electric lights, and the entire College Hill, as well as the village below, seemed fairly surcharged with the spirit of the occasion. Then came the ceremonies at St. Ninian's Cathedral which was illuminated and decorated to a surprising degree of artistic loveliness. An eloquent baccalaurate sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Morrison of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. At the conclusion of the sermon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Lordship, assisted by Rev. Dr. Thompson and Rev. Father MacIsaac. A Te Deum for the educational blessings of fifty years was sung with magnificent effect, making a fitting close to the ceremonies of the first day.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the Alumni Association met at the College and elected officers as follows:

President, Dr. D. K. MacIntyre, Sydney; 1st Vice-President, Wm. Chisholm, Antigonish; 2nd Vice-President, Dr. Chisholm, Port Hood; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. MacKinnon, Antigonish; Auditors, J. A. Wall and F. R. Trotter, Antigonish; Representatives on the Board of Governors, A. G. Hamilton, North Sydney, A. J. G. MacEchen, Sydney; Executive Committee, Rev. R. MacKenzie, Iona, A. Chisholm, Creignish, B. M. Mullins, North Sydney, Finaly MacDonald, Sydney, Wm. MacKinnon, Antigonish.

At ten o'clock the Sydney Mines Band played the faculty and visitors into the rink, where was offered an intellectual treat that would impress any audience—no matter how cultured and critical. Addresses were given by Superintendent McKay, Mgr. Matthieu, and Drs. Torey, Forrest, Keirstead, Falconer, Le Courtois, Robertson, Tessier, Du Moulin, Emery, Soloan, Longley, Borden, McCarthy, Waters and Somers.



ALEXANDER A. MACDONALD, M. D

J. ANGUS MACDONALD.

The majority of the clergy of the diocese were present, and from outside the Diocese came the Bishops of Harbor Grace and Charlottetown; Rev. R. B. MacDonald; Father MacLean and Father MacLellan from Prince Edward Island; Rev. W. B. Hamilton from Yarmouth; Fathers Roe and Murphy from Harbor Grace; and Father Joy from Saint George.

RONALD J. MACDONALD,
Famous runner, winner of 135 prizes.

At one o'clock luncheon was served to the guests in the College assembly hall. A pleasant feature was the presentation of a handsome purse to Rev. Dr. Thompson, the presentation being made by Rev. H. P. MacPherson. The following message was read from His Holiness, Pope Pius X:

"The Holy Father received with pleasure the expressions of fidelity sent him through the most eminent Cardinal, Prefect of the Propaganda and sends his blessing to the President, Directors and Alumni of St. Fran-

cis Xavier's College and to all who are assembled with them in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the university."

The Golden Jubilee sports, under the auspices of the Antigonish Athletic Association took place at three o'clock. Some very interesting events occurred. Ronald J. MacDonald won the professional three mile race. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention here the remarkable record in athletics this young man has made. A former St. Francis Xavier's man, Mr. MacDonald is at present taking a medical course at Tufts College.

Thus far he has to his credit the phenomenal number of 135 prizes for racing. He has run forty straight races in Canada, and has made three Canadian racing records in five, three, and two miles. His running and winning the great annual Marathon Road Race in Massachusetts on April 19th, 1898, was the athletic sensation of the year—by reason of the brief period of training at his disposal and his manner of running. In July, 1900, he visited the Paris Exposition as a representative of the Boston College A. A. Among other athletes brought up in Antigonish, are Simon P. Gillis, who at the Jubilee sports broke the world's record for throwing the twelve pound hammer—hurling it the wonderful distance of 193 feet seven inches as against the world's record of 187 feet six inches; James Grant, for several years champion long distance runner of the world, and still holding the professional American record for three and five miles; and Hugh MacLean the champion bicycle rider of the world. He began to race about 1895 and out of twenty races won eighteen—the other two being lost as the result of accidents.

The feats of these athletes are mentioned here on account of the opportunity afforded by the reference to the Jubilee sports. It would be difficult indeed to enumerate the many successes achieved along the lines that earn enduring fame for an institution of learning. The graduates of this college are filling many places of honor and it would be a grateful task to follow them out into the world, and tell of the work they are doing, but a brief mention of a comparatively small number is all that can be made in the limits of a magazine article.

To the highest calling of all many devoted sons have given of their best, spreading the light of knowledge, and leading men to the highest plane of living. Of these many students will recall gratefully Bishop MacNeill, of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College between the years 1883-1891, and consecrated Bishop in 1895; the present Rector, Rev. A. McD. Thompson, who graduated in 1884 (taught Greek and Latin for a term, went to Rome in 1885, where he was ordained, and returned home in 1890) received the degree D.D. in 1891, and became Rector of the College in 1898; the Rt. Rev. Alex. MacDonald, V.G., St. Andrews, well known to the outside world as the author of several profound theological works and by contributions to the Catholic press; Father Phelan, editor of The Casket, who has a wide reputation as a lucid, incisive writer; and Rev. M. A. MacAdam, Rector of St. Ninian's Cathedral, a preacher of marked ability and much beloved by his people.

Many bright men from this college entered the medical profession, among others—Dr. John S. Thompson, (brother of the Rev. A. McD. Thompson), who after completing his studies in St. Francis Xavier's, and Georgetown University, (D. C.) served for two and a half years as physician in the United States Navy, and is now practising in Cambridge,

(Mass.), Dr. John E. Somers, also practising in Cambridge, (Mass.), connected with the Middlesex Hospital, head of the medical staff at the Cambridge Hospital for Incurables, ex-President Cambridge Medical Society, member of the American Medical Association and of other organizations, and during the recent exercises at his home college honored by having the degree of LL.D. conferred on him; Dr. Alexander A. MacDonald, Roxbury, (Mass.), for some time instructor in St. Francis' College, and graduated from Georgetown University in 1895; Dr. Colin W. MacDonald, Roxbury, (Mass.), who graduated in 1883 with a B.A., then studied at the University of Dalhousie, later at Bellevue Hospital, New York, is the physician of the German Home and Orphanage, Boston, a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and connected with several clubs and associations; Dr. J. C. Fraser of Weymouth, (Mass.), Dr. P. F. Coady, West Newton, (Mass.), and Dr. John Cameron, Antigonish.

The legal profession has claimed a generous number. Colin F. MacIsaac, K. C. for nearly a quarter of a century has represented Antigonish County in the local and federal parliaments; recently he was appointed a member of the Transcontinental Railway Commission. For several years Joseph A. Wall, barrister, acted as editor of The Casket, and discharged his duties ably, until his growing practice obliged him to give up his editorial work. E. Lavin Girroir, LL.B., Secretary of the Alumni, is a member of the Board of Governors of St. Francis Xavier's College, and takes a deep, practical interest in everything that will promote its interests.

Professor A. G. MacDonald taught mathematics in St. Francis Xavier's for years, he also taught in the Truro Normal School and was appointed Inspector of Schools for Antigonish and Guysborough counties, which position he still holds. Professor MacDonald has a wide and well deserved fame for his remarkable mastery of mathematics.

Graduates of St. Francis Xavier's College are admitted to any of the Harvard departments of law, medicine, etc. without farther qualification.

It is the intention of the Alumni Association to effect a permanent, perfect organization and with this in view a meeting will be held in Boston, in November. All who attended St. Francis Xavier's are cordially invited.

This institution has done good work, is doing good work, and will continue to do good work. It gives to the diocese of Antigonish a native priesthood, a priesthood that enters into the very life and soul of the people. Nowhere can more devout followers of the Church be found than in eastern Nova Scotia, where the native intelligence of Highland Scotch brain is ripened and broadened by the beneficent educational influence of St. Francis Xavier's College.

THE NINTH IN THE CIVIL WAR.

The History of the Ninth Regiment by the late Daniel George MacNamara brings together a collection of war stories and personal reminiscences of even greater interest to the reader than the carefully compiled historical data. The Ninth differed in many ways from the other regiments. Its officers and soldiers were Catholic; by birth Irish or Irish descent. In the main they were adopted citizens. The officers were professional men, master mechanics, and business men, while the majority of the privates were sons of labor. Very few were on detached duty, so that the rank and file of the Ninth were always strongly and fully represented. Rigid discipline marked its career, and many officers of national repute were in command of it, General Wm. Tecumseh Sherman being the first of its brigade commanders. The kindly relations in which this great man stood to his subordinates are suggested in the following story, narrated by Major MacNamara:

"General Sherman during all his brilliant career always stood near to the volunteer soldiers, and in his subsequent illustrious life he dearly loved to meet them on all occasions and to call them comrades. It is needless to say that his friendship was reciprocated by them all. The following anecdote will give the reader an idea of the kindly nature of General Sherman. Five officers of the Ninth, desiring to visit the city of Washington, obtained passes from the colonel for forty-eight hours' leave. The road from the camp to the bridge was heavy with mud, and, altogether, was very bad walking. By some influence they obtained an ambulance and very comfortably rode over to the bridge. On presenting their passes they were informed that all passes must be countersigned by General Sherman. After talking the matter over it was decided that Captain O'Leary—one of the party—should proceed to General Sherman's headquarters at Fort Corcoran, and take all the passes with him and get them signed. The captain, but recently promoted, was dressed in a brand new uniform and cut quite a dash as a volunteer officer. On arriving inside the fort he saw a tall man standing near by, without any insignia to distinguish his rank, whose style of dress, with one leg of his trousers in his boot and generally careless looks, did not come up to the captain's idea of a brigadier-general. In fact, he supposed him to be a man-of-all-work around the place. Beckoning with his raised hand and finger to the man, who was looking towards him, the captain said, 'Come here, my man.' The man came forward as requested, and the captain said again as he stopped in front of him, 'Can you direct me to General Sherman's headquarters?' 'What do you want of General Sherman?' the man inquired. On receiving this answer to his question the captain impatiently exclaimed, 'What in—and—is it your business?' following up this query with quite an indignant look at the supposed audacity of the stranger. Without seeming to notice the blunt question addressed to him he proceeded to direct the captain by a circuitous route over to the general's quarters. Then the stranger moved off quickly in another direction. After carefully picking his steps to avoid muddying his shiny shoes or soiling his nice new trousers, the captain reached the desired headquarters, and, meeting the assistant adjutant-general, tried to prevail on him to countersign the five passes. The adjutant was affable and smiling, evidently pleased at something, and said: 'Oh, no, captain, the general is right inside there; you go right in and he will sign your papers.' The captain boldly walked into the inner tent and was dumbfounded as he beheld the man with whom he had the colloquy outside. It was the general himself sitting at his desk. He noticed the surprise and confusion of his visitor, but cheerily said: 'Well, captain, what can I do for you?' When the captain found his voice he very meekly stated his errand. The general took the passes, looked them over and said: 'How long is it, captain, since you were in Washington?' Not waiting for a reply, he continued, "'But what in—and—is it my business?'" He then signed the papers, and, as he handed them back, pleasantly bade the abashed captain good-day. Years afterwards the captain met General Sherman and recalled the incident just related. The general inquired: 'Are you the captain I met on that occasion? Yes, I remember it well, and had many a good laugh over it, telling to others my meeting with a captain of the Ninth Massachu-

setts. I think, captain, you learned a good lesson from that interview.' The captain assured him that he had, for he never forgot the well-merited rebuke."

In tracing the evolution of the Ninth from the Columbian Artillery the author includes a bit of history that indicates the trend of feeling towards the "foreign element," before the Civil War proved their worth.

"Many years previous to the rebellion," writes Major MacNamara, "there existed in the city of Boston, Company B of the 5th Regiment (artillery) Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. This company was more familiarly known as the 'Columbian Artillery,' and it dated its organization as far back as 1798. Its armory was situated in the North End, and, in its day, it was considered one of the finest American companies in the State militia.

"About the year 1850 it grew lax in discipline and suffered from general financial mismanagement. Many of the young men of the early Irish families which had settled in the North End were then invited to join the company, which they did, until it was mostly composed of Irish-Americans of the Catholic faith. The company, with its new membership, had now assumed an active and flourishing existence; in fact, a new life had taken possession of it. Its members when on parade, in full dress uniform, wearing tall bearskin hats, were a remarkably fine-looking body of soldiers, and were acknowledged to be—by many influential citizens—a great credit to the militia. Indeed, many of the best known and most highly-respected Irish-American business men of that day and generation were on its muster-roll; and, as it always proved, none were more prompt, with full ranks, to respond to the call of the State than the members of the Columbian Artillery. It was their highest aim to do their whole duty by obeying and enforcing the laws of the land, whether as soldiers quelling slave riots, or on parade, or on the musterfield, or as citizens of the Commonwealth. That they were faithful in their allegiance, and thoroughly patriotic, was subsequently shown during the war when they laid down their lives in defence of the flag of their adopted country.

"In 1854 the Columbian Artillery had for its commander Captain Thomas Cass. He was a man of remarkable soldierly qualities which were enhanced by a strong sense of discipline. By close attention to military affairs, hard study and constant drill, he was enabled to pass through all the grades in the company to that of captain. Under his direction the 'Columbians' had attained a most excellent membership from 'the foreign element,' and for a militia company the discipline and drill was of a high order. The company was in a most prosperous condition when the following event occurred, which drove them out of existence as a militia company.

"January 9th, 1855, the message of the Governor-elect of Massachusetts, Henry J. Gardner, was read before both branches of the Legislature in General Court assembled. Paragraph No. 5 of the address announced the intention of the Governor 'to disband all military companies composed of persons of foreign birth.' In consequence of this announcement the Columbians held a meeting with the following result:

" 'Headquarters of Co. B, Fifth Regiment of Artillery, First Brigade and First Division.
Jan. 9, 1855.

To His Excellency, Henry J. Gardner,
Commander-in-Chief.

Sir: In consequence of what we consider to be a grievous insult to the members of Company B, Fifth Regiment of Artillery, and others now in the service of your Excellency, in paragraph marked No. 5 of your address to the legislative bodies of Massachusetts, at a meeting held in said company's armory on Tuesday evening the 9th inst., Captain Cass in the chair, sixty members being present, it was unanimously voted to surrender the charter of said company forthwith, and Captain Cass is hereby authorized to inform the Commander-in-Chief of said vote.

(Signed.) Thomas Cass,
Captain Company B, Fifth Regt. of Artillery.
Attested:
Hugh McCafferty, Clerk.'

"The officers of the company resigned their commissions, and, on the disbandment of the organization, formed it into a civic body under the name of the Columbian Association, for literary and military purposes.

"During the years which followed, the Columbian Association continued to flourish under the direction of Captain Cass and his subordinates. On the breaking out of the rebellion, and when the militia regiments of Massachusetts were rallying to the support of the U. S. government, a meeting of prominent Irish-American citizens was held in Boston with the view of recruiting a regiment to aid in the suppression of the Southern rebellion. Captain Cass was selected as the colonel for the new Irish-American regiment.

"Proper authority having been obtained from Governor Andrew, recruiting commenced at the armory of the Columbian Association on Sudbury Street. Company A of the new regiment was promptly recruited and organized, and named the Columbian Guards. It was the nucleus around which nine more companies quickly formed and organized into a regiment.

"The officers who rallied to the support of Captain Cass in his patriotic efforts to recruit and organize an infantry regiment, were professional and business men of good standing. They were earnest, energetic and patriotic citizens, full of soldierly ardor in their desires to defend the flag of their adopted country, and to preserve intact the union of the States."

The embarkation of the Ninth, the long voyage, ending in the sail up the Potomac, and the landing on southern soil, are graphically described. The whole regiment bivouacked in the Arsenal yard and on the wharf, and after a sound and refreshing sleep some wakened to a consciousness of the dawning of the first Sunday in the new life. But early as was the hour a majority of the regiment had disappeared, and for a moment even the colonel was at a loss to account for the disappearance of so many men. He soon learned, however, that very early in the morning the chaplain, Rev. Fr. Scully, had marched off with them, to attend Mass, if they could find a Catholic church near at hand in Washington city. In an hour or more the missing men returned to tell their comrades of their pilgrimage. During the march through Virginia, as the men tramped along, passing blazing camp fires in openings of the woods, they were greeted with the cry, "Three cheers for the Ninth Massachusetts!" and their minds naturally reverted to the time when the "Know Nothing" governor proclaimed . . . "That the honor of the American flag should be confided only to those who are born on the soil . . . they alone can justly be required to vindicate its rights."

"As these thoughts flashed through our minds," the writer remarks, "it looked to us then as though the Irish-American Catholic citizens of the United States were vindicated. We had no resentment in our hearts; we were then Catholic soldiers whose love for the Union, and the Stars and Stripes, our flag, our country, was above all and over all, and with God's assistance, we would prove it with our lives on the battlefield against all foes, foreign or domestic, as did our countrymen during the Revolution and subsequent wars."

Another instance of the Catholic spirit of the Irish regiment was afforded by their efforts to fittingly celebrate the feast of Christmas.

"Christmas was now fast approaching, and, as is customary with Catholics, great preparations were under way to celebrate the event in the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers. The whole camp was decorated with arches of evergreen and ivy, and adorned with appropriate mottoes. The regiment attended the celebration of Mass, Father Scully celebrant, after which the holiday was devoted to innocent enjoyment. In the evening the officers had a banquet in the large tent, the latter kindly loaned them by the chaplain. Many distinguished officers of the division were present as invited guests. The festivities were also graced by several ladies—the wives of officers—who were on a visit to the camp. A caterer from the city of Washington furnished the banquet, which, on the whole, proved to be a most enjoyable occasion. Music, speeches, poetry and song filled up the closing hours, much to the enjoyment of all present. Boxes of good things from home had arrived early in the day, and were distributed through the regiment to their several owners. Our winter quarters, with all its monotonous routine, was generally enlivened by this celebration. It was as refreshing to our soldiers in camp as the sight of an oasis in the desert is to the weary traveler. While it was the first of the kind that we had enjoyed since entering the army, it was also the last one for many of our brave fellows, who subsequently laid down their lives for the Union and the Flag. As a reminder of our Northern homes in Massachusetts the snow began to fall that night, and it continued to silently cover our camp until several inches in depth whitened the ground like a white soft carpet. In the mild weather which followed it quickly disappeared the next morning under a warm Southern sun."

This peaceful, happy day in camp is one of the few bright scenes marking the life of the Ninth in those portentous times. They were soon to know from experience what devastation war would work. Here is a vivid picture of ruin and desolation:

"After leaving Fairfax Court House on the 2nd of September we marched by way of Vienna to Miner's Hill. As we reached the old camp-ground where we had lived six months previous to March 10, 1862, and from which we had now been absent for six months lacking a few days, it presented to our eyes that afternoon, for the last time, a sad sight to contemplate. Along the ground where the

tents of the field, staff, and line officers stood, were strewn relics and utensils of their former camp life still undisturbed; reminders to us now of the well-known and remembered occupants in former days,—officers full of young life and manly years, many of whom had since given up their lives for their country. A short ways off in the direction of the parade ground, ten streets, with ten rows of 'cellars,' containing rude bunks and rude, broken-down chimneys and fireplaces, stared us in the face and seemed to inquire of us in mute surprise, 'Where are the men who lived here? Why are they not with you?' Where once stood ten rows of 'A' tents, twenty-five in each street and from three to four stalwart soldiers in a tent, there now remained nothing to show for it but the dilapidated cellars and the rubbish that was scattered in and around them. The rank weeds had grown up in irregular patches all over the place, which added to the loneliness of the forsaken camp. Into this desolate camp and into these streets we marched, silently and slowly. Our companies were small now and reached about one-third way down, where, a few months ago, there stood about one hundred brave men in each to answer roll-call, and who daily made the air resound with life, laughter and merry songs. Many were dead—killed in battle—many were absent from wounds, sickness, and disability. As our men had broken ranks and were looking about, one cried out: 'Hello! that looks like one of my old shoes;' and such it proved to be, as he picked it up in one of the tent cellars. Another said: 'Here is an old canteen,' as he picked it up and scrutinized it. 'That belonged to Mike Murphy; I know it by the mark of the bayonet when Joe Smith punched a hole in it. How mad Murphy was when he found his canteen ruined. Well, the brave fellow has gone where canteens don't count. God be good to him.' Thus the men talked as they discovered relics here and there. After a while a group got sitting together and one opened the conversation by saying: 'I hope they will move out of this place, I don't wish to camp here to-night. It makes me feel lonesome-like when I see so many dumb acquaintances scattered around that belonged to our poor boys that's dead and gone. God rest their souls.' 'I know every cellar in this street,' said another, 'and I could tell the names of those who messed together; I never realized what a horrible thing this bloody war is until now. It's just awful, so it is, when I think of the brave young chaps that have been killed. More luck to us, it's not through yet, by a long shot. I'm thinking there won't be many of us on top of the earth this time twelve month. Lee and his 'secesh' army are hard to beat. Do you mind the way he walloped Pope with only half the number of men? It's lucky for Pope that Bob Lee didn't have his whole army with him.' At the close of this long-winded speech, which was quietly listened to by the crowd that clustered around the speaker, a comical chap broke out with, 'Oh! whist! don't be talking nonsense. Don't you know, sure, that if Lee had his whole army in the fight we would have been called in? Then what show would the 'Johnnies' have with 'Black Jack' and his old Second brigade and Martin's battery filling their bellies with grape and canister?' This rebuke, spoken in a jocose manner, drew forth shouts and laughter from the crowd and changed the conversation. 'Here comes 'Mac' with a box,' said one; 'I understand that Quartermaster Mooney has got some packages from home, for some of the boys. Mac arrived and opened his box. The chickens, cake and oranges, etc. were found to be all dried up for the reason that they had been some months on the road. The little jug in the box, however, was heavy and corked tight. It was soon uncorked, smelt of, then some of it poured out and tasted. 'Good cherry brandy, as I'm a sinner,' exclaimed Mac. Then he was generous enough to give all his comrades a 'drop' as far as it went. After partaking of this good cheer the bugler sounded the assembly. 'Fall in! Fall in.' now resounded through the camp. 'Good,' cried the men, 'we are going some place else to camp.' The general desire to leave the 'old camp-ground' with all its sad memories, was pleasing to all and the orders to march were obeyed with alacrity. It was just before sunset. The regiment went to Upton's hill, a short distance off, and into bivouac for the night."

The exigencies of life on the march are told of on many a page of this history of the Ninth. The escape of Father Scully from his captors is a tale to thrill readers, holding their rapt attention as the stirring incidents of the adventure are recounted. The experience of the four line officers who bivouacked at Snicker's Gap is only one of many stories that prove the pluck and resourcefulness of both officers and men of this valiant regiment.

"That night at Snickers Gap four unfortunate line officers of the Ninth Massachusetts were deprived of blankets, overcoats and 'grub,' by an unlucky incident. The man in charge of the mess failed to turn up, after the march, with his horse, mess kit, etc. It seems that in order to avoid a raid, which was contemplated and put in force by the provost marshal-general of the army, on all pack horses and mules belonging to infantry regiments, our man, in order to protect

himself, took to the woods and flanked the enemy which was after him—that is, the myrmidons of the aforesaid provost marshal-general of the army. By this adroit strategy our man, with horse and pack, escaped capture. Army headquarters had miles of wagons to carry their luxurious household and personal effects in order that they might bivouac with ease and pleasure. Their servants fared and slept with comfort that was a stranger to the ordinary line officer of an infantry regiment. It was attempted on several occasions to deny infantry officers the right or privilege to transport their mess kits and belongings on pack mules and horses. This premeditated raid on them was on a large scale, so that our man was obliged to go many weary miles out of his march to avoid being taken and did not, therefore, get around until late the next day. This particular night at Snickers Gap these four officers waited several hours after the regiment went into bivouac, alongside of a single log fire, for their man to put in an appearance. After giving up all hope of his coming two of them at dusk went foraging for their supper and a place to sleep. The other two remained by the little fire, too proud to attempt to 'sponge' on those who had barely enough for themselves, although they were hungry men after their day's march. The wind was quite piercing as it blew over the mountain range and through the gap. Becoming sleepy one officer lay in front of the diminutive fire and was soon in deep slumber. After a while the other officer tried the outside berth, but being debarred by his comrade from the heat he soon got chilled through and was obliged to get up. He sat cogitating for a while over his hard luck, with hunger, assisted by a lack of sleep, gnawing at his vitals; and now to be deprived of sleep on account of the cold was something he had not bargained for. Having compassion on his companion and fellow-sufferer, he allowed him a reasonable amount of time to sleep, then he gently rolled him over and lay down in his warm place and fell into a deep sleep himself. Suddenly he awoke chilled through and very cold, and found, to his disgust, that his brother officer had, on awaking in a similar plight, returned the compliment by rolling him over and again dropping asleep in his old place. After a little time standing around sleep became so needful and overpowering that he, the second victim, must have it, and, as the only way to get it was to lay in front of the fire, he once more rolled his friend over and dropped into his warm place, and was asleep as soon as he touched the hard ground. Soon, however, he again awoke, cold and shivering in the freezing night wind, only to find that his companion in misery had performed once more the same rolling trick on him. It was now mutually recognized, without any consultation, as absolutely necessary that this kind of relief must be kept up in order to get much-needed sleep. It was an awful tedious way to keep from freezing, particularly after the midnight hour; for, as morning began to approach the cold wind was intensely cutting, not to say freezing, as it penetrated their now weakened systems. When daylight broke this pair of lieutenants were a sorry sight to behold as they stamped their feet to limber their stiffened limbs and send the blood circulating through their chilled hearts. That night of hardship they never forgot and never cared to experience the like again. Pride did not stand much in their way ever after. 'Ask and you shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you,' was an admonition which they ever after practiced when luck and circumstances were against them."

The meeting with General Grant was a memorable incident. The General was on his way to establish his headquarters at Culpepper, and several of the officers of the Ninth went to Bealton Station to get a look at him, and, if possible, to shake hands with and speak to him.

When the slow going military train stopped General Grant got off at the station and received the quiet greeting of those present—who approached him—in his usual democratic way. After a few words of welcome, some one asked him what he thought of the Army of the Potomac. He replied, "It's a good army, but it has never been fought long enough!" Those who heard the remark then, and thought about it afterwards, were somewhat puzzled at its real meaning. Very little talk was indulged in. Every one was looking at the stocky little general; and Grant, apparently unconcerned, was quietly looking around him. When the whistle blew he stepped onto the train. It moved away from the station over the ungraded military railroad like a loose-jointed sea serpent, rolling over the waves, up and down, over to one side, and then to the other, twisting and dragging its slow length along, in a way that would try the patience of a more phlegmatic temperament than General Grant's. Before many weeks passed, in the subsequent campaign of May, June and July, 1864, everyone knew what General Grant meant by his reply above mentioned. The Army of the Potomac had been, indeed "fought long enough" then, to lose 62,000 men of the army of 122,000 with which it started on the campaign.

The story of the War is one that can never lose its interest, for deeds of valor are of all times, and few can read without a quickening of the pulse, of the suf-

ferings and victories of that crucial period when the Nation's fate hung in the balance. It would be a grateful task to dwell at greater length upon the contents of this record of the Irish regiment, but the book is accessible to all, and will well repay the reader.

A letter from General Sherman, replying to an invitation from Major MacNamara to attend a reunion, has an added interest in the outspoken appreciation of the General for the men of the Ninth. It is reprinted here in part:

"Headquarters Army of the United States,
Washington, D. C., June 15, 1882.
Daniel G. MacNamara, Secretary Reunion 9th Mass. Vols., Woburn.

My dear Sir:—

Well do I recall the old Massachusetts Ninth in those trying days of 1861, when for a short period it fell under my command at Fort Corcoran; about nine hundred bright, intelligent young men, well equipped and well commanded (by Colonel Cass, if I remember right), fresh from their New England homes, and anxious to do a full measure of the awful work before them. And now you tell me that only two hundred and seventy remain alive. If these will now meet and cast their thoughts across our broad continent, they will realize that their fallen comrades have not died in vain, but are almost to be envied that they sleep now well in their honored graves, and leave us, their survivors, to plod along a few short years, and then to pass the dark river into the same sleep of eternity.

I always encourage these reunions, whether of armies, corps, divisions, brigades or regiments, not so much for the revival of our own pleasant and sad memories, but because they teach the lessons of patriotism to the youth of this land, who must very soon take our places and hold the ship of state on her glorious course through the sea of time.

Thanking you for the compliment, and begging to be remembered to the survivors of the good old regiment, I am with great respect,

Yours truly,
W. T. Sherman."

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since those words were written. The General has joined the great majority, many of the old Ninth have answered to the final call, and among them Major MacNamara, whose last years were devoted to giving permanent form to the record of the regiment and comrades he loved. No doubt the arduous toil of collecting and compiling the mass of information contained in this volume seriously over-taxed his strength, and hastened the end.

In the volume of nearly 600 pages in which he has transcribed the history of the Ninth, the following brief mention of the author is found:

Quartermaster Daniel G. MacNamara, the youngest of the three brothers who fought for the Union, served for three years in the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers successively as 1st sergeant, commissary sergeant, acting quartermaster-sergeant, N. C. S., 2nd. lieutenant, 1st lieutenant and March 26, 1863, was appointed quartermaster of the regiment, to succeed Quartermaster Mooney, deceased. He was mustered out on expiration of term of service, June 21, 1864.

This modest information may fittingly be supplemented by an excerpt from a letter, written by Major McNamara's commanding officer, Colonel P. R. Guiney.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1864.

This is to certify that Daniel G. MacNamara, late lieutenant and quartermaster in my regiment, served a full term of three years in the army. He was brave, efficient and intelligent in the discharge of all his duties in the line; and as regimental quartermaster I cannot say more; and it is due to him that I say nothing less than that, in my opinion, his superior was not in the army. He is thoroughly conversant with the duties and responsibilities of that office.

(Signed.) P. R. Guiney,
Late Colonel Ninth Mass. Vols.

A CORPORATION HOUSE OCCUPIED BY EMPLOYEES.

IDEAL INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS.

A Massachusetts Town Which Offers an Interesting Study in Social Economy—Famous Family, Closely Identified With Many Great Progressive Movements, the Controlling Factor in Its Growth.

BY L. C. CREEDON.

Once upon a time when the gentle doctrine of the simple life had been swallowed up by the dark clouds of a stern and forbidding philosophy, a dreamer of the age conceived and created "Utopia," that beautiful island of Nowhere, where labor is recreation, where want is not, where men are brothers.

Unfortunately, however, for the realization of his prophetic ideals, Sir Thomas More lived in the morning twilight of the Renaissance, a feudal knight with a modern mind, and while the kindlier critics of his day saw in his work a forecast of great things to come, the actual conditions of the period were antagonistic to his lofty ambitions.

His ideals and ideas have nevertheless survived the scattering fire of succeeding centuries and have knocked with gentle persistency at the doors of present century thinkers. Just what part they have been allowed to play in the general plan for the amelioration of humanity is, of course, an open question, depending for its answer upon the individual point of view; and yet one cannot closely scrutinize the progressive movements of the present day for the betterment of social conditions without recalling the unrealized dream of that exalted knight of the middle ages.

In the crucible of experience, Utopian theories, when tried, have generally met with signal failure, mainly, perhaps, be-

FRONT VIEW OF DRAPER COMPANY HOUSES ON BANCROFT PARK OCCUPIED BY EMPLOYEES.

cause the inspiration of the master mind was lacking. But the great humanitarian suggestion which they conveyed is far more potent at the present time than in the days when the scholarly and ascetic More dreamed of a Paradise on earth.

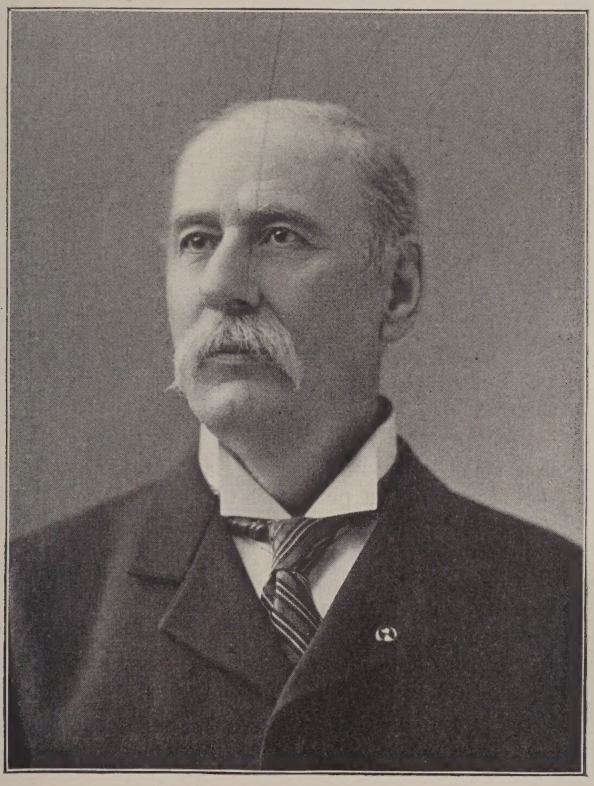
To be a factor in the welfare and happiness of the people—that was the essence of More's philosophy, and it is closely within the lines of truth to say that that kindly sentiment has guided and governed most of those of our own day and generation, whose achievements in the department of social service have won for them national recognition. One of the most notable examples of the existence of that superb and splendid sentiment is to be found in the town of Hopedale, Mass., which the Draper Company, controlling a great industry and employing thousands of hands, has made a town of model homes.

The impression that one gets of the people of Hopedale, Massachusetts, is that they are a prosperous, home-loving and virtuous class, so far removed from the unassuming commonplace of ordinary factory-town populations as almost to conceal their true social and economical standing. They have had better opportunities than most people in the trade and have used them to full advantage; one looks in vain among them for signs of want and misery usually found in large manufacturing communities, and the observing mind soon comes to the logical conclusions.

In presenting the social conditions prevailing among the working people of Hopedale the use of the superlative would be justified, in fact, is almost necessary for a conscientious adherence to the unbiased truth, because the little town has gained national reputation for its exemplary shop and housing conditions. By an accomplished foreign writer they are described as "America's best."

As the general welfare of any town is due to its industries, allusion is made here to the fact that the sole industrial enterprise in Hopedale is the Draper

Company, which manufactures textile machinery. This concern has developed rapidly during the forty years of its existence and the town has grown up with it. General William F. Draper is its president and George A. Draper is treasurer; the agent is Eben S. Draper, the present Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts.



GEN. WILLIAM F. DRAPER
Formerly Ambassador to Italy.

What might be termed the "Draper influence," which frequently is emphasized by substantial moves for social uplift, is reflected in every section of the town. The whole town is an example of prosperity in which honest plainness knows how to live. Here is a manufacturing town in which the head of the family bows to none of those humiliating necessities that in other places send so many wives and children out of their homes to aid a handicapped struggle for honor and independence. With his own hand he provides what the household needs.

As a noteworthy factor in his earning capacity must be mentioned first of all the auspicious circumstances that he is as well paid as any man in the country doing the same kind of work, and always is on good terms with his employer. Perhaps the most striking evidence of this is the freedom from industrial controversies, there having been no strikes at the Draper Company works in the forty years of their operation.

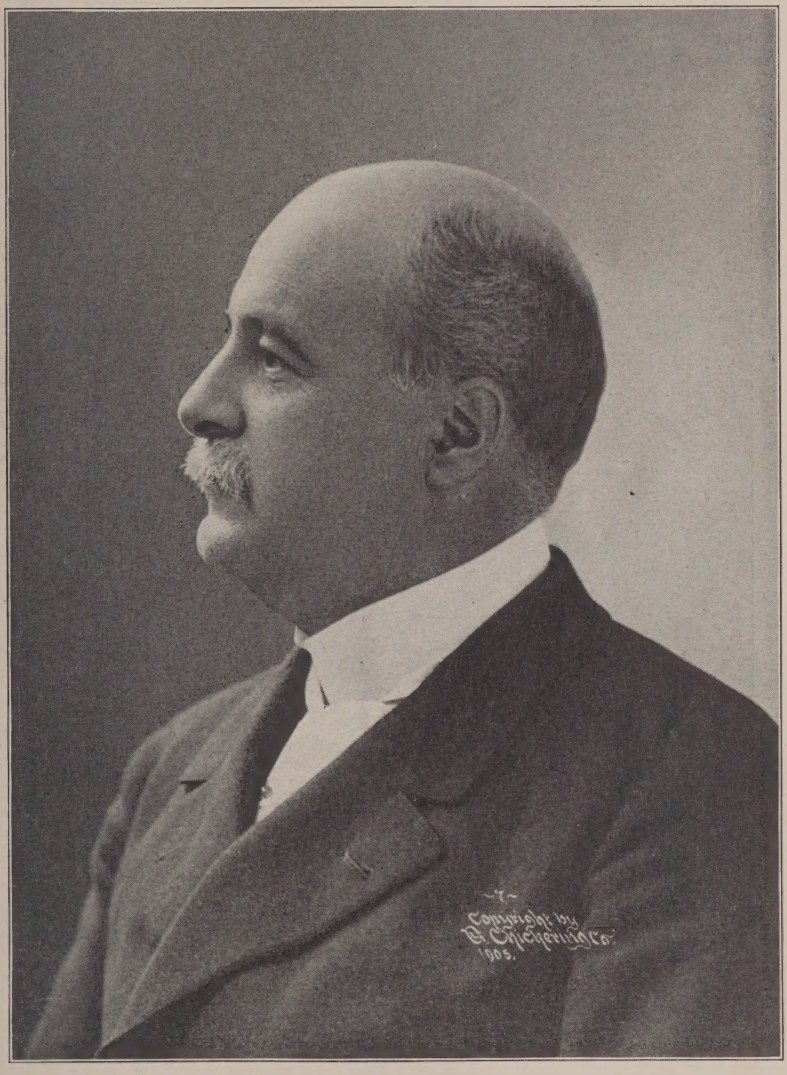
In view of the more or less frequent industrial disturbances in other mill centres this record is particularly creditable to the Company and yet it is not surprising when one analyzes the Draper policy.

REAR VIEW OF HOUSES ON BANCROFT PARK OCCUPIED BY EMPLOYEES.

There never is occasion for prolonged misunderstandings, as the men are perfectly free to call upon the management whenever they have questions of mutual concern to bring up, knowing that their claims will receive due consideration. But wages and factory conditions, predominating as may be their influence, are only contributing factors in the life of this exceptional manufacturing community. The same consideration that is displayed in the construction of the factory buildings to obtain wholesome conditions for the employees is shown in the provisions for their care outside the factory. They have been provided for at the least possible cost to themselves.

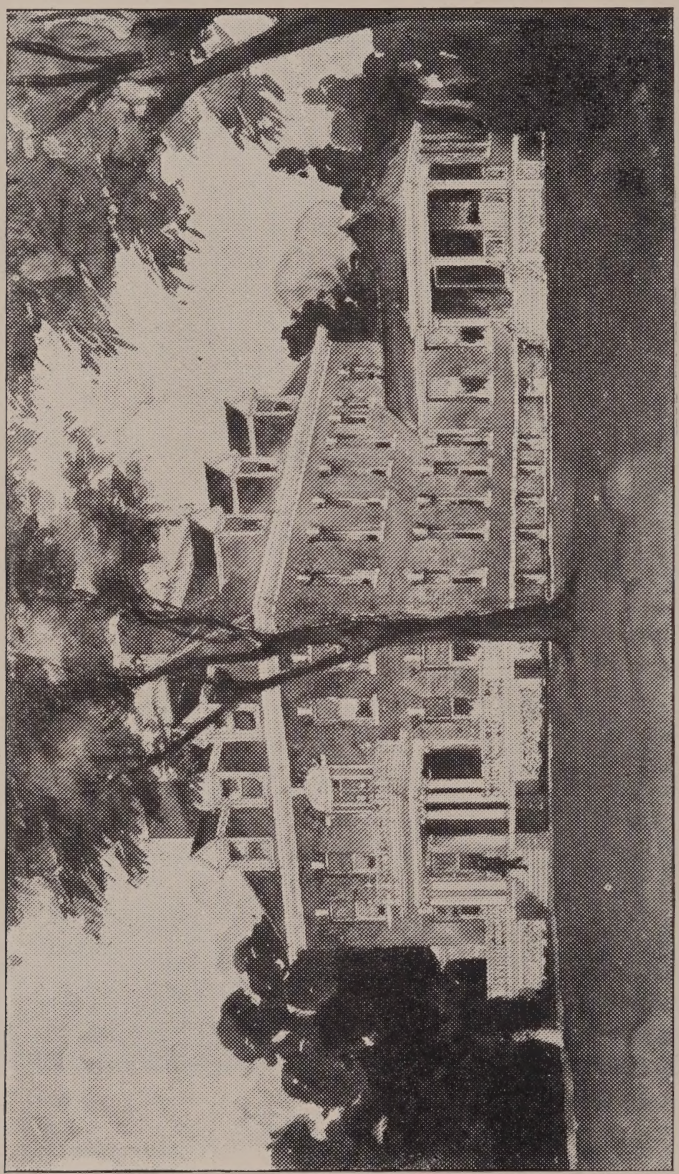
A moderately elevated slope which has numerous swells and hollows constitutes the residential centre of the town. Nature provided much of the picturesqueness which lends charm to the place, and adjacent territory is agreeably diversified by dwarf woodland, cultivated fields, level uplands and elegant estates. But what strikes the eye with special force is the uniform excellence of the houses and the high tone of their surroundings. These houses are owned by the Draper Company and occupied by its employees; yet, as may be seen from accompanying photographs, their architecture and dimensions place them well within the conventional class of residences for business men or persons of professional pursuits. The Company erects anywhere from five to fifty of this style of houses every year and rents them to its employees for from $2.50 to $3.62 per week, inclusive of water and maintenance. Some of the houses built a few years ago are a little less imposing and rent for as low as $1.75 per week. Moreover the Company gives cash prizes aggregating $375 per year for the best kept lawns and gardens, which proves a most excellent incentive to conscientious care-taking, and the results clearly justify the efforts.

Every home presents an attractive appearance. Corporation houses and private houses alike reveal a quickened



HON. EBEN S. DRAPER
Candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.

spirit of domestic pride seldom observed to that degree in any community of laboring people. All the new houses are family the use of the several floors. No less than 15 styles of architecture are exemplified in the corporation houses,



MILFORD HOSPITAL
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Eben S. Draper,

two and one-half stories high, have broad piazzas, lawns and back yards. The double houses, which are in the majority, are divided vertically, giving each each showing due regard for taste and comfort. Young trees and flower beds are planted in measured distances on the low graded lawns; wide streets, always

neat and clean, and lighted by electricity, wind in among the houses in serpentine fashion. All conditions combine to raise the town above the gloom and monotony which usually greet the eye in manufacturing towns.

As alluded to earlier, all it costs the shop help (and few others are admitted) to rent these corporation houses is from $1.75 to $3.62 per week. Hardly less comfortably housed are some of the employees who live in Milford, the adjoining town. Probably 800 of the 2500 Draper employees live there. When they began to settle down in that township rents went up; to protect them against this advance, the Draper Company bought a tract of land and erected a large number of brick tenement houses in which the rent is from $1.75 to $2.25 per week.

Though it is a town of less than 3000 inhabitants. Hopedale has all the modern public improvements. It has a complete sewer system which was built and is maintained by the Draper Company; it has one of the finest systems of park roads in the State, water works, electric lights, public baths, parks, playgrounds and public buildings. What the town is today it was made by the Draper interests. Both George Draper and his sons have shown the deepest interest in its development. The late George Draper gave the Town Hall, a magnificent granite structure; his sons, Eben S. Draper and George A. Draper gave the beautiful Memorial Church. Gen. and Mrs. W. F. Draper gave the beautiful marble fountain. The high school building was donated to the town by the Companies. J. B. Bancroft, Vice President of the Draper Company, gave the town its library. One of the latest gifts is the Milford Hospital, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Eben S. Draper unconditionally to the town of Milford. In construction and appointment this is as fine a hospital as any in the United States, the pride of the beneficiaries as well as the benefactors. This hospital stands immediately over the line from Hopedale, in a most beautiful locality with expansive prospects in all directions, and is easily reached from the population centres.

The Draper policy has been singularly free from the shadow of race and religious prejudice. Catholic and Protestant work side by side in perfect harmony in the factories, the former enjoying with the latter the many benefits which the members of the company have so lavishly showered upon the towns of Hopedale and Milford. Mr. Eben S. Draper has even supplemented his other gifts with donations to the Catholic churches of Milford, and in other ways demonstrated his interest in the Catholic residents, a large number of whom are employed by the Draper Company.

The people of Hopedale are prosperous because they have good wages, no industrial strife and ideal home relations at the lowest cost. They are laboring under most propitious conditions, which is conducive of contentment. To the Draper interests must be given credit for the growth and wholesome development of this modern Utopia, a development which could only have been achieved by men sincere of purpose and sagacious enough to avoid the threatening reefs which have so often proved destructive to so-called movements for the public welfare.

With an innate love for the town, all the members of the Draper family have maintained their homes in Hopedale; they were born and brought up there, they laid there the foundation for their success, and they reside there most of the year, in common citizenship with their employees.

SUCCESS WON IN THE FUR TRADE.

Success came quickly to George W. Cooke, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, one of the few Catholics prominently identified with the fur trade, it being less than five years after entering the field as an employee in 1884, at the age of nineteen, until he became managing partner in the same business, and is today recognized

GEORGE W. COOKE.

as one of the most expert and progressive of the Canadian fur merchants.

It may be easily understood that many Canadian firms have amassed fortunes in the fur trade, for it is vouched for from the fact that the finest furs known to commerce come from Canada, as high as $2300 having been paid for a single Black Fox skin. It is not surprising, therefore, that when, in 1884, Mr. Cooke entered the employ of the firm of which he is now the head, he saw immense possibilities for trade development and applied himself with such diligence, and so advanced his employer's interests as to have merited a partnership within five years, at which time his name was added to the firm which continues as The Dunlap, Cooke Co., Limited. Besides being Manufacturing Furriers the firm collects and ships in the raw state to the European and American markets furs of every description.

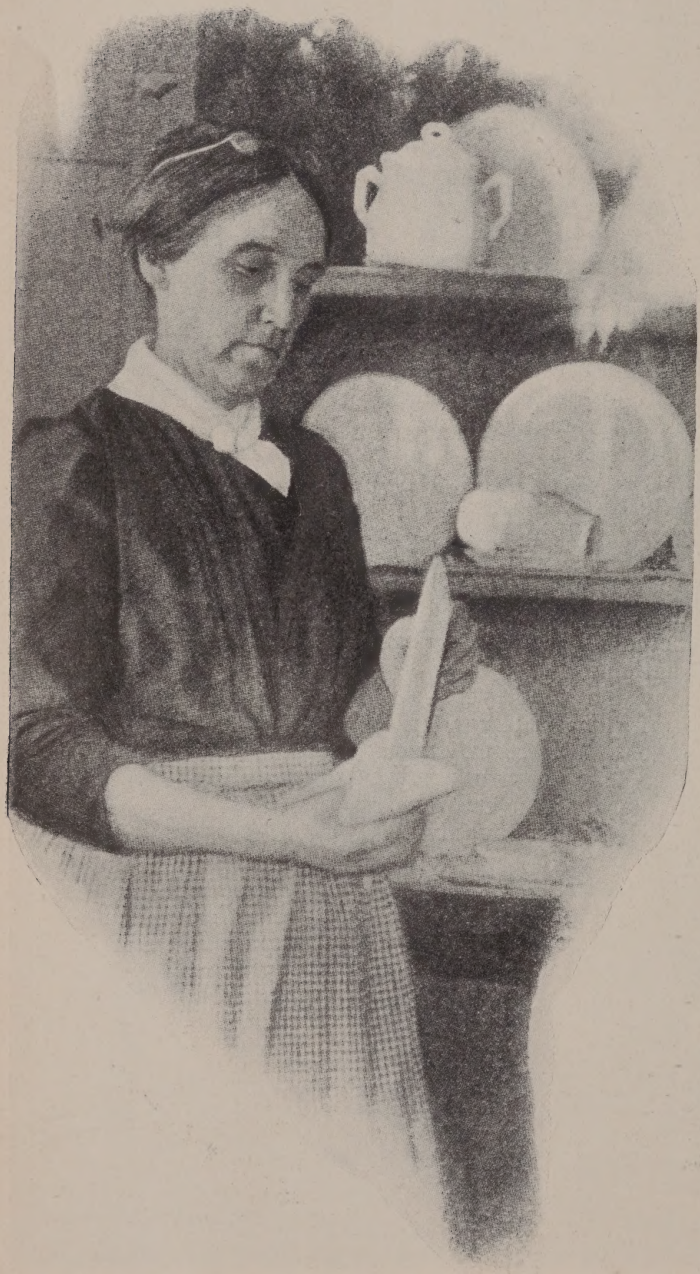
At the London Fur Sales, which are attended personally by Mr. Cooke, who spends two months in Europe annually, Canadian furs command the highest prices. These include Silver Fox, Mink, Otter, Sable, Lynx, and many other varieties. Many Americans realizing the advantages of buying in Canada, do so, but to the average person 35 per cent. duty makes it difficult. By the opening of its Boston house The Dunlap, Cooke Co., Limited, is able to import its own Canadian furs to the United States, duty free, in the undressed state. The firm has four other houses in Canada distributed in the fur-producing sections:—Winnipeg, Man., Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., and Amherst, N. S., and the extending of their business to American territory places them in the unique position of being the only Canadian firm having a branch fur house in the United States.

Mr. Cooke was born in 1865 of Irish parentage, at Malagash, N. S., a farming district in Cumberland Co. A very short period on the farm seems to have imparted the qualities that give the "farm raised" fellow an advantage in the commercial race. When he was about eight years of age the family moved to Halifax, N. S., where Mr. Cooke received his education in the public schools. Immediately after graduating he entered the field in which he has, within a brief span of years, achieved signal success.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

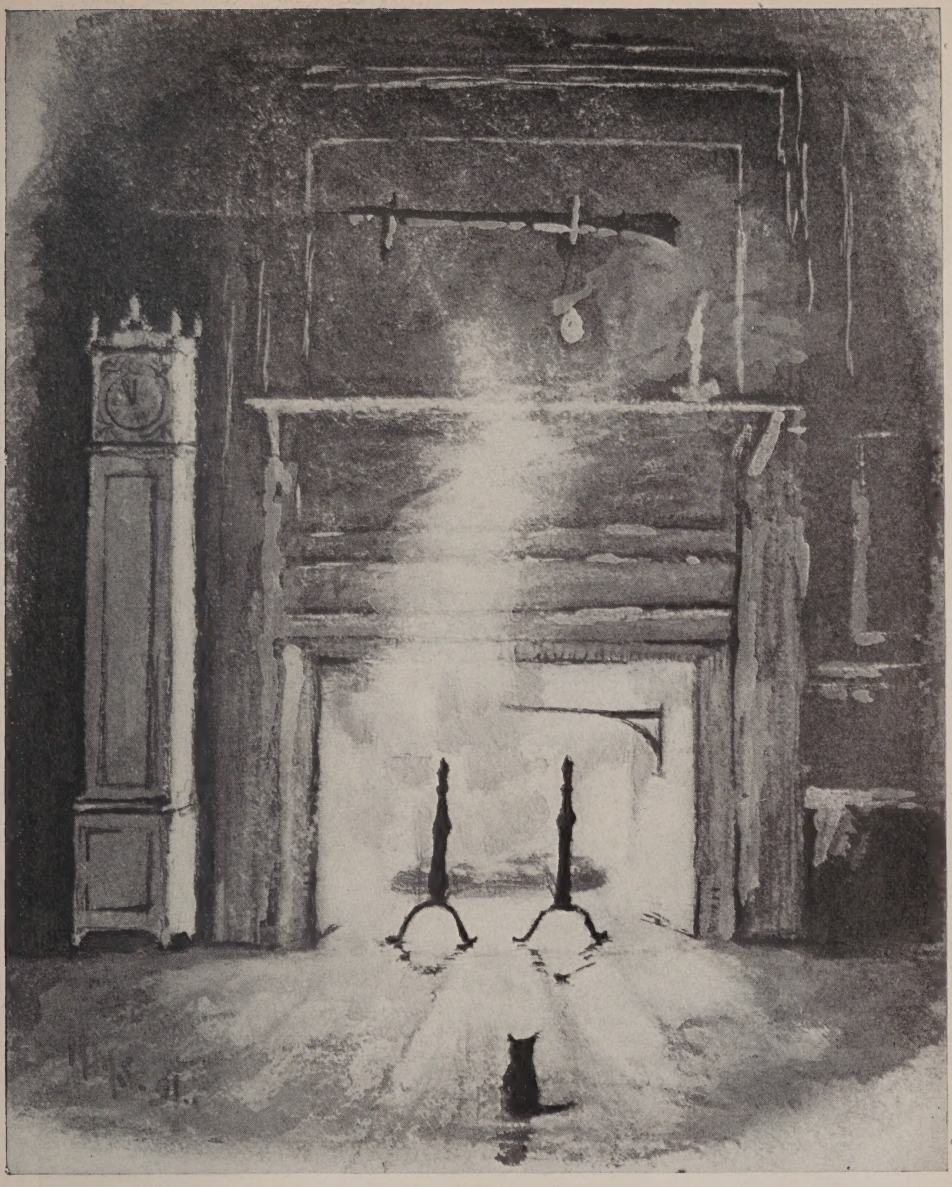


GETTING READY.

The Jack O' Lantern is in the window, the pumpkins—a golden store—are piled high in the dooryard, the cranberries have been raked from the bogs, and the turkeys are fattening on their Autumn menu, acquiring a fine plumpness and delicacy of flavor for the Thanksgiving market. The earth has given bountifully of its increase and while still the tang of its varied fruits is in the air it is meet that thanks be offered to Him Who ordains seed-time and harvest.

From the harvest festival came the institution of the national thanksgiving,—the celebration of a service of praise, and an occasion as well for happy family reunions around festive boards piled high with homely cheer.

"Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,



THE HOMESTEAD HEARTH.

What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich Pumpkin Pie?

Here is sentiment prettily mingled with a due regard for the good things of the table. Even the Quaker poet succumbed to the art of the New England housewife, and found the trophies of her skill well worth the tribute of verse. What poet of to-day can find inspiration in the course dinner, elaborately served, its component parts so distorted from their original guise that only a chef could identify them? And the pity of it is that there is danger of the course dinner superseding the generous, unpretentious spread of the farm-house table. The college son or daughter boarding in

the city through the year gets false ideas of elegance and style, and attempts to graft on the simple ways of the country the customs of the city. The summer boarder too has worked harm to the simplicity of rural living, inciting false ambition, and introducing innovations that add not at all to the joy of life. For a graphic picture of a New England Thanksgiving celebration in days less strenuous than the present nothing can surpass the following delightful description, taken from *Mount's Relations:*

"There are those now living who have heard their fathers tell of the New England Thanksgiving Day a hundred years ago. . . . In the great red farmhouse on the hill preparations were begun long before the day. The turkey that stalked about the dooryard had been watched with hungry eyes, and fattened with urgent care. Pumpkins had been brought from the cornfield to sun themselves on the wood pile. Ah! it was a sure sign of the day's approach; and they might have defended their right to be there without being laughed at by the ancient chronicler's words: 'Let no man make a jest at pumpkins, for with this fruit the Lord was pleased to feed His people, to their good content, till

FATTENING THE CHICKENS FOR THANKSGIVING.

corne and cattel were increased.' A goodly supply of all garden vegetables was at hand. Apples and pears, the best in the orchard, had been gathered and hidden away in the dark to mellow. Alas for the feast if there was not molasses enough to be had! There could be none without it. Stores of raisins and citron had been laid in, so there was something for the girls to do, while the boys looked after the popcorn, which had been seasoning in the woodshed chamber, or picked up walnuts under the old shag-bark tree in the pasture. Then there was a deal of work necessary within the house, —the wedding china to be brought out, the brasses all around to be polished, especially the ancestral andirons, and the spare chambers to be set in order, with extemporized beds in every available corner,

PLANNING THE HOMECOMING.

A FAMILY REUNION.

—all ready for the homecoming. Grandpa and grandma were the reigning sovereigns, and their family was a royal one. A thorough-going New Englander in those days had sons enough to use up in the christening all the favorite names of the Apostles, and then he had to draw on the Prophets. How they flocked home! Peter, the eldest, and his family live on the old homestead. James is up from the city with his city-bred wife and children,—but what is a palace compared to the old home for a Thanksgiving! Jeremiah has made a pilgrimage thither from the far west, which might then have been in 'York State.' Matthew, the custom house officer, and Ezra, the college

ONE MORE REASON FOR THANKSGIVING

professor, are there, but 'riches and larnin' ' give no prior titles at that court. The night before Thanksgiving they are all there, and the daughters-in-law have stowed the little ones away in big feather beds, a dozen, more or less, in each, like sardines, and the youngsters have gone to their pillow-fight in the attic chambers. Around the huge open fireplace, by the light of its burning logs, those boys of the olden time spin their yarns of childhood's days and crack their jokes till the laughter changes to tears and they are ready for the evening prayer and the tender good-night. And then, that Thanksgiving morning! It is clear and cold, perhaps the first snow upon the ground, for Boreas was wont to contribute something unusual before the days of weather reports. All the family are at church,—it was expected, and the proper thing, for family religion was on dress parade, — and the gray haired parson, regardless of the passing time, rises to the occasion in fervent words of gratitude to God for his abundant mercies. Then comes the dinner, skilfully managed by the maiden aunt, God bless her!—an indispensable condensation of virtue on such occasions,—a dinner not so elaborate as bountiful, not so elegant as healthful. How the children's eyes dance! even those of the babe in the big board cradle, who had no part nor lot in it. The turkey, of course, is there, crisp and brown, as only one can be which has been slowly roasted before the fire, and basted from the dripping-pan beneath. Vegetables of all sorts load the table, delicacies too that have been waiting long for that hour, and numerous mysteries of their old-fashioned culinary art. Then there are pies of sundry kinds, the chicken pie among them, but best of all,—and can we trust our feelings to mention them, — genuine pumpkin pies baked in square tins, having only four pieces to each!

"The feast is over at last, and while the women-folks clear the table, the grandsire, his sons, and grandsons make the round of barns and sheds and pens, to renew old acquaintance with their favorites. Happiness reigns among the youth. They romp over the hay, play hide and seek around the buildings, or take a sleigh-ride in the straw filled sled. Then, as the evening shadows fall, there is a grand assembly about the fireplace. How merrily the corn sputters in the popper! How familiar the sound of nuts cracked on the hearthstone! What apples, and competitions in paring them without a break in the golden shaving! The cider flows from the great earthen-

"For His love and for His mercy, for His cross and chastening rod,
For His tender benedictions, let the whole world thank its God."

AFTER THANKSGIVING IS OVER.

ware pitcher,—it never became old in those days. There are genealogies to be explained as Ezra writes up the record in the family Bible, and sombre portraits to be honored, which look down approvingly on the scene. It is grandpa's patriotic duty to rehearse again the thrilling story of Bunker Hill, in full view of the sacred flint lock, hanging from the deer horns over the mantelpiece. By and by the young heads begin to nod, and the tallow dips burn low, warning them that they must separate soon,—too soon. It may not come again, the same Thanksgiving joy,—not to all; and the sad suspicion solemnizes the family circle, as they all bow there, and, like the sons of Jacob, receive the sire's blessing. Ah!

those were 'good old days' indeed." And they are pleasant to read of, despite the narrowness, prejudice, and bitter hostility—which the honest chronicler records together with evidences of the sterling traits of the colonists.

The first harvest festival in New England was the gathering in of the abundant crops with which Providence had blessed the sowing of the spring of 1621. Nature spread her treasures before the eyes of the Pilgrims, the woodland swarmed with game, and after the long endurance of privation, a feast was ordered. The turkey "of which they found great store in the forest" played a conspicuous part, and so abundant and varied were the products of the land that the Governor himself "dropped into poetry," as did the immortal Wegg of a later day. The quality of the poetry is not as good as the quality of the produce he extols:

"All sorts of grain which our own land doth yield,
Was hither brought, and sown in every field:
As wheat and rye, barley, oats, beans and pease
Here all thrive and they profit from them raise,
All sorts of roots and herbs in gardens grow,—
Parsnips, carrots, turnips or what you'll sow,
Onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes,
Skirets, beets, coleworts and fair cabbages."

No religious service is mentioned in the accounts of this first celebration to which Charles Dudley Warner doubtlessly refers when he says that while Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages. The proclamation of a day that should be one of prayer as well as feasting was decided upon when the little colony had grown and ramified, and the governing powers deemed it fitting to make a public acknowledgment of divine goodness. Thanksgiving thus became a recognized holiday in New England, and was gradually adopted in other parts of the country. Congress recommended days of thanksgiving annually during the Revolution, and Washington proclaimed it in 1789, after the adoption of the Constitution. Since 1863 the last Thursday in November of each year has been proclaimed as a national Thanksgiving Day.

The worthy Governor eulogized merely the material feast. Lucy Larcom, a New England poet of much later date, and with a finer craftsmanship in the making of verse, gives in rhyme the reasons for thanksgiving discovered to her spiritual insight, and at the same time paints for us a fair picture of forest, mountain, and sea.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no ax may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod—
For the waving of the forests,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the sound of waters gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snowy lilies
Firm-anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod—
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod—
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark and silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod—
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;

For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed—
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth, and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod—
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For those common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod—
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear Name adored;
For the heavenly in the human;
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad—
For Thine own great gift of Being,
I thank Thee, O my God!

This profoundly religious conception of Thanksgiving—gratitude for favors, and resignation to grief and loss apportioned by divine ordinance—is expressed with exquisite tenderness by the Catholic poet, Katherine Tynan Hinkson:

"Oh, how good God is that He sends
Stores of unfailing love to me,
And work and prayer and praise of friends.
Blackbirds and thrushes in the tree,
And sheepbells in the fields, and roses
And all the sweets of May and June,
And lavender and dew and posies,
And sun and moon.

"Oh, how good God is that He sends
Bean-rows in blossom, bees in the hive,
Gray dawn and golden evening-ends,
And a glad heart to be alive;
A grateful mind and quiet fancies,
Shade from the sun and golden pansies,
And lilies white.

"Oh, how good God is that He sends
A little child to be ours,
Mine and my dearest Love's, and tends
Our blossom in the sun and showers,
And bids His angels still keep near him
Lest that the little feet should miss,
And wings of angels still to bear him
Ever in bliss.

* * * * * *

"Oh, how good God is that He keeps
The child forever and ever well,
Above the tempests and the deeps,
In joy no tongue can tell.
Our little lamb of God goes straying,
By daisied meadows, 'neath dappled skies;
Our little lamb of God goes playing
Under God's eyes."

St. Francis' sermon to the birds, with its lesson of thanksgiving, has given inspiration to many a beautiful thought. Longfellow found in it the theme of a poem less widely known than most of his compositions, yet possessing, perhaps, more spiritual uplift than any other work of his pen:

"Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor, who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"'O brother birds,' St. Francis said,
'Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"'Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"'O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"'He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!'

"With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart."

A quaint conceit attributes to the feathered audience of the gentle saint a share in his propaganda of peace,—the bearing abroad of his lessons of contentment, humility, and gratitude. Surely it was a worthy mission. It would be well if modern life permitted of a wider acquaintance with the life and work of

such as the lowly Francis, or that we insisted upon taking from each day a brief period for introspection, for realizing the beneficent guidance of even the humblest destiny, and that now, as then, peace has its price—never coined in a mint. The national conscience feels this need, and from the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year it sets apart one for universal thanksgiving. A doubt arises as to whether so much time would be devoted to this purpose if modern America had the establishing of the institution. Fortunately it was founded when comfortable, moderate living was deemed more desirable than unwieldy fortunes accumulated at the expense of leisure and everything else that makes life worth having.

Thanksgiving in the South inspired one of her sons to offer his tribute of song in recognition of mercies bountifully bestowed:

"A few late roses linger and smilingly deck the sod,
And the world is like a picture where the harvests smile to God.
There's a greater joy in living, for no blessing He denies,
And the soul's divine thanksgiving drifts in incense to the skies!

"Through the darkness and the danger, through the peril of the past,
To the starred and stormless haven He has led our steps at last,
And, with richest treasures laden we have furled the flags above
For the garlands of His glory and the banners of His love!

"Sing sweet thy sweet thanksgiving, O soul! and ring ye bells,
Till the world shall catch the chorus and the anthem heavenward swells!
For His love and for His mercy, for His cross and chastening rod,
For His tender benedictions, let the whole world thank its God."

THE JOLLY MONK.

BY GERALD FARRELL.

It is time to say a word about the merry, bibulous monk who is always indulging in good cheer, tipping the bottle, tapping casks, or engaged in sports with his equally merry brother monks. The art decorator with execrable taste invented him, and turn where you will he confronts you with broad smirk, decanter and glass. He looks out of store windows and holds up his glass with the air of the critical toper, he lolls back in his chair, the bottle firm in his grasp; he is an ornamental detail of mission furniture; and his tonsured head has been scooped out to serve as a tobacco jar, a pipe bowl, a drinking cup, a parlor vase, and a bon bon box. He appears on placque and postal card, in five cent frames and elegant frames, and he is always rotund, always roistering, never the monk we were taught to revere in our childhood, whom we associated with holy deeds and noble living. Stories of Fra Angelico and his angels, of Thomas à Kempis, of the heroes who colonized California had ill-prepared us to accept the grossly vulgar art conception of the monastic presence. Alas for modern taste and for the little children who acquire their early ideas of pictorial art from the indecent poster, the stretches of lurid bill boards, and colored supplements of the Sunday paper! Some weeks ago an enterprising publisher offered a premium picture with the Sunday edition, and Catholic children coming from Sunday School were pressed into service to introduce the picture into Catholic homes. "Don't you want to buy this paper?" asked a six-year-old. "Jack will give me a picture if I sell it." The picture was the monk! To be just, is was not the monk in his most objectionable guise, but still the monk as a votary of pleasure, with a band of his brethren gaily casting their lines for fish. There was little of the man of God stamped on any face in the group, nothing to increase reverence for the calling the brown habit stood for. "Aren't monks funny?" said the six-year-old.

It is time to call a halt, to impress on Catholics the efficacy of protest when business interests can be influenced. The dealer who exploits the jolly, bottle-draining monk will withdraw him from the show window if Catholic patrons object to his presence, the restaurant keeper will consent to replace him on the walls with something less offensive to Catholics, and the tobacconist will devise another receptacle for the fragrant weed. We are all too tolerant of public insult, of gross misrepresentation, but pride if not piety should incite us to abolish the caricature of the monk. His work has kept learning alive, has discovered and colonized, and Christian Art has depicted him as became his achievements for God and humanity. Why not make children familiar with the inspiring pictures of these holy men whom artists loved to paint because of the imprint of divinity set upon their countenances? Murillo's St. Anthony with the Holy Child appeals irresistibly to all children, and yet his life-story is too little known; the portrait of Fra Angelico is a noble conception of a monk, so instinct is it with spirituality, and there are many, very many uplifting pictures to tell of monks and monasteries, and of legends connected with them.

With such pictures to inform and elevate public taste there is no excuse for tolerating the presence of the jolly monk. The cocoanuts carved to look like a chimpanzee and labelled "Dooley," "Hinnessy," "Casey," etc., were bad enough, but faith is more than race, and the banishment of the bibulous monk is an issue in which all Catholics should join.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Oxford Conferences on Faith. By Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P. St. Louis. Herder. 1905. Price 90 cents.

This book deals with the interesting and complex subject of faith, which is the firm conviction, reached through the grace of God, that everything taught by Christ upon earth is true, as well as everything taught by the Catholic Church in virtue of the commission she has received from Him.

Faith is a difficult virtue to analyze, because it deals with many things which we can neither perceive with our senses nor grasp with our understanding. Nevertheless, it is most important that all Catholics should have a correct concept, both of this transcendent power and of the place of authority in matters of religion. Lawyers, doctors, university students and educated layfolk will find much consolation and enlightenment in perusing this little treasury of theological knowledge.

Daughters of the Faith. By Eliza O'B. Lummis. New York. The Knickerbocker Press. 1905.

The organization known as "The Daughters of the Faith" has for its object to unite Catholic women, "more particularly those of station and influence, in discountenancing the social usages and customs that are the evident cause of the spread of moral evil in society, and in professing a higher spiritual standard as the requirement of the Catholic woman in the world." The members do not seek to displace older religious associations, but to act as a bond of union between them:

(1) By the union, first, of a few courageous women whose lives are an open protest against the evils rife in the fashionable world.

(2) By the union, later, of the many pious associations, whose members as a body will profess the aims of the Daughters of the Faith.

The members are furthermore required:

(1) To uphold the sanctity of marriage and the cause of Christian Education.

(2) To be firmly grounded in the knowledge of their faith, and to profess it openly when conscience demands.

(3) To use a Christian influence in society, particularly among those of their own social station, and to set no limit to the pursuit of practical perfection in conformity with their state of life.

The manifest evils are divorce, immoral plays and books, immoral fashions of dress, gambling, habitual or dangerous use of opiates and stimulants.

These and kindred aims are ably discussed by Miss Lummis in the work under review. For the object of this society we can have nothing but words of the heartiest commendation, provided the means adopted are those employed by the humble, sinner-seeking Saviour. In our criticisms let us safeguard charity, in our condemnations let us safeguard justice, in our reproof let us safeguard Christian forbearance. Miss Lummis writes vigorously and clearly. We hope that the Catholic women who move in society, those who form the majority in the various associations attached to our Religious Academies will ponder deeply upon her trenchant sayings. How well she depicts our own times in the following:

"It is not to be denied that our age, so enlightened and successful, is one of false security, of pagan luxury, and idle dreaming. The very prosperity of our country, with its natural resources and the wonderful mechanical aids that develop them, is our bane; and if the ability and intelligence of our men are factors in the financial well-being of the nation, the passions of humanity, too lavishly fed by luxury and idleness, are fast dragging us down to a lower moral grade and undermining our boasted civilization.

"It is lamentably true also that the struggle for precedence in a land where equality has erased all dividing lines of birth and aristocracy has impressed upon us an almost indelible birth-mark, and overshadowed the moral education of our children.

"Must we not confess that we measure too often the requirements of their young lives less by the unerring lines of truth and conscience, than by the curves of popular opinion and worldly success, and impress upon them the same distorted views that we hold ourselves?

"We toil for social supremacy, and when we look back, having reached some dizzy pinnacle of fashion after many sacrifices, the way is too frequently strewn with the ruins of our self-esteem, and marked by the milestones of virtues left behind. We acquire our reputation for wit at the price of our neighbor's character; we curry favor with the mammon of iniquity, whom we secretly despise, to gain power and influence; we slight our just debts to lavish wealth for the entertainment of some fashionable Lucullus, that we may in turn be bidden to his feasts; and conscience-stricken, we own ourselves deficient in that moral courage that would to-day make a hero of the man who dare be true to himself in defiance of public opinion.

"And so we sink to lower aims and live for vanity, for enjoyment; or waste our energies in 'the daily jar and fret' of life, its round of visits and entertainments, its multiplying cares and anxieties, forgetful of yesterday, and unmindful of to-morrow.

"Nor is the comedy of errors finished, for the delusions of the individual have become by degrees those of the community, and have worked out the sum of their inevitable results upon society at last. Vice masquerades so successfully as virtue that, 'familiar with her face,' we no longer despise, and lean to that pity that is the harbinger of love. We coin excuses for evil that cannot be denied, and condone in point lace and diamonds the sins which in rags and poverty we would not hesitate to shrink from and deride."

These are certainly strong utterances, but they are based upon deplorable facts.

Prayer. By L'Abbé Henry Bolo. Translated by Madame Cecilia. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905.

Prayer is the source of true soul-strength, of spiritual force. It is a subject upon which the Saints love to dwell, and Patristic writings are filled with instructions upon this all-important topic. Where so much has been written upon a point, it is difficult to strike a new note, but the Abbé Bolo, whose eminent gifts are well known, has admirably succeeded in furnishing us with an excellent book, marked throughout by a delightful originality of thought and by a diction that is far out of the general run of expression. Some of the terms and phrases are rather Gaelic in form, but the fervor and unction displayed on every page abundantly offset these trifling peculiarities.

Reminiscences of an Oblate of St. Charles. By the Rev. Francis J. Kirk, Oblate of St. Charles. London. Burns & Oates. 1905.

The great Archbishop of Milan, St. Charles Borromeo, wishing to have a number of clergy whom he could despatch to various places and whom he could use for local and passing needs, founded for this purpose a body of ecclesiastics who were called *oblates*. The spirit of the organization was intimated by its name. It was that of self-sacrifice, of perfect oblation. Its members, though diocesan priests, were to possess the abnegation of will and thorough detachment of religious, and to observe the rigid simplicity of the ancient monastic orders. The advantages accruing to a Bishop from a body of well-trained clerics so absolutely dependent upon him must be evident to all; and the good work they wrought for St. Charles has long since occupied a prominent place in the history of the diocese of Milan. For like reasons, Cardinal Wiseman commissioned Dr. Manning to found a similar organization in the diocese of Westminster. The above-mentioned little book deals with the remarkable deeds accomplished by the Oblates of St. Charles in England's mighty metropolis. It is a brief, but telling sketch, and it shows most strikingly how very many obstacles can be overcome by apostolic energy and by courteous perseverance.

The Land of the Rising Sun. By Gregoire de Wollant. The Neale Publishing Co. New York and Washington. 1905.

All thinkers who have followed the trend of recent events in the far East must desire to know more about the enterprising Japanese than can be gleaned from the ordinary works of history and of description. This fact, alone, will necessarily ensure for this interesting book a wide circle of readers. The fact, too, that the author is a Russian who has traveled extensively through the Island-Empire lends an added interest to the volume. The part devoted to personal impressions will be found amusing as well as instructive, though many may prefer the author's sketch of Japan's ancient history and of its internal and foreign policy. It is pleasant to read the following with reference to the prospects of mission work in the islands: "It is beyond doubt that although Christianity has not made the sudden strides that could have been expected in the beginning, it does not lose ground and has followers in all the spheres of Japanese society. At the opening of the first Parliament the speaker was a Christian and Christians occupied prominent positions in the Supreme Court, in the Army and in the Navy." In one or two places the writer has evidently failed to grasp the nature of the zeal which inspires every missionary in his work among pagan nations.

In the Desert of Waiting. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1905. Price 50 cents.

To impatient youth and to restless age, this exquisite allegory teaches the all-important lesson that patience and contentment led to the land of true prosperity. Even on arid sands the Garden of Omar may be found; even from the depressing tasks of a humdrum life, the patient man will distil some precious attar to bless himself and his fellows.

The author of "Priest and People in Doon" has in the press a new work entitled "The Soggarth Aroon," to be published by Messrs. Duffy and Co., of Dublin. The suggestive and endearing title chosen will of itself be enough to excite keen interest in the appearance of this new book by the brilliant Irish priest who writes under the *nom-de-plume* of "A Country Curate."

The Hard-Hearted Man. A play in English and Gaelic, by Seumas MacManus and Thomas Concannon. M. H. Gill & Sons, Dublin. 1905.

The purpose of the authors in publishing this drama is to teach in a popular way the lesson that the man who is ashamed to do honest work at home will scarcely accomplish great things abroad and fails to better his fortune by emigrating. The dialogue makes plain the fact that contempt for what the old country can offer and a false ambition to wear fine clothes lead many an Irish youth astray. By bitter experience of life in America the hero of the play learns the value of home and the prospects it holds out. He returns humbled, penitent, and willing to prove his manliness by taking up immediately the distasteful work he had scorned previous to his trip to "the States."

QUESTION BOX.

Will you kindly explain the origin and the object of the Scapular of the Sacred Heart?

While the terrible pestilence of 1720 was raging in Marseilles, and, day by day, mowing down its thousand victims, the Bishop, in order to avert the scourge, solemnly consecrated the whole city and diocese to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, and so marvelous and prompt were the effects of this consecration, that all men held them to be miraculous. From that time forth many wore upon their breast, in the form of a Scapular, as a preservative against infection, the image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with the inscription: "Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me!" The pious practice, which spread greatly in France by means of the Nuns of the Visitation, was of singular efficacy in all subsequent cases of contagion. This efficacy was seen to be renewed in 1866, in the city and diocese of Amiens; and in 1867, in certain parts of Lombardy and of Central Italy, where, on the breaking out of the cholera, the devotion of the Scapular had been diffused.

In the summer of 1866, the cholera was making frightful ravages among the poor in County Wexford, Ireland, and deaths were so frequent that the most courageous were terrified. A person who had just returned from Belgium, where the cholera had also been very prevalent, recommended the wearing of the Scapular of the Sacred Heart, relating, at the same time, that this frightful epidemic had ceased in that country as soon as the scapulars were distributed and worn. The advice was followed, and with the same miraculous results; for, thanks to God's goodness, from that time scarcely a death occurred. The poor were inspired with renewed confidence in the beautiful and efficacious devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and untold good was effected in a very short time.

I have a friend who is extremely puzzled by the following words from the Gospel of St. Matthew (c. XII, vv31, 32): "Therefore I say to you: Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven men, but the blasphemy of the Spirit shall not be forgiven. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come."

These words of our Blessed Lord have been variously interpreted by the different commentators. Father Joseph Rickaby, in his excellent commentary prepared for the Oxford and Cambridge examinations, says: "By blasphemy against the Spirit is evidently meant the sin that the Pharisees had just been committing, attributing to the devil the works that Christ had done in the power of the Holy Ghost (vv. 24, 28)—and that, not in ignorance like St. Paul (1 Tim. I, 13), but in malice, when they ought to have known better (St. John IX. 41). This sin is never forgiven, because never repented of. Christ has not left in His Church the power of absolving the impenitent. Whoever then is eager to repent may be sure that he has not committed the unforgiven sin. This sin is committed in our day by those who, *maliciously and not in ignorance*, put down as deeds of wickedness, idolatry or imposture, the special manifestations of the Spirit of God still visible in the world, as miracles, sacraments, the Church, the priesthood, convents, religious orders. On the other hand, they who sin from carelessness, or passion or frailty, however shameful their sin be and manifest, are hopeful subjects for repentance and forgiveness."

Notice that it is not said that the sin *cannot* be forgiven, but that the sin *shall* not be forgiven. The sin, consequently, is not unforgivable in its nature, but our Lord foresaw that sinners of this class will always resist the grace of conversion offered them. Notice, too, the broad distinction made by our Lord between sins committed through ignorance and those committed through

down-right malice. It is against a sin of wilful maliciousness that He pronounces this terrible sentence, because in a soul that has surrendered itself to malice, there is no opening for repentance and therefore no field for forgiveness.

What is a Maronite?

The Maronites are those Christians who dwell chiefly on and near the mountains of Lebanon. There has been much dispute as to the origin of the name, but the following is probably the true account: Maro, a Syrian monk, contemporary with St. Chrysostom, settled on Mount Lebanon, and after his death the monastery of St. Maro was founded between Apamea and Emesa, on the Orontes. A monk belonging to this house, and known as John Maro, was named Bishop of Botrys in 676 by Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch, who was afterwards deposed as a Monothelite by the Sixth General Council. John Maro thus became the spiritual and temporal head of the Christian population on Mount Lebanon, and contended successfully both against Saracens and Melchites. On the destruction of the old monastery of St. Maro by the Imperialists, another was founded at Kefr-Nay, in the district of Botrys, and thither the head of St. Maro was brought. Partly from the John Maro who died in 707, partly from St. Maro, the patron of the monastery, the Monothelite Christians on Mount Lebanon were called Maronites.

In 1182 a Latin Patriarch of Antioch united them to the Catholic Church. A schism was caused through Greek influence, and a Maronite Patriarch fell away. But the rent was healed in 1216, and ever since then the Maronites have been steadfast Catholics. Originally the Maronites acknowledged their Patriarch as civil ruler, but, after a brief space, they were governed on a feudal system by an Emir chosen by the aristocratic families, and he in turn nominated the Sheiks. In 1842 an arrangement was made by which the government of the Lebanon was divided between two Emirs, one chosen by the Maronites, another by the Druses, the former having a Druse the latter a Maronite, assessor. The terrible massacre of Maronites by the Druses in 1860 (16,000 Maronites were slain, 100,000 were driven from their homes) led to fresh changes. The Lebanon was placed under one governor nominated by the Turks; feudal rights were abolished, but each nation has its own Sheiks. The number of Maronites in Asia is now about 150,000.

The Patriarch is chosen by the Bishops, the Pope confirming and sending the Pallium. He is subject to Propaganda. He appoints and consecrates the Bishops. He alone consecrates the Holy Oils and Chrism. No translation from Syriac into Arabic can be made without his approval. Every three years he must summon the bishops to a synod. His title (confirmed by Alexander IV in 1254) is Patriarch of Antioch, and he always adds the name of Peter to his own. His income consists of 100,000 piastres derived from three monasteries, with about 100,000 more from a poll tax levied on all adult Maronites, a tax of five piastres each levied from the priests, tithes, and a subsidy from Bishops and religious houses.

The term *Metropolitan* is a mere title of honor. Formerly the faithful of each diocese recommended a candidate for a vacant Bishopric. Since 1736 the Patriarch has nominated with the advice of his Bishops and also of the clergy and nobles of the vacant diocese. The Bishops alone give the Sacrament of Confirmation. There are also Titular Bishops, two of whom are the Patriarch's Vicars, another administers his diocese, while another is his agent at Rome.

The diocesan Bishops are supported by lands belonging to the diocese, reserves in the taxes and tithes collected for the Patriarch, and stole fees. Since 1736 there have been only nine Episcopal sees, counting that of the Patriarch, of which Beyrout, Tripolis, Aleppo, Damascus, Baalbek, Sidon, Cyprus are archiepiscopal, Byblus (the Patriarch's Bishopric), and Eden Episcopal sees. The archdeacon, *aeconomus*, *periodeutes* or *bardut*, *archpriest* and *chorepiscopus* are the officials of the diocese.

The parish-priests, usually married, are chosen by the people. There are 300 parishes, 500 secular priests. The parish-priest is allowed to till land, and his income consists in offerings of corn, oil, silk, etc., and stole fees.

The Maronite-religious follow the rule of St. Anthony. Down to 1757 there were only two congregations, one of St. Isaias, another of St. Anthony or St. Eliseus. The statutes of both congregations were approved by Clement XII. But in 1770 Clement XIV approved the sub-division of the later congregation into that of Aleppo and that of the Baladites (or natives) belonging to Mount Lebanon. These Baladites are chiefly laymen. Each of the three congregations has a general superior, chosen for three years and independent of the Patriarch, and a procurator at Rome. There are (or were in 1865) about 1,000 lay brothers and 600 Fathers. Fourteen monasteries belong to the congregation of St. Isaias, four to that of Aleppo, nineteen to that of the Baladites. There are seven nunneries of the strict observance. There are also many independent monasteries and nunneries where the rule is less strict and the superior must belong to the founder's family. In one convent of Maronite nuns, a Western rule, that of the Visitation, is observed.

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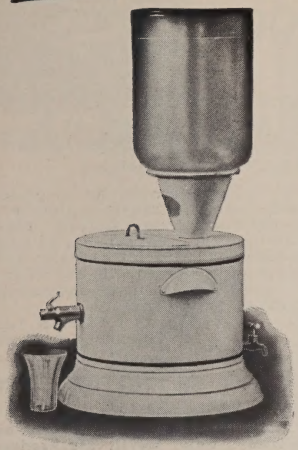

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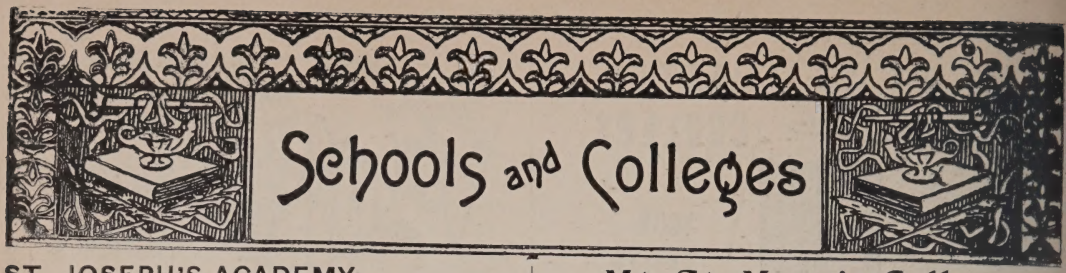

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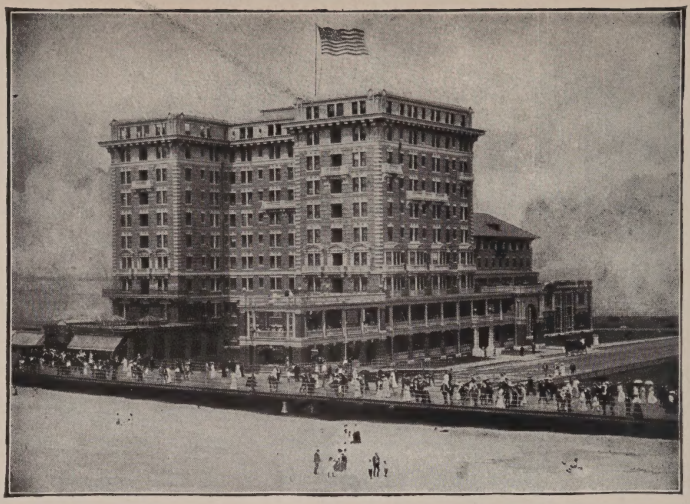

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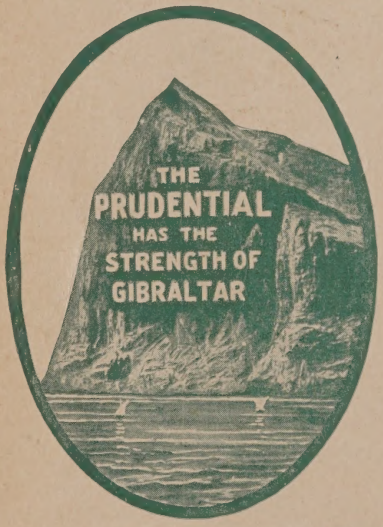

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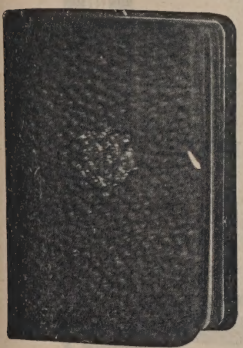

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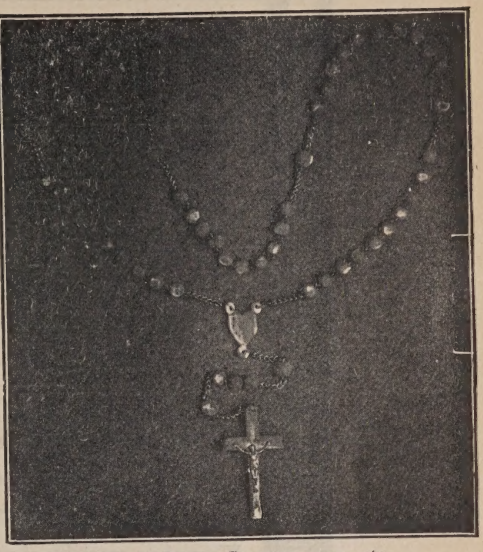

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Thronged the air."

"But only His Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Belovèd
With a kiss."

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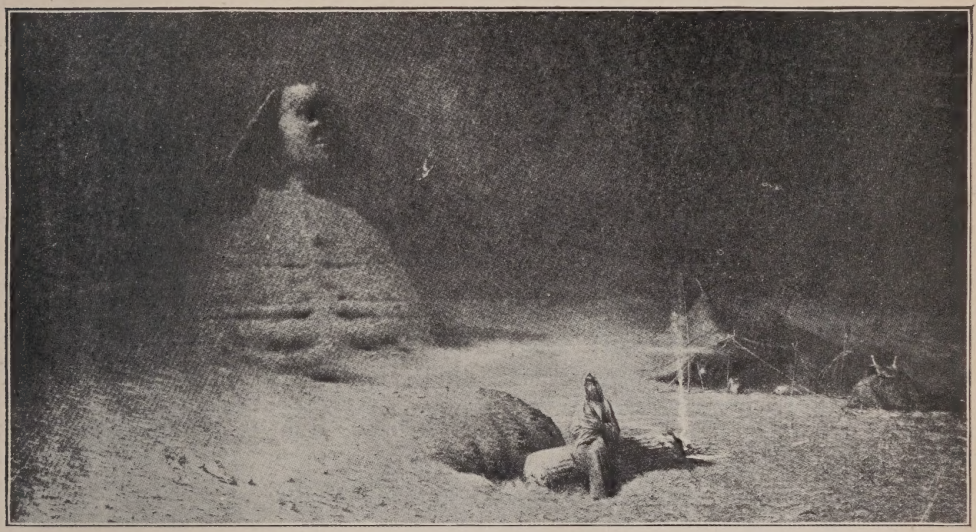


THE REPLY OF THE SPHINX.

BY S. L. EMERY.

In dreams, I saw the Sphinx, the Pyramids,
The old, gray, shifting, drifting, desert-sands;
In dreams, I saw, through weary close-shut lids,
Many processions come from many lands.

The Jewish toilers in the ancient days,
By Moses led in peace the Red Sea through;
The Roman conquerors, drunk with blood and praise;
Napoleon's hosts, the Britons', met my view.

Drooped gorgeous pennons on the drowsy air;
Rang clear the clarion, pealed the trumpet high;
The cannon roared, and mighty chargers there
Swelled the wild tumult of the battle-cry.

Over them all, the silent stars looked down,
Wending their way across the silent heaven;—
Orion's belt and sword,—the Northern Crown,—
And those mysterious sister-Pleiads seven.

"Which grand processions here," methought I cried,
"Most marvelous are, O Sphinx! throughout the years?"
At once, those age-worn lips to me replied:
"The silent, ceaseless marching of the spheres."

And then I saw—may God, Who gave that grace,
Keep me henceforth all pure and undefiled!—
Come, as though pilgrims of old Israel's race,
An aged man, a Mother, and a Child.

And, as they came, the silent spheres were singing,
And that majestic Sphinx spake out once more.
From its mysterious lips these words were ringing:
"Lo! the King cometh. Tremble and adore.

"Yea, He has come, true Theme of history's pages!
Who made the stars, beneath them now has come.
Thou Who dost solve the riddle of the ages,
Hail, Master!" and once more the Sphinx was dumb.

So I awoke, and all my dream was ended!
Over the sands, still shone the stars sublime;
Faced them the Sphinx, keeping its secret splendid,
Its blessed secret, till the end of time.

Seek we no other clue! Silence unbroken
Shall hold her sway, as in the ages fled,
Over those awful lips that once have spoken
Their word, that hailed The Word, creation's Head.

But I no more need ask which grand processions
Most marvelous have been throughout the years,
For I have seen Him Who hath all possessions
Borne, little and lowly, 'neath th' adoring spheres.

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRUITION.

His bag was packed and ready, and he caught the express within the hour. New emotions were stirring in his breast: hope, fear, wonder, strangeness, question. And through it all yearning.

There was Mollie.

He wanted to tell Mollie all that had occurred. She was waiting for him—the man who loved her, the man she loved. The afternoon dragged by so slowly—but ever as it went the train was rolling nearer and nearer its destination. An eagerness possessed him; queer fancies surged through his brain. If anything had happened in his absence—if anything were to happen to him now! He smiled at the impossibility of it—and then he asked himself why it could not be possible. Ah! But in less than an hour he would be with her, see her—

There was no heed of fatigue. He hailed a cab at the station and ordered the driver to hasten. There was much to be attended to when he reached the modest house that was his home. A great deal of mail had accumulated during his absence. It lay stacked upon his table, but he did not glance at it, and listened to his man's somewhat lengthy recital of important happenings while he removed the signs of travel from his person. He cut him short then with a few curt words, telling him to ring up Dr. Kortwright and find out how Mrs. Farrell was. His colleague had not been called to her for a week, so he presumed that she was well. Five minutes afterward he was on his way to Mollie.

It shows how one can identify himself with people and places, for it was here amid these humble surroundings, walking these broken pavements, nodding and smiling to the humble folk who greeted him so cordially—it was here he felt at home. His eyes kindled, his steps grew more elastic.

"My life lies here," he thought, with exultation. "I am happy among these people. My whole future is bound up in one of them—my mother was one of them. It must be her blood in me that has made me feel toward them as I do."

He had not time to meditate further on the consequences of hereditary predispositions, for he found himself at the entrance of the house he sought. "My dear little girl," he said softly; "my dear little girl!" For his love ennobled even her poor dwelling; his love brightened the faces of those he met; his love took him out of himself.

It was Mrs. Farrell who bade him enter. What a picture of peace she presented, seated at the table, her eyes fastened on a small crucifix that stood before her, the beads of her rosary slipping through her fingers. She looked up, and smiled a glowing welcome into that eager face.

"God bless you!" she cried; "and how do you do? Let me look at you." She shaded her eyes from the glare of the lamp, and peered at him. "It must have been a terrible thryin' time for you, docther, you're that jaded. Haven't you been well?"

"Perfectly so," answered John Rollinson. "And you—how have you been? You had to see Dr. Kortwright?"

"Oh, yes; I got pretty bad a few days afther you left us. Dr. Kortwright is a

fine man, but there's no one like one's own."

John Rollinson glanced searchingly about the room.

"Where's Mollie?" he asked.

"She stepped up the sthreet afther supper," said Mrs. Farrell; "ain't that too bad, an' you wantin' her!"

"I do want her indeed, Mrs. Farrell," he answered, gently.

"Well, then, Timmie McCabe'll run up for her just this minute, so he will—it's on'y a step. Wait, an' I'll tap on the wall for him. The childher always come in if I need anything an' Mollie ain't here."

"Never mind," said John Rollinson, "I'm going myself." He drew a chair close to the mother's, and sat beside her. "I want you to understand me, Mrs. Farrell. I don't want Mollie now—I do not want her for a little while, but for all time. I want her to marry me."

Mrs. Farrell looked at him, puzzled.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You want my Mollie?"

"I want your Mollie."

Conflicting emotions followed in rapid succession over that faded, wrinkled face.

"You want Mollie? Ah, but she won't, Dr. Rollinson. You don't know Mollie. God help you, docther, but you don't know that girl when she says—"

"Mrs. Farrell, I think I do—and I think your little Mollie cares for me," he said; "while I—" He could not go on.

The mother's brows met.

"My Mollie!" she whispered; "my Mollie! To marry—an' to go away from me! My little daughter! An' she cares for you, you say?" She roused herself. "Ah, well, it's but right, it's but natural." A new dignity made the wrinkled face beautiful. Tears stood in her eyes. After a few moments she bent toward him and laid her hand gently on his head.

"I have naught to give my little girl but her mother's blessing, Dr. Rollinson, an' she's earned that—she's earned that over an' over." Again the lump in her throat choked her. "I wish, for your sake that I was different," she went on, huskily; "some one you could be proud of, instead of an ignorant poor creature who knows but little—"

"Mrs. Farrell!" He grasped her hands in his and held them tightly, his eyes shining; "do not, unless you wish to cause me pain, say such words as those. In God's sight you are my superior. I have no mother—never had one to remember. Extend, then, the blessing you give to Mollie to your son. Accept me for your son, and I shall be a son to you, God helping me, until death. Yes, and after, in the great life we Catholics anticipate together. Mollie's love and mine will go with you to the grave and follow you beyond it. If you go before us it will still be yours, knowing that you are waiting."

No one could resist the mastery of his voice, the mastery of his manner. And it was characteristic that there was no question of Mollie's equality on the mother's part—simply of her own. For Mollie she expected everything good and beautiful in life. So she smiled through her tears.

"God bless you then, too!" she said, tenderly; "God bless you for your mother's sake."

"Amen," he answered. It seemed a long time before he rose to his feet with a question.

"Where is Mollie?" he asked.

"Where would she be but up at Mrs. Warden's?"

"Mrs. ———?" He looked at her in perplexity.

"Mrs. Warden's. You know Mrs. Warden—the lady that was so good to her? A fine, clever woman, an' no mistake, but that proud an' haughty—"

"Mrs. Warden!" repeated John Rollin-

son. "Mrs. Warden? You are sure? A —a young woman?"

"Not at all—as old as I am if a day, though she don't look it."

"Mrs. Warden! Well!" He drew a deep breath; "what is the number of the house?"

"No. 213," answered Mrs. Farrell. "She lives on the second floor."

"Thank you—and good-by for a short while. I'll bring Mollie back with me." His brain felt a little hazy as he went downstairs. Mrs. Warden! Oh, no—it was absurd. But the name—Warden. It could not be possible; a similarity, that was all.

Yet, in spite of the confusion which this name brought to his mental faculties, when his eyes fell on Mollie he forgot all else. Forgot everything but that the light on her face was a glorious welcome. The room, its strangeness, the fact that Mrs. Warden was a stranger, and he an intruder on her privacy, faded from his mind—if indeed, he thought of any of these things. He knew that others were present, but it did not matter. Nothing mattered as he stood, looking at her. He did not know that Mrs. Warden had been kind enough to leave them to themselves. Heedless of any one or anything beside, he stood, drinking in the shy embarrassment of his sweetheart's face. She was conscious of a great relief when the door closed behind her friend—but still shyness overpowered her.

"And this is my welcome, Mollie Farrell?" he asked at last. "Aren't you going to speak to me?"

She hesitated—then raised her eyes.

"I should like to," she said. "But I think—I am afraid."

"Afraid of me? Oh, Mollie!"

"No," she answered, slowly. "Not of you. I am not afraid of any one, Dr. Rollinson!"

He laughed, proudly, gleefully, at the sudden sparkle that shot across her face.

"I know it," he said. "I could not make you afraid of me, even if I would —Mollie, Mollie," he held out his arms; "is it going to be Dr. Rollinson always?"

He caught her shoulders with both hands and was drawing her close to him, but she held him off with all her strength, a piteous expression quenching the light of defiance.

"You must understand—oh, you must understand me well before I—before you — You *must,* must! Listen to me; just listen to me, won't you? So that afterward you will not say that it is my fault—"

"Mollie—"

"No, no—do not touch me. Let me speak first. It is so strange and so wonderful." She cleared her throat. "I *do* care; I have cared all along; I said I did not until I had to acknowledge that I *did,* and then I fought it and buried it—buried it deep—you are listening to me? —I buried it away from myself. But I cared—and I did not know how much, until that night, and since. Wait—wait —I am not finished: you must listen. I dare not grow to care any more until you fully comprehend me. I have nothing—absolutely nothing. What I have been you know—and what I am, you know—my poverty, my wretchedness. These hands—" she turned up the thin, delicate palms— "are empty. I have no talents, no pretty ways, no gentleness—nothing that has made you love me—"

He took her hands in his and placed them on his breast, so that she could feel the heart beneath beating strongly.

"Your hands are not empty now," he said gravely, "for they hold my heart, they keep my future happiness. Won't you believe and trust me, Mollie? I don't want anything but you, you, you! I want you to love me. Of what account are the things you tell me you do not possess? Loveliness! Talents! Gentleness! My girl, just as you are, your

face is the most beautiful on earth to me, because I love it. I love you—I love your great black eyes and your little trembling mouth—only because they are *yours*. Only because I love that noble heart of yours and that pure, white soul! Oh, Mollie, Mollie, come!"

She came at that, right gladly, and pressed her cheek where her hands had lain, satisfied. The pain and the sorrow that her life had marked upon her countenance died out of it forever. She felt his tender arm about her, and walked with him into that "new world which is the old."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Universal Law.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Warden tapped lightly on the door. John Rollinson turned his glowing face toward her as she came in, but Mollie, raising happy eyes, felt a sudden chill creep over her when she saw her friend's expression. It was not like that of the woman who loved her—the woman she knew so well, and who cut short John Rollinson's apologetic words with a peremptory wave of the hand.

"I daresay I must resign myself to the inevitable," she began, hurriedly. Mollie went at once to her side, and put both arms about her.

"I know you are not pleased," she said, "but I simply could not help it. Things just went that way, Mrs. Warden."

"They generally do, Mollie," answered Mrs. Warden, coldly. She looked across Mollie's shoulder straight at the young man who met her glance so frankly. "You see, Dr. Rollinson, I had hoped that Mollie's choice would be different—forgive me if I say more suitable."

"I at least admire your openness," said John Rollinson, feeling the antagonism in her voice; "I do not know about the suitability, but I am grateful—perhaps more grateful than you imagine me—that her choice has not been different."

Mollie turned and held out one hand, and when John Rollinson clasped her fingers she drew him nearer to them both.

"There is room in my heart for more than one," she said, wistfully. "For my dear mother and Dan, and for you, Mrs. Warden, who have been so good to me. I have no means of knowing in what way your lives have crossed that one of you should dislike the other, but I only ask that if you really care for me you will try to be friends."

Her voice trembled. Her lover looked at Mrs. Warden.

"Dislike!" he echoed. "I have no dislike for Mrs. Warden. I have but to look at Mollie to see how wisely and well she has profited by your example. I am grateful from the bottom of my heart, and ask you to include me also in the affection—"

"Mollie will never be happy with you," said Mrs. Warden, harshly. "It is impossible. You know as well as I do that you cannot make a girl like her happy."

Bewildered, he stared at her—at the cold eyes, the unsmiling mouth, and a premonition of danger went through him. What did her face say then? There was something— And then he remembered her name, and the story he had heard in Washington that day.

"You know—pardon the irrelevancy of the question—you know that I went to Washington?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," she said, coldly. She was standing—she would not sit down. Mollie's arm had dropped from her and Mollie's self stood silent, looking at her with pained eyes. "Yes, I know you went to Washington."

"While there I discovered a trace of my mother—who disappeared nearly thirty years ago. It may be a coincidence

—it is either that, or the providence of God. Will you listen while I tell you what bearing it may have on you?"

Mrs. Warden turned pale—she felt what was coming. Gazing at her, John Rollinson knew that it was the providence of God and no coincidence, and that behind her pale, clear-cut face lay the key of the mystery he desired to solve.

"It will not be long," he said. "It is the story of my mother, and the greatest tragedies can be put into the fewest words. She lived, she loved—and she died. But how? That is the question. Mrs. Warden, can you answer it?"

Mollie looked at him with questioning eyes. Mrs. Warden said nothing, although he waited. And then, briefly, quietly, he went on with the unhappy tale of the woman who had lived, had loved and—died. It was indeed a brief, brief tale, but none the less effective.

"And on the very day on which I told myself there was nothing farther to be expected, that there was no hope, I entered the house of a stranger and found —her picture. Not alone her picture, but the name of the artist who painted it, the name as well, of the man for whom it was—"

Mrs. Warden sat down in the nearest chair, heavily. Then she pointed toward the piano.

"Did it—did it look like that?" she asked.

John Rollinson turned, and his eyes fell upon the miniature—the duplicate of the one he had seen in Dr. Grant's possession. He moved toward it in a mechanical fashion, took it in his hands reverently, held it to the light. Yes, here was the same sweet face, the same gentle eyes, the same waves of dark hair upon the background of pale gold. He stared at it and at her; his gaze went back to the miniature and then once more to her, and his lips trembled—for her living face told a story.

"You?" he said. "You? Who—"

He could not finish. Surely not his mother? His mother could not look at him with eyes in which hatred burned. Hatred—there was no other word for it.

"Oh, no," she said, "not I—I have not the honor. But your mother was my sister—my younger and my only sister, the idol of my heart, the memory of whom is as living as my love for her."

Mollie drew back quietly, feeling that she must efface herself. This was the drama; these two the actors in a tragedy. John Rollinson put his hand to his forehead—what further revelation was there still to come? And now a new spirit seemed to enter into Mrs. Warden—a mocking, biting, stormy spirit. She leaned forward in her chair.

"I have known you a long while—and known of you all your life," she said. "I do not like you. Perhaps, in the beginning, I might have cared, if you had any of her ways, or if there was a single feature in your face like hers. But you are your father's very image. You have his manners, his carriage, the poise of your head is his, your voice. You have every single trick of his that won a simple, girlish heart—and broke it."

"God!" said John Rollinson. The vibration in those full tones showed him how strong was the resentment burning —she made him understand just what she meant. Resentment that followed a dead man to his quiet grave! Facing it was too much for the dead man's son.

"Broke it, broke it!" she reiterated. "So it is from me you are to hear how she died! From my lips! Ah, well, I never thought to tell it to you—I thought to let you die in ignorance of it, as well as that man who drove her to desperation. He never knew of me. Katharine never told him. She met him while I was in Europe, traveling companion to

an idle woman who needed some one to amuse her. I was witty enough in those young days, though lacking, as Katharine did, the fundamental principles of education. But I could disguise the lack where she could not. I married and returned home with my husband, eager to assure my darling's happiness. She, too, was a wife—"

She broke off. There was something bitter in the recollection.

"Horace Rollinson had begun to tire of his plaything even then, and with a last despairing grip upon his affection, she had refrained from telling him what she had not told him at first—that she had a sister living. I flared up and said cruel things, for I was her direct opposite in temper, and I left her in a passion. After that my own life held me. My husband —God knows I was not worthy of him! —tried to make up to me for that sister's love. A little child came, opened its eyes upon a world too harsh for it, and its going left another scar. I had but recovered from the shock of its loss when —when she came—in the dead of night—"

The tears were in her eyes; the tears were streaming down John Rollinson's face. Mollie had covered her face with her hands, for Mrs. Warden's tremulous voice and labored breathing showed how strong an emotion touched her even now.

"She crept into my arms, hid her tired face upon my breast, and sobbed out the story of her heart-break. I resolved to hold her against all the world. I don't know how any man could so have wounded a woman. And as all my love for her came back to me I was conscious of as great a hatred for that husband. To this day I love that sister—and I hate her husband."

"Mrs. Warden, you do not realize what you are saying!" exclaimed John Rollinson, shuddering.

"I beg your pardon," said the older woman; "but the thought of her the night she came to me drives me almost mad. My husband was inclined to argue the case with me at first—but when he saw Katharine all arguments were silenced. He, too, knew that death was in her face, and he agreed with me that it would be better to let her die in peace—that if she wished to see her husband she could do so, but if she did not she should never be troubled by his presence. And she never was."

"Did you not think of Horace Rollinson at all? Of his pain, his wrecked life, his ruined hopes?" asked John Rollinson, almost savagely. "Did you not think of the fate to which she doomed him?"

"He doomed himself!" said Mrs. Warden, grimly. "When I married I had no advantages—a surface veneer of correct language acquired from my mistress. My husband helped me to make the best of inherent talent. Katharine was as far above me as the stars—she could have attained a greater height. The story is ended, Dr. Rollinson. Your mother left your father and came to me; but not even my love could keep her. She died in my arms. She was dying when my husband had her portrait painted for the last wedding anniversary we were to spend together. She went first—he followed soon after."

Old things had power to touch her and to hurt. John Rollinson bent nearer, and his face was solemn.

"My father!" he said. "Through his years of loneliness he taught me to respect all women for her sake; to cherish all women poor in this world's goods—for she had come from among the poor, and might still be one of them. He begged me, when I prayed, to ask that the cloud which had darkened their wedded love might one day be dissipated, and they stand face to face, heart to heart, soul to soul, forgiving and forgiv-

en. Those two are together now, Mrs. Warden!"—he spoke exultantly, for the cold scorn that looked at him out of her eyes—"and neither your bitterness nor my desire can affect their perfect peace. Had you seen him, had you heard, you, too, would have forgiven. You would have pitied him from the bottom of your heart. He paid, Mrs. Warden, he paid for what would have been a light offense to lighter natures."

She smiled a little.

"I cannot expect Horace Rollinson's son to say otherwise, or to see otherwise," she said; "nor can I expect that you will treat Mollie Farrell in any way different to that in which your father treated Katharine Hollis. We will not talk of it." She put out her hand and clasped Mollie's. "Know this, dear child," she said, her voice soft and sweet again, "only know this—that I love you, and that I cannot forget my love. I, at least, shall never change toward you."

John Rollinson's eyes were dark now—all softness had left them. Mollie looked from one to the other—the proud, unforgiving faces of the two who loved her, and a great pain seemed to rend her heart. She caught her breath sharply, and the hand clasping Mrs. Warden's turned cold, and trembled.

"When things grew very hard for me," she said, in a low voice, "I thought of you, Mrs. Warden, and I loved you because of your good life; because I felt that you had borne great sorrow; because I felt that some one had wronged you deeply. And so, thinking of you, courage would come to me. You were my model always—you. And now—Tell me, do you think the sister you idolized so would have wanted you to hate her son all these long years?"

Mrs. Warden did not answer. Mollie leaned over and slipped both arms about her, and looked up into her face pleadingly.

"Don't," she whispered. "Dear Mrs. Warden, I love you so! But I love him, too. You have made my world, you have made possible my happiness; you have made me what I am—you have crowned me. Do not, do not uncrown me!"

The girl's tender voice was full of such feeling as the older woman had never heard in it. Yet it had no power to touch her. She was unresponsive. Mollie turned to her lover.

"John, can you say nothing?"

"What is there to say?" he asked. "I cannot combat such antagonism. And I am—my father's son."

He spoke proudly. With gentle but firm fingers, Mrs. Warden took Mollie's arms from about her, and pushed her away.

"Thank you for reminding me of the fact," she said. "Go with your future husband, Mollie; permit me to wish you both good-night."

She waited for them to leave her, her attitude admitting of no protest. Mollie, yielding to the pressure of her lover's hand, followed him to the door, her yearning eyes turned backward to that proud old face. She felt that she was bidding a last farewell to her dearest friend, and that she had no choice. The door closed gently behind them. Mollie's fingers clung to the knob. Her feet were as if glued to the ground—she could not move. John Rollinson stood beside her in the quiet hall, and as she raised her eyes to his he clasped her to him in a passionate embrace.

"Not a judgment am I going to be, but a blessing! Not a judgment, but a blessing!" he breathed. "Sweetheart, must sorrow ever be standing waiting upon your threshold? My sweetheart, my wife, my blessing!"

She clung to him.

"She—she is so lonely!" she whispered, in a sobbing voice she had used a moment since to her beloved friend; "it

breaks my heart to leave her so. John Rollinson, she was so good to me, so good to me! I cannot—I dare not—Wait, wait, I will go back again, alone. You are not angry or proud—you have no angry feeling against her? Say it—say it to me quickly. You understand? You will understand?"

"Yes, dear."

With softened face, out of which all hardness had fled, he stooped and kissed her. "Go back if you will, and I shall wait here for you. Yes, and if I can make any concessions, promise them. Or if I can say a single word that will soften her, say it for me, my love, my blessing!"

She went back as she had come. Mrs. Warden was seated in the big chair, with the pictured miniature clasped to her breast.. There was a striking pathos in the loneliness of her shrinking figure, and Mollie, who had emerged from just such loneliness, was struck to the heart. She went forward silently and knelt upon the floor, and put up one hand, timidly. Mrs. Warden was not startled. The girl leaned nearer.

"It's Mollie," she whispered, huskily, as if she were a little child; "it's only Mollie, Mrs. Warden."

There was no response in words. But Mrs. Warden breathed more quickly.

"I can't go," said the girl. "I can't leave you—I can't. I am on my knees to you. Do not cast me off. You don't know how much I love you. You don't, or you couldn't hurt me so. It will break my heart to leave you."

Mrs. Warden's lips set grimly.

"No, Mollie Farrell," she said; "not even for you."

"You are sending me away then?" piteously. "Don't you remember me—how weak I was, and how ignorant, and how you taught me? And how I learned to love you so? Little by little? And now—now—you're sending—me—away—"

"Mollie—you know better."

"But aren't you? Oh, I was so happy—so happy! I might have known it could not last. The greatest joy that can come to a woman had come to me—and you hate the man I love! You hate the man I love! It is only a temptation. Can't you realize that? Let me help you to conquer it, if I can. I'm not as strong as you—just a girl who loves you. For my sake, try to think kindly of him—for my sake, do not banish me. If you can't overcome it, I'll be satisfied. Really, really. If you feel that the old hatred must stay there, I will never mention his name to you. On this night that has been the happiest of my life send me out with a gleam of hope. Do, do!"

No words could picture the fervor of those tones, for Mollie Farrell was carried out of herself. Voice, eyes, lips, were eloquent; her whole body seemed to plead for her. Mrs. Warden could not resist this love. She bent over, and with quivering lips kissed her.

"Mollie," she said, and her tones were curiously like John Rollinson's that night long-past—"her night and Dan's"—when he had heard the girl's story, when he had known her capabilities for self-sacrifice, "Mollie, Mollie, Mollie!"

Mollie clung to her, saying nothing. Her silence said more than words. Mrs. Warden made a passionate effort. The miniature fell upon her lap.

"I'll try," she said, then. "Mollie, I *will* try. Only leave me now, dear, leave me. This has torn my heart almost beyond endurance. Leave me to myself—I will be all right to-morrow. And tell him—" her throat worked—"tell him—tell him she forgave; that she would have been glad, at the last, to see them both. But they were away and we could not reach them in time, and she accepted it as a punishment. Tell him all this, Mollie."

"I will, I will! And you love me—you *do* love me?"

"Always." Her fine face bent to the young cheek, her white hair mingled with the black locks. "Always, little blessing."

"Thank you," said Mollie, "thank you, my own dear friend, for calling me that, too. It seems a happy omen; God grant that I may be a blessing to every one I know, and, more than all, to those I love."

* * * *

Isn't it the open secret? "Little children, love ye one another!" It is the universal law. It is the law of heaven; it is the only law that will make the earth like paradise. "Little children, love ye one another!" Neither king nor peasant, neither high nor low, neither rich nor poor—only one great human family, with one great human Heart yearning warmly over the beings It has created, with the one great law pulsing through its throbbing arteries: "Little children, oh, My little children, love ye one another!"

EPILOGUE.

In a week's time he was to die. He was dogged, indifferent, unrepentant, and the keepers said that nothing could touch him. He lay, face downward, on his pallet, and would hold intercourse with no one. Men came and spoke to him of Christ's love, and the place Christ had for those who were sorry for their sins. But he turned deaf ear to all.

"I think you'd better run down and see that Johnson chap," said Father Blake, more in joke than in earnest, as Sister Benigna came to him with a tale of a conversion which, through God's mercy, she had just succeeded in accomplishing. "He's going to die Thursday next, and no one can do anything with him. You go."

He did not mean the words, but Sister Benigna's face was shadowed as she went out of the priest's presence. She had come to make arrangements for the baptism of her convert—and while she understood the half-laughing vein in which he had spoken, she was wont to take such things seriously. Perhaps she could do some good—

But then she remembered the story of the man's fearful crime, and shuddered with aversion.

"I am too busy," she said, briefly. "Besides, women are not allowed in the men's prison, and Mother would surely refuse me if I asked. I cannot manage it."

So she tried all that day to dismiss the subject from her mind.

That night, before she went to chapel, one of the religious spoke to her.

"Do not forget poor Johnson, Sister," she said; "you have heard about him? He is to be hanged on Thursday, and his heart is as hard as a stone. Give him one of your Memorares."

Sister Benigna felt her lips grow white. She hesitated. Just then the Mother Superior came down the broad stairs. As if moved by an inspiration, Sister Benigna went to her.

"Mother, if I can arrange it to-morrow I would like to go to the county jail. Do you think you can give me permission?"

She looked at her, mentally praying for a refusal. But with a bright smile the Mother laid her hand upon Sister Benigna's arm.

"You may go to any part of the prison you please," she said, and passed on.

Sister Benigna's heart sank within her. She went into the chapel. When she knelt before the tabernacle, her prayer, though voiceless, was made with all the fervor of her heart.

"You know, dear Lord, I can't possibly go—I have so much to do." She pondered a little: "Unless it be Thy will. If

it be Thy will do with me as Thou pleasest."

That night her last waking thought was of the morrow.

"If the sun shines I know I cannot go," she said, "there will be too many other duties." And then she prayed again: "God grant it may be a fair day to-morrow."

But it rained. It poured as if the heavens had opened, and Sister Benigna realized that God had sent this duty in her way. So, at the very earliest hour of the afternoon, she went, with her companion, to the county jail. The official at the desk looked at the black-robed nun with some curiosity.

"You have a man named Johnson here," she said. "If you can allow it I should like to speak to him."

"I cannot," he said, "but the warden will be back directly—and you can ask him in person. Go along the corridor and wait for him."

Sister Benigna did so. Before long two men came through the gloomy corridor. One of them looked at her with sudden interest—the other questioningly.

"I would like to see Johnson," said Sister Benigna. "I believe the warden can give me permission. Are you he?"

"I am he, but you can't see him. Women are not allowed in the men's prison."

"I knew that before I came," she answered gently; "but this is such a terrible case. It may be his last chance. If it will not cause you too much inconvenience, do allow me to go."

The warden, inclined to be surly, opened his lips again to deny her petition—the nun's intention did not appeal to him. His companion spoke then.

"Let her go," he said in an undertone. Sister Benigna caught the words, and gave him a glance of gratitude.

"Thank you," she said; "God will give you a last chance."

"Come," said the warden.

She followed him past those narrow cells where erring human beings were confined and where curious faces peered out at her in the twilight of the place. He paused before a cell at the end of the gloomy compartment, and called a name sharply.

"Johnson!" he said, in a harsh voice, "Johnson, do you hear me? A lady has come to see you."

He drew back. Sister Benigna stood with her face to the barred grating. Her sight had grown sharp in the semi-gloom. She was very pale and her heart was beating tumultuously.

"God give me words," she was praying, "God give me words."

Something stirred inside. Something rose and shuffled to the grating. A dark face, with glaring eyes and lips parted over cruel-looking white teeth, was shoved up close against the other side. The saint and the sinner looked at each other. Sister Benigna scarcely realized the first sickening throb of fear ere a new and great warmth flooded through her limbs: her beautiful eyes gazed straight into his.

"Oh, you poor fellow," she said, pitifully. "You poor, poor, *poor* fellow!"

Her gentle voice, with its sweet and tender pathos, her face, her garb, seemed to stir the unfortunate being separated from her only by those iron bars.

"I have come to tell you something," she went on; "will you listen to me? I won't preach to you, I promise. But just listen to the few words I have to say, and when you bid me, I will leave."

"Stay!" he said.

That was all.

And he listened. I shall not repeat here what she said. She spoke, and the soul within that narrow cell awoke, and saw beyond sin and crime and death, rose up to meet the joy in her voice, her face, her lips. She spoke of what she

knew, in picturing Christ's mercy, and His love for those who hated Him. And the befogged mind began to lighten, and the huge hands clung to the bars, and the great body shook, and the big head drooped, and sobs rent that mighty chest, as that tender, imploring voice went on. The silence in the place was deathless. Crouched up against the doors of the surrounding cells there were other creatures who had tasted the desolation of wrong-doing and eaten its fruit. They were listening, too; her words touched more than one that day, but she was concerned only for the man about to die. The rest of her work, God willing, she was to come back and perfect later on. I cannot tell it here—it would be too long: the story of Sister Benigna's blessed work.

"Look upon this great Lord who has so loved men," she said. She was not allowed to give the prisoners anything, that she knew, but she managed to fix a picture of our dear Redeemer between two of the intersecting bars. "I shall send you a priest at once—tell me: you will listen to him?"

"Yes," he answered. "I will."

For, God be praised, this poor being was ready for the sacrifice—a sacrifice as old as the sphinx inscrutable and yet as new; mightier than the world, overcoming the world: the sacrifice of a humble and a contrite heart.

With a few more words she went away, and the prisoner strained his eyes after her departing form. Then he returned to his pallet and lay there—but this time there were tears upon his cheek.

The warden said nothing. What he thought was not evident, as Sister Benigna thanked him for his kindness. The man whose intervention had been the indirect means of saving a hapless soul, was still in the outside corridor, waiting for them. He stepped forward.

"Pardon me," he said, "but may I ask your name?"

"Sister Mary Benigna," she answered.

"Sister Mary Benigna? A Catholic religious?"

"A Catholic religious."

"And will you tell me—do not think me bold—how Miss Selleck enjoys the transformation? Yes," as she started, "you do not remember me, probably, but I saw you several times. I am Harold Seymour, of Selleck Brothers and Seymour." He laughed at the pleased light that shot across her face. She held out her hand with an exclamation of delight.

"I am so glad to meet you!" she exclaimed. "I have not seen my father in quite a while. He is well?"

"Very well, indeed."

"And Mac? I was gratified to hear that he is taking life seriously at last. Is he as droll as ever?"

"Just as droll—the life of the place. Mr. Selleck and I are sobersides."

"It seems queer to have to ask for them. My father is not melancholy—he does not regret—"

"He is happy," said Harold Seymour, "as well he may be, if you are as happy as you look."

The nun lifted her shining face. It had been beautiful when she, the courted, petted child of wealth and fashion, had indulged her every caprice—but now its beauty spoke of one whose thoughts were bathed in light.

"I am happy," she said. "Only too happy—there is no happiness in all this earth like mine."

He waited a little while. Then he held out his hand.

"Farewell," he said, humbly; "and pray for me."

"I will, I do—for every one," she answered. "Farewell."

So, with her who had been Edith Selleck, do I, too, say farewell.

BEFORE THE BREAKING DAY.

BY DANIEL SHIELDS.

You're going back to Donegal,
  Back where you were born,
To Inver shores and pleasant banks
  And fields of yellow corn.

You'll see the hills and glens between
  And the wide sunlit Bay
You'll see the lanes as fresh and green,
  And hear the hill-brooks play.

And when you look out from your home
  Across the Western Sea,
Or watch the tides toss into foam,
  Keep just one thought for me.

For on that roadway of the West
  The heart o' me's away,
Gone on a wild, unbidden quest
  Before the breaking day.

There you were young, and I was young
  Back in the long ago;
There we've seen the high waves flung
  On Mullagh white as snow.

So when on that Tir-Connell shore
  You watch the bounding sea,
Or hear the tides in anger roar,
  Keep just one thought for me.

Or send a whisper of old dreams
  Adown the passing wind,
That I will know 'mid vanished gleams
  Your faithful heart's behind.

The sea that now between us two
  With fitful cadence flows
I knew it fierce when tempests blew
  All dark with driven snows.

'Tis on that roadway o' the West
  The heart o' me's away
Gone on a wild unbidden quest
  Before the breaking day.

MARY ELLEN'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MAUD REGAN.

It was Christmas week. On this point the calendars were unanimous, and the weather clerk, acting grudgingly upon the admission, was developing his churlish ideas of an appropriate atmospheric setting.

The ice-coated branches of the park trees rattled grimly in the bleak onset of a gale which appeared to sweep at once from the four corners of a grey lowering sky, harassing chilled pedestrians, and catching vindictively at the window sashes of the brown stone houses in a vain assault on the warmth and comfort beyond.

Only the sleigh bells maintained their optimism. Their cheery jingling formed a pleasant accompaniment to the myriad voices of the thronged streets, whence Grandmother and Grandfather had been glad to escape unscathed, even to the unfamiliar haven of their new abode.

The din and roar of a great city, that dull, steady booming pierced by a hundred sharp insistent notes, was woven like some wierd Brocken music through the swift succession of surprising experiences which had crowded into the last fortnight the excitement of a life.

Their ears, attuned to no sounds more disturbing than the shrill rasp of the cricket's fiddle, the twilight croaking of frogs in the marshy meadow, or the jolting of an infrequent cart down Ridgeville's drowsy street, stubbornly refused to adjust themselves to Traffic's constant din.

Clanging gongs still disturbed their meals with alarming suggestions of fire, and passing cars broke their sleep into unrefreshing fragments.

Two weeks had elapsed since Mary Ellen had borne them to the noisy splendors of her town mansion, bolstering their faltering resolutions with all the specious reasoning which filial devotion could suggest. A particularly severe recurrence of Grandfather's bronchial trouble had precipitated the long impending crisis, and Mary Ellen's cherished scheme for the transplanting of the old folk became an accomplished fact. The rooms hurriedly prepared for their reception were triumphs of quiet luxury, but to-day they seemed to Grandmother an arid waste of splendor, where her misty eyes vainly sought the homely resting place.

She was a quaint little figure, sitting primly erect on the very edge of a chair whose every curve invited to repose; old ivory and fading roses were suggested in the soft tinting of her face crowned with a mass of snowy hair which had not quite overcome the waving tendencies of its golden age. "It doesn't seem natural," she sighed as her eyes roved disconsolately over the unaccustomed luxury. The words proclaimed her attitude towards the entire scheme of an existence in which she remained stubbornly alien, an existence whose surprises, beginning with the strawberries of the initial December breakfast had this morning culminated in a bewildered progress through the fairyland of toy and candy shops, where the old folk had plunged for the first time into the vortex of Christmas shopping.

Despite an uncanny proficiency in foreign tongues, and other manifestations of a wisdom beyond their years, Mary Ellen's children maintained towards Christmas legends and customs, an attitude of refreshing simplicity to which the shops, it seemed to Grandmother,

responded ill. Through their brilliant labyrinths she had looked to guide herself by certain well-defined landmarks—candy canes of striped peppermint, vivid but innocuous; mammoth eggs of barley sugar, a glimpse through whose round windows, opening upon vistas of tropical verdure, had furnished the crowning sensation of Mary Ellen's youthful festivities. But in the rising tide of progress these had been submerged, together with the barley sugar menagerie, whose representatives had, twenty-five years before, flourished on the parlor table for a long week during which pride and appetite contended for the mastery in Mary Ellen's youthful breast.

Jumping Jack and Jack-in-the-box, those ancient beaux of Toyland, survived only on obscure bargain counters, where worsted clad rubber damsels of battered mien received their overtures with shrill squeaking. Mechanical toys that left nothing to the youthful talent for "make believe" culminated in an ingenious evolution of Noah's Ark, which at an extravagant figure Grandfather forthwith acquired. From this marvel the animals issued two by two to the accompanying strains of an instrument, presumably the "loud timbrel," on which Noah developed unlooked-for skill.

Grandmother, mindful of old Christmas twilights, when from his vantage ground on the hearth-rug a more dignified patriarch had presided over a menagerie, frankly wooden, felt this purchase to be the last of a long series of disappointing compromises with cherished traditions. "It doesn't seem natural," she had sighed as the messenger bore their unsatisfactory purchases to the waiting carriage,—"It doesn't seem natural," she re-iterated, resting from the morning's excitement amid all the unfamiliar and undesired splendors of Mary Ellen's providing.

Grandfather, roused from a furtive doze, mildly concurred, his eyes held by a glowing grate—a clever but unconvincing contrivance of asbestos-tufted logs—which certainly pointed Grandmother's statement. "It isn't as if Mary Ellen really needed us," she continued. "From morning till night there's nothing I can do, not even set my own room to rights. No one will ever know what I've suffered watching that hired girl fussing among my things. Sometimes I think my hands will be paralyzed from lying crossed all day on the lap of my Sunday dress. I'd counted on looking after the children; they're such dear, affectionate little things! Only to mend their clothes, or tell them stories, or hear them say their prayers, would be something, but there's Susan, jealous if you look at them, and that stately Madame Viselle always following them with her pile of books and her outlandish talk. Then there's that quiet, creepy girl gliding about the dining room—it gives me a start to always find her at my elbow with one of those queer, unwholesome dishes. Why we've eaten fruit and vegetables that were fairly flying in the face of nature. They may not injure John or Mary Ellen, and the children, poor little tots! don't know the difference, but we've always eaten fruits of the earth *in season*, and if we begin to tamper with strawberries and tomatoes in December, dear knows what will come of it. There are worse things than bronchitis," Grandmother concluded darkly.

"Mary Ellen has been mighty thoughtful and considerate," Grandfather hazarded gently, "and the whole house is studying our comfort, but we don't seem to fit in. Somehow it has set me thinking of our white lilac bush that used to droop over the well. Do you remember how one spring we took a notion it would look nice at the corner of the house and the trouble I had transplanting it? But for all my care, it never seemed to thrive

afterward—just drooped and pined as though it had lost heart, and after a while it looked so shabby and forlorn I just had to dig it up and burn it. Lilacs are sturdy things, too, but it had struck pretty deep roots, and I reckon it was too old to be transplanted.

"That was a great spring for lilacs," Grandfather pursued reminiscently—"You could hardly see a leaf on our old hedge, it was all white and purple clusters, and the bees droning over them the livelong day."

Ah that sturdy hedge where in all the homely garden, winter met his first defeat;—that blossoming barrier which kept the crowded ranks of old world flowers from marching out to the grassy street! How its fragrance freighted every breeze that swayed the curtains of the cool, dim, best room, hung with those precious samplers of Mary Ellen's youthful achievement, now abandoned to the depredations of the vandal moth.

Faint, sweet whiffs seemed to stray back from the vanished springtimes, fragrantly epitomizing the useful placid life for whose loss all Mary Ellen's grandeur had failed to compensate. A hundred vague, sweet memories blurred Grandmother's eyes with sudden tears. Her hand, groping in the beaded reticule, where her handkerchief lay, drew out among its snowy folds a small bright object that fell to the tiled hearth with a metallic clang. Just between the old folk it lay, fateful and suggestive; the door-key of the white-painted, green-blinded house,—an open sesame to the lost paradise, for which they yearned with the passionate homesickness of the old.

Suddenly Grandmother's vague discontent crystallized to definite resolve, and she rose with an air of determination that sat oddly on her gentle face. "No, father, it doesn't seem natural," she reiterated, "and what's more, it never will, and I've made up my mind we'll spend Christmas in our own home!"

Crying softly she moved about the rooms, collecting her modest treasures, with a heart freshly wrung at every turn by some new proof of Mary Ellen's thoughtful care. "I do hope she'll understand when its all over, but I had to do it now while my mind was made up. Mary Ellen's ways may be best, but they aren't ours, and I'm afraid we are too old to grow into them," said Grandmother, tearfully apologetic.

The house was very still when, some two hours later, the old folk stole quietly down the wide staircase, from whose panelled walls a score of pictured faces looked out accusingly. In the distant school-room the children were rapt in the interest of a Breton Christmas tale, which Mademoiselle was recounting in the "outlandish language" which had given Grandmother such umbrage.

Mary Ellen busily engaged in filling stockings at St. Mary's Orphanage was blissfully unaware of the remorseful tears falling upon her desk, where Grandmother was piling the carefully labelled Christmas packages—the marvelous ark, the dancing dolls of weird agility, and the unconsciously appealing note which explained the failure of her cherished experiment.

Threading their way timidly over the perilous expanse of polished floor the aged fugitives from mistaken benevolence passed unseen through the hall door, and were swallowed up in the maelstrom of the street. From the Brothers' school at the corner burst a band of rosy lads lustily singing a quaint old carol, "God rest you merry Gentlemen, may nothing you dismay."

Grandfather, resuming his responsibilities with infinite relish and gallantly handing Grandmother into a cab, slipped

a coin into the leader's hand, and regardless of the hurrying crowd stood till the sweet old song was ended.

"In Bethlehem of Jery, this Blessed Babe was born." High above the din of the street soared the fresh young voices singing of the eternal truth behind the varying custom. The refrain lingered pleasantly in Grandfather's mind. He hummed it quiveringly as the train sped on through the gathering dusk.

Meanwhile, in the tall brown mansion they had so unceremoniously deserted a family council was hastily revising the Christmas plans.

"Poor little mother! what a victim she has been," said Mary Ellen, ruefully regarding Grandmother's note, and a spouse, whose magnanimity deserves to be recorded, forbore all reference to the exceeding dubiousness wherewith he had regarded the issue of their well-laid scheme gone so lamentably "agley."

"You reckoned without the personal equation, my dear," he contented himself with remarking, philosophically, then he added a suggestion, that communicating itself electrically to the school-room aroused there an enthusiasm to which only the vernacular could give satisfactory expression; "Suppose we spend Christmas at Grandmother's."

LAKES OF THE NORTH.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Lakes of the North! Flash out in sheen
Of silver and engirdling green!
White birch and fragrant tamarack
Your lavish beauties vainly screen!

Lakes of the North, how quaintly ring
Those native sounds:— Temiskaming,
Temagami of jeweled sands,
And deeply-mirrowed Couchiching!

Blue spaces of the happy sky
Reflected in your waters lie;
When in the hush of cloudless day
The fretful loon makes eldritch cry!

The brush of Autumn, free as air,
Shall touch with colors rich and fair —
Till deep with gold and rubies set
The pure wave gleams, a crystal rare!

Lakes of the North, tho' winter close
Your death-cold lips in mute repose,
Not all his icy blasts can chill,
The glow your lover's bosom knows.

At Bethlehem.

By Katherine Tynan.

Three kings are riding down this way,
From the gold East they are;
One young, one swarth, one wise and gray,
Led hither by a star.
O where are ye bound, ye good seigneurs,
And whom seek ye?
They said: "The King of kings is born!"
Noel! Noel! give praise this morn!

Then down there came three shepherd wights
With their shoon in their hands,
Such lads as herd the sheep by nights
In hilly pasture lands.
O where are you bound, ye shepherd folk,
And whom seek ye?
They said: "The angels' songs awoke
The earth and heaven to see;
For, lo! the King of the poor is born!"
Noel! Noel! give praise this morn!

Whall.

H. I. Sinkel.

Then past the moon and past the sky
Three angels hurried on,
Singing their anthems, clear and high,
With faces like the dawn.

And where are you going, celestial ones,
And whom seek ye?
With "Gloria! Gloria!" rang their tones,
"O come and you shall see;
for, lo! the King of heaven is born!"
Noel! Noel! give praise this morn!

Carl Marr.

And in the desolate stable place
Where to we hurried all,
There were two oxen and an ass
That knelt beside a stall.

Burne Jones.

Wherein a little Baby slept
Half hidden in the hay
The beast their patient watching kept—
Their mild eyes seemed to say
"The King of all living things is born!"
Noel! Noel! give praise this morn!

C. Schonherr.

His mother's arms were over Him,
Her face was to His face;

One starveling rushlight flickered dim
About the shadowy place.

H. Lauenstein.

No purple draped the roof and wall,
The snows blew everywhere;
No timbrel raised its voice at all,
Nor lute nor harp player,
But angels sang "Our King is born!"
Noel! Noel! give praise this morn!

H. Hofmann.

Then one by one the strange kings went
And gave their gifts from afar;
The amber, and the gold, and scent,
Ivory and cinnabar.

Martin Feuerstein.

And then the shepherd lads drew near,
One gave from out his smock
A little lambkin, warm and dear,
The youngling of the flock.
Sing on: "The King of the young is born"
Noel! Noel! give praise this morn!

F. Roeber.

And there the blessed Joseph was,
Tending his helpless spouse;
The Child upon the sweet, dried grass
Had glories 'round His brows.

Adolphe W. Bouguereau.

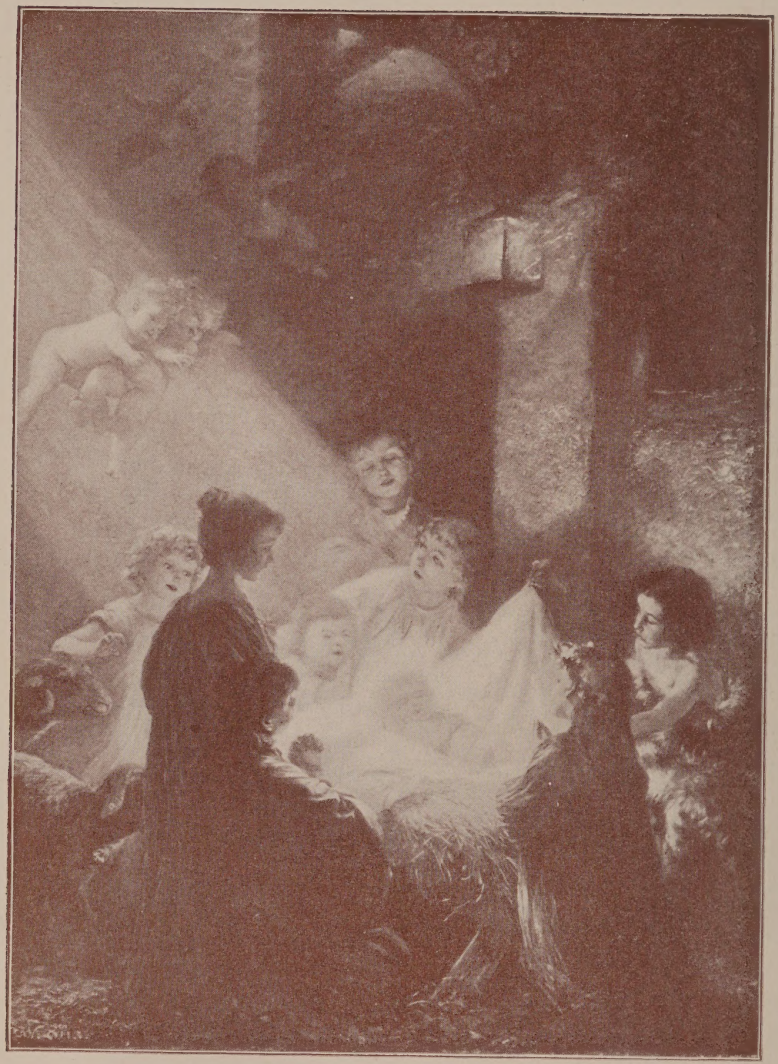
And then, the awe was grown so great,
I lay upon the earth,
And heard far off at heaven's gate
The angels sing His birth,
With "Peace! The King of the World is born!"
Noel! Noel! give praise this morn!

Niccolo Barabino.

On high there is a quivering star,
Shot through with white and rose;
It draws all hearts from near and far
To go the way it goes.

Carlo Dolci.

Come, travel to this lowly stall,
And lay before His feet
Your gold and gems, your life and all.
And yet no offerings meet
For Him the King Whom the world doth scorn,
Noel! Noel! give praise this morn!



CHRISTMAS NIGHT ON POPLAR RIDGE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

"I tell you, once and for all, I will not stir from this house on Christmas night. And if you heed my words, you won't let the girls go either. A nice thing, isn't it? for Christian people to be going to parties on the night Our Saviour was born."

Mr. Ryan's voice was filled with righteous indignation, as he made the final remark, but his wife only laughed softly, before she said:

"It was on Christmas Eve the Divine Child was born, Pa, and I am sure He would not object to a little neighborly gathering, for don't we read in the Gospels of Our Lord's attending marriage feasts and accepting invitation to dinner?"

"But you may be certain it wasn't in the company of such folks as the Snaps and Sharps and the Okenmans," retorted he.

"Now, Pa, you know well enough none of those people will be at Mason's," expostulated Mrs. Ryan. "And I do not think it at all Christ-like, the way you reflect upon these poor people. They are as good as they know how to be. What can you expect from them, without religion, without education?—Why the wonder is that they are as good as they are."

"May be so," responded her husband. "But I am not hankering after closer acquaintance with them, nor their kind. And I don't see for the life of me why you are so anxious to go among them!"

"Then, I'll tell you!" said Mrs. Ryan, in the sharpest tones her gentle voice could take on. "Because you brought me here to live among them. With the world before you to choose a place from, you must set yourself down on this Ridge, where we are almost burnt to death in summer, and frozen to death in winter; where we haven't one of our kith or kin near us, and none of our race or creed within two miles; where we haven't Mass but once in four weeks, and then must travel five miles of a bad road to hear it; where there was only a pretense of school for the girls—"

"Tut, tut, woman!" interrupted Mr. Ryan, "there isn't a finer place in Kentucky than Poplar Ridge,—nor a prettier," he added, with a glow on his handsome old face.

"Well, if you are satisfied with the locality, you oughtn't to complain about the people," she retorted. "You and I might be able to live to ourselves, but it is different with the girls. They are young, and since we brought them here, we have no right to deny them the simple pleasures the place affords. I should rather, of course, they had the society of their own kind, but since that cannot be, I am not going to shut them up like in a prison. They won't have any cause to resort to underhand ways to get the pleasures natural to youth, while I live. They deserve to have all we can give them! There are not better girls anywhere than Pauline and Elizabeth."

"Who is saying anything against them?" asked Mr. Ryan, with a twinkle in his eyes. "It does not prove that Polly and Beth are bad children, because I refuse to go to Mason's, does it?"

"But you're not going to deprive them of the pleasure this God-forsaken place affords," she argued.

"Then, I am sorry they must be deprived, for go I won't!" he announced. "Fine, I'd look, indeed, at my time of life, going to a party! Can't you see me walking up to Nellie Sharp and saying, 'Miss Nellie, would you be so kind as to

dance this set with me?' It's pleasant she'd find it, with my rheumatic leg and wheezy chest!"

But Mrs. Ryan did not even smile. She was there in the cause of her daughters, and was not to be beguiled by his smooth tongue.

"It is well you know that you are not expected to take part in their frolic," she said, half-sternly, "but only to show neighborliness and be with the girls. They have no one to go with them, since you forbade Willie Collins the house."

"I don't want one of those knobsters coming up here like he owned the place, and taking the girls off without so much as a by-your-leave!" cried Mr. Ryan, fire in his eyes.

"Then I repeat, you should not have settled among the 'knobsters' if you find them so objectionable. The only pleasure the girls can expect all their lives is what these very 'knobsters' will provide, and you have either to make your home a prison for your children, or be civil to their young friends," and Mrs. Ryan folded her arms resignedly.

"Well, do as you like," he rejoined. "But one thing you may count upon: I am not going to gallant them to shindigs and one thing and another," and he leaned back in his chair and began to draw heavily on his clay pipe. Mrs. Ryan meditated for a while and then began her attack from another point.

"Suppose the girls had been this obstinate last July, when you were lying on the broad of your back, and the meadows were ready for cutting and not a man to be found anywhere to drive the mower and the rake? What would you have thought if, instead of coming forward and saying they would cut the clover, they had sat by and watched it spoil? And when you had to re-set the tobacco field, and there wasn't one to help for love or money, didn't the girls leave their own work and pull their little feet through the mud for three long days, dropping the plants for you and Ike? It's all well enough when there is work to be done, but it's a different thing when it's playtime," she finished, sarcastically.

The words sent Mr. Ryan to his feet.

"I tell you, you can do as you like!" he cried. "I don't care who comes here, or where you let the girls go. But I am not going to Mason's on Christmas night," and he left the room.

"I did no good, children," said Mrs. Ryan, disconsolately, entering the kitchen where Pauline and Elizabeth were preparing the Christmas cakes. "He has set his mind against it, and you know when he does that there is no moving him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Elizabeth, dropping into a chair, tears in her pretty eyes; but Pauline beat the eggs with renewed vigor, while her mouth set itself in a determined line.

"Oh!" repeated Elizabeth. "How could he refuse that little thing! It's too bad! Everybody will be there, and have such a good time, but us."

The bright tears were now hanging on the long lashes, and the lovely childlike face was quivering under the sorrow of disappointment.

"Don't be a goose, Beth!" ejaculated Pauline. "He didn't say we shouldn't go, did he, mother?"

"No," replied the mother.

"Then we shall go! These whites are ready, Beth, and if you don't hurry and get the cake into the oven, it will be as flat as your spirits," said Pauline, surveying her sister a little scornfully.

"I should like to know how we can go, with no one to go with us," said Elizabeth, mournfully.

"There'll be somebody to go with us," said Pauline, slowly.

"You mean Willie Collins?" questioned her sister. "You wouldn't send for him after what father said?"

"I mean that I shall go to the party. If you want to come, all right!"

Elizabeth was surprised at the resolute attitude of her sister, but the mother was well acquainted with the spirit that animated her. "If she and her father ever come into conflict it will be terrible," she thought, and then hastened to say:

"Yes, children, you will go, since you have set your hearts on it, but I shall go with you. Ike will drive us over and come after us, later on."

"Mother, you are a darling!" cried Elizabeth, "and when my cake is in the oven, I am going to give you a regular bear-hug." But Pauline continued her work, without a word. "Polly, why don't you say something?" then cried her sister.

"Mother always has the things to do, whether she likes it or not," said Pauline, turning her handsome face toward them. "It isn't right that she should have to sit there half the night to secure us a little pleasure—such a pitiful little pleasure as it is! If we were closer to town, if we were anywhere but on this old Ridge, we should have better things. But to have actually to jar for the things that are here, and to have to deprive mother of a night's sleep to get them—it isn't right!" and she stamped her little foot angrily at the words.

"Now, Pauline, don't begin to carry on," remonstrated her mother. "Maybe your father will come around before then, and if he doesn't and Willie Collins asks to come here again, you may let him. Your father said that he will not object to your having company, and Willie is a nice young man. If you only had a brother!"

The last sentence was spoken unconsciously, and Mrs. Ryan went to her work, with a strange look on her face. It was then the tears came into Pauline's dark eyes and fell unchecked over her brown cheeks, as they always did when this passionately loved mother wore that expression of a hidden, perhaps tragic, sorrow. She was the older of the children, and though as ignorant as her sister of the nature of that sorrow, if such a sorrow had any existence outside of her imagination, yet she seemed to share it, and the pain that looked out from the mother's eyes brought an answering pain to the young heart.

Christmas came rather drearily to the comfortable frame house, which stood in the most picturesque part of that picturesque country. There were no married sons and daughters to come home, with their delighted, expectant little children; and as the Ryans, because of Mr. Ryan's ill-concealed feeling of superiority over the "knobsters," as he called his neighbors, had not been able to build for themselves staunch friendships in the hearts around them, and as these people finely refrain from giving gifts when love does not accompany the gifts, there were no little presents from the outside world to surprise and awaken kindly feelings. Everywhere young girls were tremulously wondering what Tom or Dick or Harry would send with his Christmas greetings; but no such questions came to the hearts of Pauline and Elizabeth. As this thought repeated itself in the mind of the older daughter, the stamp of her little foot grew familiar to the ears of Ike, the colored man, who sat in the corner near the kitchen stove, enjoying in anticipation the savory food which his angry young mistress was preparing.

Christmas Day was mild and balmy. The Yule log, that had been lighted the night before, burned feebly in the great fireplace.

"Strange weather for Christmas," commented Mr. Ryan, taking his place before the bounteously spread table.

"It doesn't seem like Christmas at all," sighed his wife, "with no snow on the ground, no children's new toys on the floor, and no Mass to attend."

"I should think you would be used

to these conditions, mother," chimed Elizabeth, "all except the lack of snow."

After that, conversation languished. Pauline was the harmonizer of the elemental differences of the small family, and her mood had not improved with the dawning of the blessed day. Her maturing mind was sharply realizing that she was not getting what life should be giving to her, and was growing feverishly restless in consequence. Her mother was conscious of this change in her daughter and it was filling her with vague alarm.

"Pauline, I wish you would not feel so put out about such a trifle, as your father's not going with you and Elizabeth," she observed, as they washed the dinner dishes.

"It isn't about that," said Pauline, wearily.

"What is it then, dear?" asked the patient mother.

"Oh, I don't know—everything, I reckon," she answered, looking past her mother to the landscape, showing tenderly, rarely beautiful, under the fine December sunshine.

Mrs. Ryan said no more, but she thought: "Pa might have done it for her. But if it weren't this, it would be something else. It is her nature, poor child! If she were only like her sister, satisfied with little things, since she may not have great things. But oh! how I wish we had never come to this place!" Humanlike, Mrs. Ryan, finding herself powerless to cope with her daughter's strange nature, laid the blame on environment.

Mr. Ryan had maintained silence in regard to the party, and even when his wife opened a way for him to express his opinion again, by saying, during supper, that she wanted Ike to drive them over to Mr. Mason's, he only said, "Very well!" His indifference nettled her and she determined to give the children all the pleasure the evening should afford. She began to chat about the party and her light spirits soon infected Elizabeth, and even broke up the gloom of Pauline's thoughts.

"We'll have a good time, mother," said Pauline, as she hung the dish-pan on its nail and turned to their bedroom, where her sister was engaged in making her toilette, "a good time, in spite of everything."

"In spite of everything," mechanically repeated the mother, when alone, and again a vague fear took possession of her soul. "God protect us," she prayed, "but I feel as if something were going to happen."

There was no sign of her perturbation, as she started, with her daughters, for the home of her neighbor, and when she found herself among the merry-hearted crowd her assumed gaiety became real. Gradually, however, a change stole over her, as the persistent thought of her husband alone on Christmas night in the lonely house filled her mind. Instead of the laughing people around her she saw only the old man, sitting by himself before the dying Yule log. What was he doing? Saying his beads, as was his custom before going to bed, or thinking? Of what was he thinking? Their first Christmas together, or the Christmases when the boy was with them? She shivered in the warm room and tried to drive off the thoughts that the latter part of the question suggested. He was beginning to age. They could not count on many more Christmas days together. What if there should be no other? How could she endure her future holiday times if she must remember that she had made him spend his last Christmas night alone? For an hour she stood her torturing thoughts, then baffled, defeated by them, she rose and approaching young Collins, said:

"Willie, I must go home to Pa. Ike will come, after a while, with the surrey for the girls. Would it be too much

trouble for you to drive home with them?"

"It will be a great pleasure, Mrs. Ryan," he said, and she noted how bright his young face became.

"Ike can then take you back," she said, but he rejoined, "There isn't any need for that, as I am riding and can lead my horse."

"Don't say anything to the girls," she counselled. "I want them to have a good time."

"And they are having it," he assured her, his eyes following the sylph-like figure of Pauline.

"I am glad they are," she thought, stealing away. "Now I can go to my poor, old man."

But as she reached the door, she paused. Ike had gone home and she must walk the two miles that lay before her, and the night was far advanced. Crossing herself, with her beads in her hand, she set forth. Once on the road her fears quieted, and, praying, she walked on quickly. Before she had gone a furlong she heard a horse coming rapidly behind her, and overcome by alarm she darted behind a low, thick thorn bush, and crouched on the ground. Directly opposite the place where she was, the turnpike was joined by another road, then in the course of construction, and she thought that the rider might be one of the workmen who boarded in the shanty on the other side of the hill. The men engaged in the work were mainly strangers, and the reputation of some of them for drunkenness caused the people to regard all of them with disfavor, if not fear. She did not want to be found on the road alone, if the rider were one of those strange men. When the horse drew near, it was checked, and the frightened woman heard a familiar voice saying: "Here is where you get off, partner, unless you care to come along."

"Where are you going?" asked another voice.

"Up the road a bit, to old man Ryan's."

"What's up?"

"Something like a hundred dollars," replied the voice, which she knew belonged to Edward Brays, the most notorious gambler in the vicinity.

"But does he play?" asked the other man.

"He says he doesn't, but I know better," answered Brays.

"How do you know?" inquired the stranger.

"Because he's Irish," rejoined Brays, contemptuously.

"I'm Irish myself," retorted the stranger, curtly.

"And you don't play cards!" exclaimed Brays, with a sarcastic laugh. "Now, while I never knew an Irishman who couldn't play cards, and who wouldn't rather play cards than eat or sleep, I'll tell you why I know that Ryan can play and loves cards. I've watched him when other men were playing, and the way he looked at them cards! man, it was a sight! Will you come? It will be good fun to make the old man break from his good habits, as well as get his money. We'll have him to ourselves, because I have just come from Mason's and saw his wife and daughters there."

"All right," said his companion, and the horse was sent forward in a gallop.

Like one smitten by mortal illness, Mrs. Ryan staggered to her feet. "My God!" she cried, "what can I do? They will be there long before me; they will find him alone; and my soul tells me he will not have the strength to hold out against them. And if he yields, after these long years, after his vow—after what he did! My God! why did I leave him! May God forgive you, Ned Brays, and your bad companion, for your evil intentions toward an old man who never harmed either of you! Oh! if he should touch a card after what it brought to me, and him, too! If he breaks his vow,

there is no hope for him. He will turn to them worse than ever, and we shall lose home, land, money, everything. O God! be his strength till I reach him! save him from this great evil, and me and my innocent children from sorrow!"

As she prayed she ran, but presently she was forced to fall into a slower pace. Her breath was coming fast and heavily. The doctor had told her that over-exertion and excitement were bad for her heart, but, though the warning recurred to her, it had no effect. She must get home to save her husband, though she were to die the next minute. As she reached the gate, she saw the horse at the hitching-post, and her worst fears were confirmed. She opened the door and entered the hall, but the silence of the grave was over the house. She passed into the sitting-room, and saw the three men at the table, so absorbed in their game, that they were unconscious of her presence.

"Tom!" she cried. "Tom, what have you done!"

Brays turned quickly in his chair, the stranger sprang to his feet, but Ryan did not move.

"Come on!" he commanded. "Why are you jumping at a woman's noise?"

Brays turned again to the table, the stranger reluctantly took his seat, but Mrs. Ryan sprang to her husband's side.

"Tom! Tom, dear!" she pleaded. "Quit them! Remember your promise to—"

"Hold your tongue!" he ordered, and as she looked at him, her heart quailed. It was not her tractable and kind husband of these later years who sat before her, but the gambling madman who had filled her early married life with unutterable misery, and finally brought to her heart a lasting woe. She knew that remonstrance was useless, so she turned to his companions and bade them, in the name of God, to desist from their evil work and not destroy her home.

"Why, certainly, madam," said the stranger, rising. "I am sorry I came. I did not know—it was like this."

"So am I, Mrs. Ryan," said Brays, perfunctorily, but as he was rising, the old man stopped him with an oath.

"You cowardly curs! You think to slink off like that with my money? You'll give me a chance to get it back, or you'll not leave here alive," he thundered.

"There's your money!" said the stranger, thrusting the bills toward him. Ryan flung them in his face.

The stranger's face grew bloodless and his eyes were like flames.

"I don't want to fight," he was beginning, when the old man snarled:

"If you fight like you play, I wouldn't fight with you. But, such as you are, I'll play it out with you. To your places!"

Passion shook the young man, but after a glance at Mrs. Ryan, he restrained himself.

"Now, Mr. Ryan," Brays began, but he was silenced by another outburst.

"You've got my money, and I'll win it back, if I have to play till Judgment Day, and put up everything I possess," cried Ryan.

"Even your children," said Mrs. Ryan, with strange calmness. At the words the cards fell from his hands, but instantly he picked them up, and again ordered the men to take their positions. A passion, such as they had never witnessed, possessed him. They exchanged a glance. "He is mad," it said, and the younger man looked pityingly at the woman.

"I think, Mrs. Ryan, since he is so set on it," said Brays, "we had better go on with the game."

"I have something to tell you first," she said, "then, if he still wishes it, you may go on with your playing. My husband and I were married in York State," she began, her eyes unconsciously resting on the face of the young man. "Very

soon afterward I found out that I was wedded to one who loved card-playing more than his own soul. I suffered—God alone knows what I suffered! They were building the York and Erie railroad then, and my husband was a boss over a large gang of men. We could have done well, if it were not for the cards. Sometimes we had not a dollar to buy the necessities of life. My sufferings left me in a weak condition, and my first child had not the strength to live long. When he died, I thought I should die also.

"A cousin of mine was living with us then. Her husband had been killed while working in the Pennsylvania mines, and as she also was expecting her first child, she had come to me. A few days after my child was buried, hers was born. She was not strong and never left her bed alive. Before she died, she gave me her baby. It took my lost son's place, feeding at my breast, sleeping in my arms, and the mother that bore him could not have loved him more. Indeed I do not think she could have loved him as well, for I have children, and yet I never loved them, as I loved that boy. He was the bonniest, noblest lad that ever brought heaven to a woman's heart, and he was the sole comfort of my days. My husband loved him, too, when he was himself, which was not often, nor for long at a time.

"When the boy was about three years old, there came a stranger to the works. He boarded near our cabin and took a fancy to the child. He would sit for hours watching him, and would give him presents, until he had made the child fond of him. He was a gambler, too, and often played with my husband. After one pay-day, he came to our house, and they began to play. My husband lost every cent of his month's wages, and I was forced to sit by and see it go. 'Now you have got all,' I finally said to the man, 'so leave this house, and never come back, or I may not be accountable for what I do.' He deliberately counted the money he had won and the money he had wagered, then he doubled it. 'Do you want to try for this?' he said to my husband. 'I have nothing to put up against it,' said Tom. 'Yes, you have,' said the man. 'The boy.' When my husband said, 'Very well,' I knew it was useless to plead.

"I flew to the house of the priest. 'Come with me, father, come for God's sake, and save my child!' I cried. The good priest hurried down and together we started for the wretched cabin, where those unnatural men sat, gambling for the flesh and blood, dearer to me than anything this side of heaven. We got there too late. The man was gone, bearing off with him my pretty, sleeping boy, while the money, the price of him, lay on the table. High and low they searched for him, but nothing more was ever heard of him. That night, there in the ruined home, my poor husband came to his senses, and bound himself, by a solemn oath, in the presence of the priest, never to touch cards while he should live. He broke that vow to-night for the first time, but you see he already has repented," and she pointed to the grey head lying on the table, and the strong form shaken by sobs. "But his repentance, his sorrow, his kindness, nothing, nothing, nothing can cure my poor heart. I want my baby boy!" she cried, in tones of piercing anguish.

No one had noticed the stranger, nor saw his whitening face, as he listened to her story. But as he heard her heart-breaking cry, he sprang to her, crying, "Mother!"

Brays bounded to his feet, the old man raised his head, as the woman and stranger were locked in a fast embrace. Afterward he told them of his life. The man had taken him to the South, and reared him as his own son. But a gam-

bler's sense of parental duty is weak, and the boy had been taught no trade, and had no profession but his father's. When the father died, the youth had drifted from one employment to another, until finally he had been forced to become a laboring man. Before dying the father had told him the story of his abduction, but he had never hoped to find his foster parents, in the great, changing world. Presently, Brays took his leave, and then the strangely reunited, sat in their wonderful happiness by the Yule log, waiting for the coming of Pauline and Elizabeth.

IRENE'S HEROISM.

BY P. F. G.

The two girls were walking in the rose garden. Just above them, the windows, half-screened by vines, were open; so that between the occasional *diminuendo* and *crescendo* of the melody Mrs. Catheron was playing, her voice could be distinctly heard as she addressed her confidante, Mrs. Mallon, there for a pleasant evening chat. The girls indeed had not listened to the conversation; their minds were full of other thoughts. Edna was thinking only of the beauty of the garden. She was three years older than her cousin Irene (beneath the soft moonlight it seemed a ten years' disparity) and had long been a household drudge accustomed to the slights and hardships that Mrs. Rushton had thought fit to inflict on the child of her sister-in-law, even when that poor lady had been for years under the sod. Mrs. Rushton had a long memory for insults, and Christian forgiveness was a lesson hard to learn; so when John Rushton took the little orphan to his home, she speedily decided that Edna should be trained in the ways of humility and submission. "I shall see that she's not a giddy good-for-nothing, like that butterfly, her mother," she reflected inwardly. "She must be rightly brought up from the beginning."

Mr. Rushton died when Irene was still a baby. He had appointed his wife executrix, his modest property, slightly encumbered, to be shared equally by daughter and niece. But Mrs. Rushton was not an able financier. Thus it was that when Irene was sixteen, and death already knocking at her mother's door, the girls found poverty staring them in the face. The house and furnishings they had thought their own were up for sheriff's sale. Mrs. Rushton, in her last moments, through the charitable ministrations of John's other sister, Mrs. Catheron, herself a convert, was brought into the true fold. Then, for the first time, she saw the heinousness of her treatment of her niece. Clasping Irene in her arms, she murmured regretfully: "Alas! I have made poor Edna a drudge — uneducated — quite broken down because of overwork. Oh, that I could only atone — atone to her!"

And Irene, through her tears, found strength to whisper consolingly a promise she meant to keep sacredly. "I will atone for you, mother. Be at peace. I promise."

Gratefully the dying woman's eyes rested on her daughter and soon afterwards the soul peacefully took its flight.

Now to-night as the girls paced up

and down the rose-bordered path at Mrs. Catheron's, Irene's mind was full of this thought: "How should she atone to her cousin?" "If there were only one"—Mrs. Catheron's voice suddenly caught the attention of her younger niece—Edna had paused farther down the path to gather a dewy cluster—"it would be easy enough; but two girls to finish and settle! My jointure would not go so far. I should indeed like to keep Edna; she would be very useful around the house, and I could teach her at home, poor child. But then Irene. I must not be unjust to her either."

The *crescendo* now merged into a *fortissimo,* and it was a brief interval before Mrs. Catheron's voice resumed: "I declare, dear Mrs. Mallon, I don't know what to make of Irene. She is so prejudiced against Catholics. Mind you, I could scarcely get her to associate with *me.* But we must not be hard on her. She was trained to self-indulgence and is naturally selfish."

Slowly it dawned on Irene that she was listening to something not intended for her ears. Naturally selfish! The phrase clashed with the soul-stirring music, with the speaking beauty of the night. She glanced away to the right, beyond the rose garden, to the great brick house gleaming with its multitude of lighted windows, and a thought came to her which speedily ripened into deed.

Calling Edna and kissing her tenderly, she said, "Please, dear, tell Aunt Catheron that I feel tired and have gone to my room. God bless and keep you, Edna. Don't forget to pray for me."

Edna was surprised at the sudden warmth of her cousin's manner; but knowing Irene's impulsive, affectionate disposition, she returned the embrace without a suspicion, and went into the parlor, where Mrs. Catheron still continued her playing and her confidences.

. . . . . .

The numerous lights which Irene had seen were not yet extinguished in the house adjoining; the nuns had just finished reciting the matins of the following day, and were still in choir making the examen, when the portress came to inform the Superior that a young girl, little more than a child, begged for admittance to the "Consecrated" or Magdalen class.

Mother Victoria interviewed the applicant and afterwards explained to the Sister Assistant: "The girl is a non-Catholic, but says she comes in fulfilment of a promise made her dying mother. She is anxious to study the Faith, and, if she can believe, will eventually embrace it. I told her she must notify her friends. It seems she has no legal guardian. This she is willing to do only in a note that will give no clew to her whereabouts, until such time as she can actually decide about becoming a Catholic. I did not like to turn her away to-night. Let us hope that the retreat which is so near at hand will help this poor child."

And so Irene settled to the routine of duty at the House of the Good Shepherd. Mrs. Catheron, but half re-assured by the note of explanation which reached her next morning, caused diligent inquiry to be made throughout the city, but Irene's prejudice was so well-known that no one even suspected her whereabouts.

The annual retreat was a triduum preparatory to the Feast of St. Magdalen; at its close Irene desired to make her Profession of Faith. She could account for her changed dispositions only by the grace which had come to her in the solemn promise of atonement made for her mother's sake. "Once I had resolved" she said to Mother Victoria, "I began to see the sublimity of a faith which had power to soften the antipathies of my poor mother. Now that I am a Catholic

and believe in a purgatory, I am glad to atone not only for her shortcomings in regard to Edna, but also for any other remaining stain."

And in this spirit she made her "Consecration" with the customary vow of perseverance, yearly renewed, as a penitent of the Good Shepherd.

When I met and talked with Irene, now Magdalen of the Cross, it was a glorious June evening, and the fragrance from Mrs. Catheron's garden close by stole upon the smoothly-kept lawn of the enclosure. The young Consecrate walked by my side, her arms folded, her graceful head slightly bent. I felt privileged in my acquaintance with a heroine whose face was a perpetual reminder to the beholder that the day of saints and sanctity was not of the past. Her story I had already learned, partly from Reverend Mother, partly from Edna, and mostly from Mrs. Catheron, who, acquainted with the step Irene had taken, finally grew reconciled to it, though she never knew the motive that had induced her niece to enter upon a lifelong career of prayer and penance.

I glanced down at the sweet face, shaded by the Norman cap, and, meeting the gaze of the brave violet eyes, felt emboldened to say: "And you are happy? Yet of course your life is hard."

"Hard!" — in radiant wonder — "To live under the same roof with the Blessed Sacrament, to breathe the same atmosphere with our Blessed Lord? Ah, it is very, *very* like heaven!"

THE CALL OF THE SHEPHERDS.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Deep night is on the hills,
With jeweled flag unfurled;—
His baying dogs the wakeful shepherd stills
Close to the sleeping fold,
And gazing upward to those sparks of gold,
Piercing the dark, he marvels at the world.

A flash across the sky
As by some Titan hurled—
And now a strange new orb bursts forth on high,
The Star of Bethlehem!
The Shepherds wonder what has come to them!
What message to a hushed and waiting world!

They leave the silent hills
By paths with radiance pearled,
"Peace upon Earth," each echoing valley fills.
Led by the Christmas Star,
They meet upon the way from near and far,
Seeking the Child—the Saviour of the World.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY HENRY COYLE.

What can I give Thee, Lord, to-day?
No gems have I, no incense sweet;
A sinner's heart I trembling lay
As humble tribute at Thy feet.

How poor and worthless it must be,
Lord, in Thy sight, pure, undefiled;
And yet I dare to offer Thee
A heart contrite of erring child!

As one who touched Thy garments' hem,
The penitent — Thy love, I know,
Will pardon, and will not condemn —
O make my sin-stained heart like snow!

Accept it, Lord, and make the gift
Of worth, through Thy forgiving pow'r;
Strengthen and heal, its aims uplift,
That it in Paradise may flow'r.

THE KLONDIKERS' FRIEND.

REV. WILLIAM H. JUDGE, S. J.

I.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." The practical truth of this trite but expressive apothegm has been once more demonstrated in the case of the first pastor of Dawson City, the late Rev. Wm. H. Judge, S. J. The sketch of his work, published last year in "An American Missionary,"* shows this pretty conclusively. The publication of that synopsis of the Alaskan missionary's work has been welcomed with grateful approbation by former Klondikers who knew Father Judge; and some of them have eagerly taken up their pen to certify to the truth of what has been said of him, and to add weight and force to the assertion that in '97 and '98, in Dawson, Father Judge was a "friend indeed" because he was most emphatically a "friend in need."

We offer our readers some of these hearty tributes of admiration and gratitude from men who once braved the untried dangers of a trip to the Klondike gold-fields.

*An American Missionary, — A Record of the Work of Rev. Wm. H. Judge, S. J. John Murphy Company, Baltimore and New York.

Mr. Arnold F. George, editor of the Dawson Daily News, in the following letter, describes Father Judge among his patients in the hospital—a picture of divine compassion that may not soon be forgotten.

Dawson, Y. T., Dec. 27, 1904.

Rev. C. J. Judge, S. S.,
St. Charles College,
Ellicott City, Md.

My dear Father Judge:—

It strikes me oddly to address "Father Judge" once more, for I never knew until the publication of "An American Missionary," that *our* Father Judge had a brother in the priesthood.

If it is any pleasure to you to know it, I will say that whatever I have said of Father Judge, has been said in love, since there was no religious tie, myself being a Protestant. I thought I would tell you this as an illustration of the deep affection he inspired in those not of his own faith.

I landed with 40,000 other men in the middle of June, 1898. Dawson was a city of tents—and sickness. The first familiar face I saw was that of an acquaintance of many years before. He had been in the Klondike a year, and was accounted rich.

"Have you been to see H——?" was his first question after the usual salutations and mutual explanations.

"Charley H——? Why I didn't know he was here."

"Yep!" he replied. "Been down with scurvy six months. Father Judge took him in. Guess he saved his life. But he's bad off. Guess it'd do him good to see you."

"Who *is* this Father Judge?"

"Father Judge? Why, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Father Judge?"

"I surely have not," I replied somewhat tartly. "I've been in Dawson only an hour."

"Well, all I've got to say is that you are forgetting your newspaper business, if you've been here an hour and haven't learnt of Father Judge. I guess he's a priest. Don't know much about those things anyhow. But I *do* know as he's saved I don't know how many lives this winter. I reckon he was the only one of us as had time, or wasn't crazy about gold. Saved more'n a thousand. Doctors all mining, and the bummest lot you ever saw. Charged two ounces a visit, and the sick fellows mostly broke, or they wouldn't a'been sick. And say! You just ought to know Father Judge. He's the biggest jollier—the merriest fellow you ever met. When he runs out of medicine he goes and gets a lot of bark and spruce boughs, and he's kept a whole lot of 'em alive up there, waiting for medicines to come in. You didn't bring any with you, did you?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got some for myself in case I'm sick."

My acquaintance, B——, of the Arctic meat market, broke into a laugh as something funny occurred to him.

"I guess you had better not let Father Judge know you've got it," he said. "He'll get it out of you, if you do."

"Is he pretty good on the beg?" I asked, grinning at B——'s infectious merriment.

"Well, I should say so. Twice this winter he got nearly a quarter of meat out of me—two dollars a pound, too. But you go and see H—— and ask him."

I secured my directions, and started through the thickly crowded single street of Dawson for the hill under the slide, where tradition says a whole village of Indians was once buried.

I found, perched up on the rocks, a large canvas church—its log predecessor had been burned. Alongside was a log building, extended with canvas tents. I entered at what I took to be the entrance, though there were many openings, with carpenters passing in and out. I was

right, and found the "office," a bare room, but clean. I sat down on what I took to be a home-made lounge—it was of hard boards, covered with a clean carpet rug, with a pillow at the head. I touched the bell on the table, and it was answered by a tired-looking, old-young man. I recognized a shabby, priestly garb.

"Is this Father Judge?"

"Yes-s," replied the stranger, eyeing me thoughtfully. "How are you? *You* don't look sick."

"No, no," I hastened to say. "I'm not sick. I just came down the river. I heard you had a friend of mine here, a Mr.—"

"Just came down the river, eh?" he broke in. Then with eyes twinkling and the appearance of age gone, he asked somewhat banteringly, but eagerly:—

"I don't suppose, now, you've got such things as potatoes with you?"

"Potatoes!" I echoed, with astonishment. "I suppose you *are* hankering for a mess of potatoes after the food famine of the past winter."

"I?" in great astonishment. "Why, bless your heart, no. I don't want potatoes. But I've got a big houseful of fellows here with scurvy, and medicine has been about gone for months. Potatoes would fix 'em, though."

He grew thoughtful, and continued as though speaking to himself:—

"There'll be some coming in pretty soon, I suppose, but I expect they will be five or ten dollars a pound, and I'm broke. Well!" with sudden resolution and briskness: "I'll get them if I have to pray for them. Now, whom might you be wanting to see?"

I told him, and received the proper directions. As I started up the stairs he said:—

"You want to cheer him up till I can get some medicine or potatoes for him. We must keep them alive on hope, you know."

I found H——. He was sitting up in bed, smoking. He had been carried to the hospital six months before, and had never been out of bed. In the ward with him were fifteen other scurvy patients. After a hearty exchange of greetings, H—— proceeded to introduce to me every man in the room, after which I sat down on the edge of his bed and talked.

"I don't suppose you've brought any potatoes?" he queried, as soon as the confusion, consequent upon my arrival, had ceased.

"Only the evaporated," I replied. "You all seem to want potatoes. I suppose from what Father Judge said to me, that potatoes are medicine to you fellows."

"A sure cure," spoke up everyone at once. Then H—— broke in:—

"So you've seen Father Judge!" Then with a confident smile, as knowing the inevitable answer:—"What d'ye think of him?"

Everyone in the room looked up, as if a well-worn and interesting theme of conversation had been brought up.

"Oh," I replied, diffidently, "I really haven't seen anything of him much. B—— was telling me down town that he is sort of popular about here."

"Popular!" echoed H——, in protest. "Don't use the word 'popular' here. He's the finest man that God ever put a soul into. Where'd we all have been this winter without him, I'd like to know. He's just killing himself trying to take care of everybody."

"I'm sure he's a good man," I replied, sympathetically, for all had joined in silent but evidently hearty approbation of my friend, H——. I continued:—

"You're not a Catholic, H——?"

"O that doesn't cut any figure here. Why, God bless me, here's a bunch of sixteen of us here now in the room, and not a blessed Catholic in the lot—unless it's Jack, over there. But Father Judge

is making Catholics fast. Never preaches or talks doctrine or forms of faith, you know, unless you ask him or show him your mind is uneasy on that score. No! He just does all a mortal man can do for you, and evidently wishes he could do more. Then he jollies you and goes to church, and you feel you'd give one of your two useless legs if you could follow him. Whist! Here he comes."

As Father Judge entered the room with a brisk step and serious mien, every patient that could, raised himself up in bed, while all heads were lifted. Oddly enough there was a smile on every sick face; only the priest looked dull and old. He passed at once to the centre bed, containing the man I had heard named as "Jack." Jack had a rather uncouth, stolid face. He tried to rise as the priest approached, reached out and took one of the priest's hands tenderly in his own. H—— and everyone else had stopped all conversation. All looked on. H—— whispered softly to me:—

"Jack's going to die. The scurvy's got up into his spleen and he's all swelled up. They all die when it gets there. Two died last week that way."

I was sitting nearest Jack's bed. I watched the priest's solemn face slowly light up as from a glow within. The age disappeared. Patient and priest looked earnestly into each other's eyes for a full half minute. Then in the softest tones ever heard from a man's lips, Father Judge said:—

"I've been praying for you, Jack. If it is the good Lord's will, you're going to get well. The medicine is beginning to come down river. Nurse will be here in a minute with what you need. Your good old mother is going to see you again if prayers and medicine can avail. Say your prayers, my boy. I'm going down to the chapel again, and I'll leave your case in good hands."

The priest smoothed back the sick man's hair from his forehead, and then I saw the man was crying. As the Father turned away, Jack raised the hand he held to his lips, and kissed it fervently, then buried his face in his pillow.

The nurse came in, and the Father, personally administered the new medicine, with thoughtful care. He turned his attention to the rest of the sick men.

"Now, Mr. H——, those pillows don't look comfortable. I've got a better one down stairs. Just got it from a man who is going out. I'll send it up." "Harry! What are you doing with your feet out of bed?" "Let me make you comfortable, Williams"—suiting the action to the words, and rearranging bedclothes.

Then taking a position in the very centre of the room:—

"I've got good news for you all." He looked around with a happy smile. "There's a whole scow-load of potatoes just landed! What d'ye think of that! Now, I do hope the good Lord will not require me to steal them."

The idea of Father Judge stealing potatoes caused a breach of the silence in a moment. The laughter was infectious. Everyone laughed. Jack had wiped away his tears and spoke up behind the priest's back:—

"No, don't you steal 'em, Father. I'll steal 'em for you," at which there was another laugh.

"No, my boy," answered the priest, "we won't have to steal them. We'll just pray." Then as a merry after-thought, "It's quicker."

Then suddenly becoming serious again and speaking softly:—

"I wanted you to know that the chapel downstairs is finished, and there will be services morning and evening. We cannot give too many thanks for what He has done for us this winter."

He passed quietly around the room, taking temperatures where the cases were most serious, with a cheerful word to all, and a merry quip for every convalescent, petting the big fellows like great

children, and every one of them looking the most profound gratitude.

When a nurse called him away, he hesitated just long enough to assume the most delicious Irish twang:—

"Now, don't ye all be after getting downhearted. The boats do be coming in by hundreds, and I'm going out now to have them send ye down what's good for ye. Goodbye."

His departure was the signal for the letting loose of a perfect flood of talk. The knowledge that the Father would be presently among the host of new arrivals, purchasing, bargaining, and, when his money ran out, begging for his dearly beloved sick, was almost too much for many bursting hearts present. I have never in all my eventful life listened to such a stream of adulation for a living man. Incidents of the winter were related, in which Father Judge had always figured in absolute self-forgetfulness. His never wavering faith that the Lord would provide for him and his sick was dwelt upon at length. At one time he had accepted charge of twenty more patients than there were beds in the institution, or bedding for. Before dark, three bales of blankets were brought on an unknown sleigh, dumped at the door, and the driver hurried off. At another time, he had to put his rapidly increasing patients in an upper, unfinished room, with only the ceiling overhead, and no roof to ward off the summer storms, so plentiful in the Yukon. And, as if in answer to prayer, the storms relented, and it was fine for three weeks, or until the last board of the roof was in place. Much earlier, in the dead of winter, he had been unable to get a hole dug in the cemetery for the reception of one of the dead, and had himself worked with pick and shovel, until he was about to give up in despair, when in the semi-darkness, two burly men came in from the creeks with the story that it had been borne upon them that they were wanted at the hospital, and there they were to complete the grave and cover in the coffin.

With sincere regards,

ARNOLD F. GEORGE, Editor,
Dawson Daily News.

P. S. Let me add that the sketch I attempted is incomplete. I proposed reproducing, if possible, the atmosphere surrounding the Father, but I am afraid I have fallen far short.

A. F. G.

Another interesting letter, written by Edward C. Gerow, of Seattle, Washington, in July of the present year, recalls several meetings in which the devoted missionary appears as doctor, nurse, friend and adviser in affairs both spiritual and temporal. Mr. Gerow says:

"In June, 1898, my father and I were mining on No. 21 Below, Lower Discovery on Dominion Creek (in the Yukon Territory). One George Hunt was at this time ill in the hospital at Dawson, and, as we had to take a trip in for provisions, while there we went to see him. It was then I met Father Judge for the first time, and never will I forget him as he looked that day. One felt that his very glance was a blessing.

The following incident happened about this time: On Dominion, on a claim not far from us, a man named 'Gireaus' was poisoned by gas, underground. Father Judge had had prayers, or a Mass, said for him. When we met him at the hospital he was much surprised to see my father, and told him how, thinking he was dead, the prayers had been said. My father thanked him, saying the prayers would not come in amiss, that he thought he could use them; to which Father Judge replied that they would at least do no harm.

The Catholic hospital was then only two stories high, built all of logs. Dawson at that time was being visited by an epidemic, and all available space was filled. Each room held three or four

sick men; the halls and aisles were filled with cots, leaving just enough space for the nurses to move around. Father Judge gave up his own room and bed, and slept where he could. Indeed he hardly needed a bed, for he slept very little those days, and in reply to the nurses' pleading that he take some rest, he said that 'when his work was finished he would have plenty of time for sleeping.' The little ten by twelve office and the kitchen were the only places free from sick-cots.

We did not see much of him on that trip—there were from four to twelve men dying every day, and his time, with the exception of half an hour for saying Mass, was devoted to cheering and nursing the sick, helping them to die, and after all was over performing the last rites over them.

There are many men who were in the Yukon that year who knew nothing and cared less for religion, and yet I feel, from hearing them talk, that the love and respect they bore Father Judge amounted almost to a religion. One man, an infidel, once said to me that the only time he ever felt he wanted to believe was when he was with Father Judge, and he thought if he could only have seen more of him he would have turned to the Church eventually.

During this portion of Father Judge's life in the Yukon he said Mass in a tent. The church had been burned down shortly before, they having hard work to save the hospital. The tent was built on the side of the hill, which left a large open space underneath. I have seen the attendance at Mass so great that the tent could not accommodate the crowd, and the space underneath would be filled also. Neither fire nor his hard work at the hospital discouraged Father; in spite of it all he started immediately to build a new church. Mr. Alec. McDonald ('Big Alec,' as he is called in the Yukon) I understand gave $25,000 toward it in one donation, to say nothing of his numerous generous gifts since.

We left for the Creek on the eighth of July, and did not see Father Judge again until the first of January, 1899. While in town I boarded at the cabin of one, Mrs. H——, a devout Catholic, whose husband died about the 23rd of December, 1898, and her baby a short time before that. Mrs. H—— and I generally went to church together, and on several occasions went up to see Father Judge in the evenings. She felt very badly—her husband had not been a Catholic, and his death was very sudden from heart failure. Father would try to console her. No matter how weary he was, or how much work was waiting for him, there was always time for those in trouble, or who needed help. His one purpose in life seemed to be to do the work before him at the moment and leave the rest to God. He seemed very frail to be living in that climate, and doing such work, but he would say to those speaking thus that God would give him strength to carry out the work He wanted him to do, no matter what. I have heard him say that when his work was finished he would go to sleep. Every one in that country was working and starving for gold, but *he* was working to be happy in the next world. Little troubles and annoyances did not amount to anything with him.

He tried to console Mrs. H—— and told her that she should not worry—her husband's death did not amount to anything—we are all going to die—dying is the easiest part of the whole life. He said he would be glad when his work was done, and God would call him. He was ready to go. We will *all* be ready to go if we live right.

About his earlier hardships on his trip into the Yukon he said nothing. Any of the old miners who came in at that time could tell, to a certain extent, what he suffered, but I never heard of his

speaking of them himself. Only God knows the good he has done others—the help he has given. Creed or nationality meant nothing to him when a person was in distress.

These little incidents were related to me. On one of his trips down the Yukon with a dog team—going to Holy Cross Mission, I believe—he met an Esquimau at a point where a creek comes into the Yukon. This native told him of a man who was sick and alone

Photographs by E. A. Hegg. FRONT STREET, DAWSON.

up the creek and practically out of food. Father Judge was traveling alone, and, expecting to go right through to his destination, had taken barely enough food for the trip; but that meant nothing to him. The mere fact that he had knowledge of the man's being in distress meant for him to go and bring him out. He did so, but nearly starved himself to death doing it.

It was well known in the Yukon that it was only necessary to let Father Judge know you were in need and anything he had was at your disposal. The only time I heard of his wrapping himself up well, was once when he gave an undergarment to a man, and he was hastening home without it.

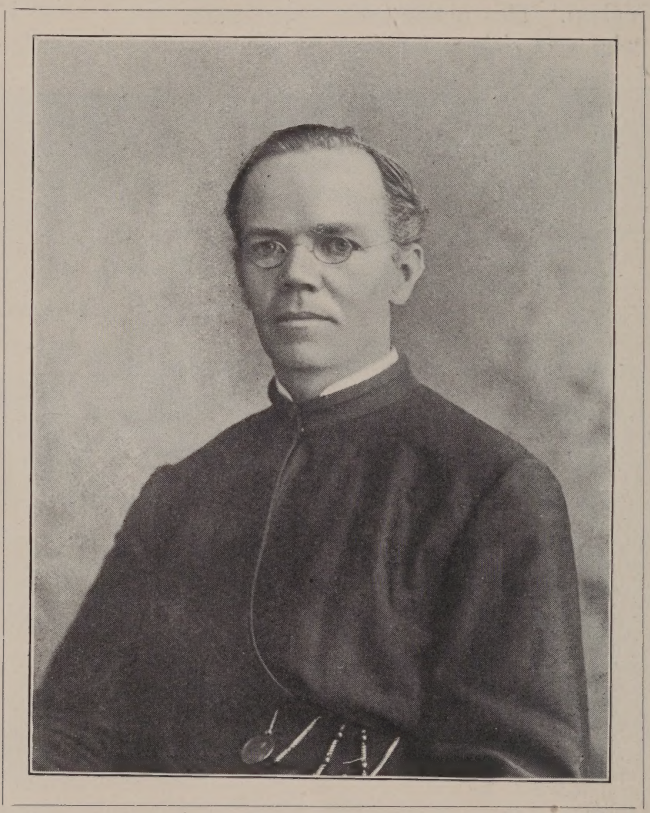
He once placed part of his own cache at the disposal of my father and self when we did not have a place to store our goods.

It is hard to describe the influence Father Judge had over people who came in contact with him. I always felt as if I were with one who was goodness itself—one who could see right into my heart. He always left me with the feeling that I wanted to go off all by myself and pray. He rarely smiled, and yet his face was radiant—beaming with an indescribable light.

I returned to the claim, and had been there only a few days when word was

passed along that Father Judge was ill. We had hardly become used to the thought when word was passed along that he was dead. Our claim was about forty miles from Dawson, and we had the news the day after his death. It was wonderful how rapidly the news spread. It traveled faster than a man, for by the time the man who started with the news had taken his first meal on the road and rested, the news had passed beyond him being passed along by the claim owners. This will give you a faint idea of the love and respect the men had for him, Catholics and non-Catholics. It was a terrible shock—we could hardly realize that the church in Dawson could get along without him.

I started for town the next morning hoping to be in time for the funeral, but was a few hours late, notwithstanding the fact that I met a dog team and went through in one day. On my arrival I found the stores all closed as a tribute of respect, and all draped in black, with black festoons on the houses as well. The whole town was in mourning. The church all in mourning looked very sombre with the pillars entwined with black. I feel sure there was not a person in the Yukon that knew him, who did not feel sorry for himself, but glad for Father whose hard work was over and who had been called to his rest. Nothing else was talked of. Of course we being Catholics felt it the worst, if the whole town



REV. WILLIAM H JUDGE, S J

THE FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH IN DAWSON, BUILT BY FATHER JUDGE.

had slipped down in the river it would not have been more of a shock.

I was told that the Sunday before he died, while apparently in good health, he told the Sisters at the hospital that his work here was ended, and that he felt that God would call him before the week was over. Father Judge's name will go down in the history of the Yukon as one of its heroes, and I feel sure he will never be forgotten by any who knew him. May his soul rest in peace, is the fervent prayer of

Very sincerely yours,

ED. C. GEROW.

Mr. Gerow's story of Father Judge and the Esquimau recalls a similar incident, mentioned in one of Father Judge's letters, wherein he describes the reception of unexpected guests. Reading of such whole-souled hospitality rests mind and heart.

"On the 8th of January," writes Father Judge, "Father Ragaru left here, to make a missionary trip up the river, and a few days after he sent me word that there were two white men in great destitution, and with their feet badly frozen, at the house of an Indian thirty miles above here. At once I sent a Brother with two sleighs, warm clothes, and a good provision of bread, tea, and fish, to bring them down. He found them with their feet so badly frozen that they could not use them at all, with very little clothing and barely enough food to keep soul and body together. The Brother made the trip in three days, and although it was fifty degrees below zero when they arrived here they were so well wrapped up that they did not feel the cold. As soon as they came, we gave them a good supper of stewed rabbits, slap-jacks, and tea, and they enjoyed it as much as you would a first-class feast. Until Father Ragaru met them, they had not tasted bread for seven

THE YUKON RIVER IN WINTER.

months; at one time they had been two weeks without anything but a kind of wild rhubarb, which we have here, and again they had passed eight days with only one small salmon.

"They are young men about twenty-one years of age; one a Scotchman, a sailor by profession, and the other the son of German parents, from Minnesota, and a Catholic. The Scotchman is a Presbyterian, or at least his parents are, but he left home too young to know much about religion.

"When I examined their feet I found them in a terrible condition: one had the heel and toes of both feet badly frozen, and by that time they were black. The other escaped better, only his heels and the sole of one foot being hurt. For about two months they were not able to use their feet, and it was nearly four months before they could wear shoes. They left on the first steamer to go to the mining country to seek their fortune, just five months from the time they came.

"They were very clever. When they were able to move about the room, I put a carpenter's bench there, and although they were not professionals, they made many useful things for me.

"But we had to suffer a little for our charity, as last summer we received provisions for only two or three, and we had to make them do for five or six, so that everything was short. What we felt most was the limited amount of bread we could afford to take. We cooked twenty-five pounds of flour every week, making twenty-one loaves, one for each meal, which we cut into five pieces, one for each. Our principal food was rabbits, which, thank God, were very plentiful this year, with occasionally some venison, sometimes stewed, sometimes fried or baked, for variety; for, as the two sailors used to remark, we were afraid we would turn into rabbits."

That Father Judge, despite his apostolic labors for the grown-up folk, had still time to think and plan for the children is made evident in his letters, written to

DOG TEAM, DAWSON.

friends and published in "An American Missionary." Thus, writing home in July, 1893, while returning thanks for a box sent to him, he improves the occasion to give a broad hint—"If you should ever be inspired to send another, I would be happy to find in one corner a few pounds of common candy for the little ones at Christmas. You see I have not changed in my love for the little ones."

And farther on he describes the celebration of two Christmas Days in Alaska, simple, touching scenes that may fittingly conclude this first paper of the series on his mission in Alaska.

"Now for the events of the year. The day after I arrived at the Mission, while carrying a heavy box, about three hundred pounds, I slipped, and it fell on my leg, and although I did not break it it bruised it very badly and made it so stiff that I could not make a decent genuflection for three months; but, thank God, I was able to keep about and did not miss Mass once. At Christmas we used as a church the new house, which was then under roof, but had no partitions in it yet. In the corner, at the gospel side of the altar, I fixed a very pretty crib, with a fine set of figures painted on tin by a Brother in Spokane Falls. The Rector gave them to me when I was coming away. They are in six groups, and I like them better than those I paid $130 for when in Frederick. The church was dressed in evergreens, and looked quite Christmas-like. Father Tosi sang midnight Mass, and in the morning at nine o'clock we baptized thirty-four children of the school. Afterwards I sang High Mass, which was over at one o'clock. At two o'clock we had Benediction. There were about sixty Indians from the village at Mass and Benediction. At three o'clock I dressed up in fur from head to foot and played Santa Claus for the children. They did not know who it was, and enjoyed it very much. Thus ended my first Christmas in Alaska, and I do not think I ever spent a happier one.

"Christmas Day was a happy one for us this year. I said two Masses at the lower village, where I had nine Communions, and Father Ragaru had eighteen Communions here, making in all twenty-seven. At nine o'clock I sang High Mass here, after which I had the Christmas tree for the children, and some fun also for the grown people. Our tree looked well, although I had no candy. I made some small cakes, and with them and a large tin of sweet crackers, which some good soul sent us last summer, I filled a number of small bags, some of cloth, some of colored paper, which, together with the toys you sent, set the tree off in good style and made the little ones jump with joy when they saw it. The tin dogs, fishes, etc., which moved by themselves, amused not only the children, but also the older ones. We raffled the toys, as there were not enough for all, and gave each child a bag of cakes. To the grown people we gave a piece of sweet bread and a cup of coffee, and all went away pleased."

Captain Jack Crawford tells of a crisis in his life when he sought the advice of the "Klondikers' friend," whose soul "peeped from his honest blue eyes into the tangled brush of my own soul."

Knickerbocker Bldg.,
5th Ave. and 14th St.,
New York, Christmas Day, 1904.

C. H. Higgins, Esq.,
Steelton, Pa.

My dear Higgins:—

I was delighted to get onto your trail when I met you at Harrisburg, after our Klondike experience, and my thoughts go back to the bitter cold day in 1898, when it was 40° below zero and I left my little log cabin on the hillside,

Catholic Church. St. Mary's Hospital.

DAWSON CITY IN THE SUMMER OF 1898.

MINING.

near the hospital, and rushed in to open my heart and soul to that martyr for God and humanity, Father Judge.

When I told my story of how I was victimized by a hypocrite, who wanted me to get rich and make him rich by endorsing as true his lying prospectus, which claimed twelve million dollars' worth of property in the Klondike, where there was absolutely not a color of gold, I laid my heart bare to Father Judge.

"My son," he said, taking me by the hand, "don't hesitate for a moment. Sit down and expose the whole scheme." Then he handed me a roll of bills, adding: "Take this, it will tide you over till you get something to do." Well, I was never idle a moment, as you know. I assisted at some twenty benefits for the unfortunate, and gave my entertainment to thousands of the boys out on the creeks, and in all my life I never had so much real pleasure while assisting others. It was not long until I built my own little shack and opened my Wigwam, up near the Barracks, where I sold hay and grain on commission, and made ice-cream in the summer, indeed, I sold baled hay and ice-cream over the same counter, and there was but little difference in the price by weight, for I sold baled hay at 35c per lb., and oats and corn at 30c.

Well, as I look back over the Klondike trails and mountains, sorrows and joys, the great kind face appears and the soul of Father Judge seems peeping from his honest blue eyes into the tangled brush of my own soul, and I hear him saying:

"My son, don't hesitate, sit right down and expose the whole scheme." And so this Christmas Day I will let my soul dictate a tribute to one of God's anointed, my friend, and the friend of humanity.

FATHER JUDGE.

Christ died for men and so did he —
The sweetest soul I ever knew,
And when he grasped the hand of me,
His honest laughing eyes of blue

AN ALASKAN MISSIONARY.

Dispelled the clouds from out my sky
And warmed the chill from off my heart;
And when it comes my time to die
I pray we won't be far apart.

But if there is a gulf between
The Father and the wayward stray,
His love will tell what might have been
And Christ will open up the way.
And true as there's a God above
I know with all my heart and soul
That all who suffer for the love
Of truth, will reach the heavenly goal.

Not for a creed or circumstance
Would he a helping hand refuse;
Nor pomp, nor power, nor great finance
Could change his broad and noble views.
He saw his duty. Who can tell
How much we loved him in the West?
But He, who doeth all things well,
To his tired soul had whispered "Rest."

When last I gazed into his face—
His dear, dead face, so truly kind,
A halo seemed to light the place
For God had left the smile behind.
And hardy miners bowed their heads
And felons wiped a tear away,
And fever patients in their beds
Were conscious of a *loss* that day.

God's martyr — His adopted son.—
He died, dear friends, for you and me;
He surely died as Christ had done
In love, in truth, in poverty.
I crave not wealth, nor care for fame,
Nor wealth nor fame do I begrudge,
But Lord, permit me once again
To clasp the hand of Father Judge.

Yours in clouds or sunshine,

J. W. CRAWFORD,

Capt. Jack.

LADY JOSCELINE'S CHAMBER.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

I.

"What prepperashuns will ye want me tekin', sir?" asked Mrs. Smith who "did for me" and two other gentlemen of the long robe, two days prior to Christmas Day.

"Thanks, Mrs. Smith, I shall need nothing."

"Not a joint, nor a pudden, nor a fowl, Mr. O'Leary?" she asked.

"No thank you, I am going to spend a few days with an old friend — but I hope you'll have a good time, and here's your Christmas box."

The keeper of the chambers known as Cherry Tree thanked me and withdrew, and on Christmas Eve I put a dress suit, a clean shirt, and some collars and cuffs like to new fallen snow into my Gladstone bag, tucked an old torpedo pen-holder and some essay paper into a corner of it (for when briefs are like angels' visits I turn scribe) and hurried off to Euston, en route for Banner House in the heart of Shakespeare land. A tunnel of two long miles of level country on whose trees and fields lay frost rime, Mugby Junction, rural places, then a sedate and quiet station, and Sherborne was reached.

"Welcome and a Merry Christmas," cried a tall bronzed man on the platform. "The trap's outside," he added, and I recognized Major Boyle of the Royal Warwickshires, Victoria Cross man, the cheery Charlie of my Stonyhurst days. When the two old college chums and the bag were in the trap, we rattled merrily through the old brown city to the music of pealing bells, and the cares of life rolled off me, I left off wondering if Messrs. Wax and Tape would remember me as they had promised, if in the time to be I should turn into a humble Goldsmith and borrow coal or a feeble copy of Johnson. The mediaeval city was like a bride cake with the snow upon it. The waits went about singing. Fathers and mothers led merry children through the streets.

Memory took me back to a time when the father who slept under an Egyptian palm took me to the shops to buy presents, when Nancy, the fat cook, called me into the kitchen to give a stir to the Christmas pudding, and half-unconsciously I found myself repeating "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

"No, not all, Archdale," said the Major, cheerily, "I know that your nearest and dearest have R.I.P. written over them, but you must let me and the dear little mater and Child Christa, my sister, count for something. We've got quite a family gathering in the old house, relations from India and from Australia, boys from school, girls from town, children from their nurseries at home. Banner House is like the tram, full up, so full indeed that we've got to put you in Josceline's room, old haunted room — do you mind?"

I thought of the torpedo pen-holder and copy and said: "Mind? No, indeed. On the contrary I should be glad of a new experience, and am grateful for the opportunity of gaining one. What is the legend?"

"I would rather not tell you. It is long since the room was slept in. The tradition may be at fault. But this much I may say, when a Boyle hears the familiar words, 'Who fears to speak of '98,' his thoughts revert to Josceline's Chamber in the ancestral home. But here we are."

We had driven over a long road, and drew up at a large red sandstone house with many steps and many little red windows. It had a red-tiled over-hang-

ing roof, and many gables, and looked as if it had any number of traditions clinging round it, as ivy does to an old oak tree. We mounted the steps and went into the wide, well-lit, wainscotted hall.

Standing in it were two ladies, a sweet-faced, motherly looking little woman in gray velvet, and a girl with rippling hair, and soft serious eyes, garbed in sober brown relieved and brightened by touches of scarlet.

"The mater, and my sister, Christabelle, usually called Child Christa, because she is our youngest. Mother, Christa, this is my old chum, Archdale O'Leary, barrister-at-law, to give him his full style and title."

We shook hands cordially. Mrs. Boyle told me to consider myself at home, and Christa, with a blush and a smile advised me to have a good tea, and live up to my reputation, for Charlie always declared that there was only one "Chum Archie."

I laughed at this, indeed we all laughed, and after I had high tea in a room all wreaths, greenery, and old pictures, Charlie led the way to my sleeping room. The antique oak staircase had several landing-places, and on the top of one of them was a most peculiar picture, a beautiful Dominican nun stood hand in hand with a lovely little child whose hands were full of white roses. I paused to look at it and asked whom this interesting portrait represented.

"Lady Josceline Rowan, in religion Sister Veronica, and the Child Christa, otherwise Little Content," was the reply. "We are descended from Christa. And by the way, Archdale, how did Little Content seem to look at you? Did she smile or look very grave?"

"She seemed to smile sweetly. It was as the light fell, of course. Why?"

"Well we Boyles believe that she seems to smile on the guests who are true of heart, and to look very solemnly on the traitors. This is Josceline's Chamber," he added, throwing open a door.

"What a cosy nest," said I, and so in truth it was. Crimson damask furniture, a lounging chair, a spindle-legged writing table, large, soft-looking bed, and wood fire, all combined to render it so.

"Good-night, old man," said Charlie, "there's the bell pull, and if you do hear anything (to-night is the night) just come to me. Third room on the right."

I told him that he needn't trouble. In the first place, I slept like a harvestman; in the second, I should rise and use the writing table if I did hear or see anything. So tired was I that I jumped into bed directly. I was alone and soon fell asleep in blanketdom.

I was aroused by a feeling of cold. All the snug and comfortable warmth seemed leaving me slowly but most certainly. Yes, and the bedclothes too, quilted counterpane, white sheets, fleecy blankets, all were being stripped off me.

"A practical joker," thought I. "Wait a minute, my fine fellow, and you'll see."

But 'twas I who saw, or rather felt, for when I looked round the moon-lit room I saw nothing, save old world clock, tall, carved chairs, big bureau, diamond-paned window and dying embers. Yet had that unseen hand deliberately cast the bedclothes off the bed.

"If any one's under that bed," I began, when all at once a voice, deep, stern, peremptory seemed to say, "Rise, you rebel, rise."

This was followed by the sound of agonized sobbing outside the doors. It sounded like a woman crying as if her heart would break. Sob, sob, sob! how she wept, how she moaned, how she keened!

I slipped into my clothes, and candle in hand threw the door open. There was nothing outside it save a crimson mat.

Yet that low moaning, those anguished sobs!

I crossed myself, and went back into the room and sat in the lounging chair and read and smoked, for the sobs and moans had ceased. Towards morning I lay down and slept till the second dressing bell roused me.

Then I went downstairs into the cosy breakfast room where Christa, looking like a beautiful Christmas fairy in white serge and crimson velvet, wished me a Merry Christmas, and then asked what ailed me. When we had breakfasted I told her, and after Mass she took me into the book room and read me the following manuscript.

PART II.

Judge Rowan's Treachery.

I, Margot (foster sister of the Lady Josceline Rowan, born Boyle), am going to tell her strange and pitiful story, because in the days to come I would not have her misjudged.

We come from the West of the green Irish land, do my Lady Lena and I. Her father was the Earl of Westport, my dad was a miller on his land. Her mother was Countess Odile, a French noble's daughter, mine was a barefooted Irish woman. Yet did we both lie on the same true pure bosom and were sung to rest by the same songs. For my mother was foster-mother to the heiress of the Castle, and we grew as fond of each other as do little lambs which feed and skip in the same field.

When I grew older Lady Lena taught me to read and write, and as time went on I lived at the Castle as part companion and part maid.

She was very lovely was my Lady Josceline, and she had more suitors than you can count on your fingers. But the two who stood out above all others were an Irish student named Maurice MacMurrough, and Mr. Justice Rowan, an English judge, called the "marble Judge" because he was oft a man of stone instead of one of flesh and blood, though he was handsome, clever, and fair-spoken.

Yet to my thinking he was not the man for my dear sweet foster-sister. I liked Mr. MacMurrough with his kindly ways and his winsome smile, and when Lady Josceline told me that she had promised to wed him if all went well I was glad and hoped to see no more of Judge Rowan.

MacMurrough was a patriot in days gone by, one of his forebears had resisted Elizabeth the Queen — had set fire to his castle before he would yield to her men,—and the blood of Shane of the firebrand ran red in young Maurice's veins.

Then came the rising of '98, Vinegar Hill, the camp of the Luckless was formed, the southerns conquered. Many of the so-called rebels were tried for treason, Maurice MacMurrough was one of them. He was sentenced to death, and he who sentenced him was Judge Rowan.

Lady Lena was broken hearted. "I will save him yet, Margot," said she. "I would sell myself to save him."

Bless the darlint, she did sell herself. She promised to marry Judge Rowan if he would but intercede for her lover — would obtain his pardon from the King.

Although the Judge was a Protestant, and the Boyles were an old Catholic family, the earl's daughter had her way. She married the "marble Judge" and went at once to his mansion of Banner House, over in England, taking her Margot, as she called me, with her. And, God forgive him, her husband broke his word, he refused to even try to get the pardon. He was marble like one of his own grand mantelpieces. In vain did my darlint plead for him as beggars plead for bread.

And while she pleaded MacMurrough broke his bonds and escaped from the old prison in which they had caged him. When my poor darlint heard this she said: "Margot he will make for here to

see me once again, to bid me farewell, as surely as bird flies to its nest. We must watch for him, must save him, Margot, and God help us hide him from Judas."

Judas was the "marble Judge." Sure enough he came. One night when her husband was on circuit, a week or so before Christmastide, my lady came to me with a strange look on her face, it was the look of one who had seen her heart's dearest die, and then met him again in the life beyond the grave on some splendid Resurrection morning. Her beautiful eyes were like stars seen through tears, her cheeks were brighter than the ruby-colored gown she wore.

"Come, Margot, come," she said. "Make the turret room right, get some food for a starving man. He is here."

"Not Squire Maurice, Lady Lena?"

"Yes, yes, Maurice, my dear Maurice. He came into the garden disguised as a beggar-man. We must hide him in the little room till Christmas is past, then get him in disguise to London, from whence he can sail for America. Margot, you must pretend that you have taken a fancy for the turret room. Then you can keep the key."

"Aye," said I, " but what about the old wooden stair which leads to it from the garden. Any one can come up that."

"Yes, yes, but no one would. Why should they, Margot?"

I thought of the master of the household, the treacherous Judge and said nothing, but it seemed as if a cold wind blew on me and I feared. Aye and I had good cause. We stowed the poor fugitive away like a bale of forbidden goods, and all went well until Christmas Eve. The Judge who had finished circuit seemed in an unusually merry mood, he even told my poor lady that if MacMurrough was retaken he would certainly do something for him. Truly the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. You will hear what that same something was.

I slept in a room adjoining the turret chamber, and in the dead of the night was roused by the sound of sobbing, by cries of 'Take me too, Judas — let me die with him," by the sound of coarse voices, and the trampling of men's feet. I hurried into the corridor. There stood MacMurrough, a prisoner, surrounded by armed men, Judge Rowan with a sneer on his handsome face, and Lady Josceline as white as her pelerine. I took her in my arms.

"What is this, mavourneen?" I asked in our own loved tongue.

And in the same tongue she told me. The Judge had spied upon us, he himself had led the party up the garden stair, he himself had roused Mr. Maurice by stripping the bedclothes off him and crying —"Rise, rebel, rise!"

Lady Josceline suspected something wrong, and was coming to speak with me when she met the fugitive and his captors. She it was whose sobs I had heard, she it was who rightly called the Judge a Judas.

"Madame," said the Judge with a bow and a smile, "why this unpleasantness? I am as faithful to my cause as you are to your friends."

The captive turned, and looked upon him.

"Judge Rowan," said he, "no gentleman could have betrayed a man who had eaten his salt." Then he turned to my mistress and put into her hand a little colored picture of Our Lady of Sorrows, which he took from his book of devotions. "Lady Josceline," said he, "her Son was likewise betrayed; she will comfort you some day."

Then the man in command of the arresting party cried "Step out" to his men, and they tramped out by the way they came, and I drew my poor darlint into my own room and took her in my arms, and wept and prayed over her as I had never thought to do when she was

the pride of my heart in the west, and I was Margot of the mill.

PART III.

The Little Bird in the Sleeve.

So MacMurrough died the death, and Judge Rowan died of a fever on circuit the very next spring, and my lady lived at Banner House and helped the handful of Catholics near,— as well as the sick and the poor of all creeds,— so that she came to be known, both far and near, as the Good Lady of Banner House. And I waited for Our Lady's comfort, and lo! one Christmas morn it came.

As my lady and I went down the flight of steps early in the day, a little child came wandering along the road, and when she met us she said, "I've runned away, but the lady will give me bekfas," and she lifted up her sweet little face to be kissed.

"Who are you, dear?" we asked. "I'se Mother Mary's child," she said, and said no more.

She might have meant that she was the child of some kindly woman whose Christian name was Mary, but we chose to think that Mary, Mother of God, had led her to the house, had sent her to comfort and to love. For her parents were never found, though search was made for them far and wide; in truth she was most likely either a stolen or an abandoned child. Be this as it may Lady Josceline named her Christa, and took her to her heart, and had her brought up in the Catholic faith.

So sweet, so merry, so contented was the little one that she gained the name of Little Content, and we always believed that she was the comforter from Mary, the living and beautiful reply to Maurice MacMurrough's prayer.

When the child was close upon her teens Lady Josceline formally made over to her the estate of Boyle, left her in the guardianship of the Church and retired to a Dominican convent, in which she took the name of the woman who wiped the Holy Face — of Veronica. And there she found peace to her soul.

As for me I bided with Little Content, who became a most sweet and gracious woman and in due time married a Catholic gentleman, who assumed the name of Boyle.

* * * * * *

"This," said Christa, laying the sheets aside, "is the end of Margot's tale. Now you will understand why you heard the sobbing, and were treated so strangely in the night. Poor Lady Josceline, how sad she must have been! I am sometimes called Little Content myself, and am quite proud of it. We Boyles always keep a corner of our hearts for Erin."

I had almost said "Then keep one for me," but deferred doing so until just before saying "Good Bye." Then I did say it and the end of it was this. After several generations an Irishman married a Boyle and the strange sounds in the old room known as "Josceline's Chamber" ceased.

The restless ghost of '98 was laid.

SHAW AND SHAKSPEARE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The pleasant audacity of the London Irishman, who owes his American vogue to the irrepressible Arnold Daly of New York, inspires one to place his name beside that of the great bard. Everyone interested is doing it, but in different accents. For example, a disciple of the Irishman can be told by his exclamation:

pShaw, Shakspeare! His scorners put it lightly in this fashion: Shakspeare? oh, pShaw! It is a curious fact that while Shaw was pretentiously busy taking the wind out of Shakspeare's sails in England, by many belittling and ironical speeches, Shakspeare turned his flank here in America and routed him from the field. It is taken for granted that readers know all that needs be known about George Bernard Shaw. The journals tell us that he is an Irishman with a long face and red hair, who has been living and thinking in London for perhaps a quarter of a century, chiefly on socialistic lines, when not too deeply engaged with his own personality and fortunes. He preached his doctrines in the public squares, wrote novels and editorials and articles, and had Mr. Mansfield produce a play called *Arms and The Man* some years ago. He arrived only a year back, through the efforts of a former office-boy of Charles Frohman, one Arnold Daly, who became an actor and sought a vehicle not merely for his mimetic powers but also for the surplus electricity that snapped and flashed from him.

He found it in the plays of Shaw, succeeded in winning audiences to look at the plays and at Arnold Daly, and made Shaw a kind of dramatic craze. Robert Loraine is doing very well with a Shaw play called *Man and Superman,* Ada Rehan is about to present a Shaw delirium entitled *Captain Brassbound's Conversion,* Arnold Daly has gone on the road with two or three tidbits, after carrying out a scheme of advertising which will earn for him a large income among the hayseeds. More of Shaw anon. He challenged Shakspeare's exalted position and permanent vogue some time back, and the poet evidently rose from his grave to manufacture a proper reply. It was delivered in New York City, at the very moment when Shaw was challenging the astonishment of the managers by the success of his plays. Robert Mantell appeared at the Garden Theatre for a long season with his whole repertoire under the management of William Brady; Charles Frohman brought Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern to the Knickerbocker for a series of Shakspearean comedies; and Ben Greet opened at Mendelssohn Hall with the comedies and tragedies done in costume of the Elizabethan period and without scenery. Thus the great poet met in the present metropolis of the world his latest depreciator. The encounter of Shaw with Shakspeare has had far different consequences from what one would naturally expect. Let us deal first with the Bard of Avon before relating the disasters of the Bird of London.

Robert Mantell has already won fame as a romantic actor, or more precisely an actor in romantic drama. His handsome and distinguished presence, rich voice and power of expressing emotion, easily established him as a favorite with audiences that enjoy the ardor of such plays as *Monbars* and *The Face in the Moonlight.* His appearance as an interpreter of Shakspeare was something of a surprise, both as to the fact and the results. He proved conclusively that we have to our credit a sound Shakspearean actor, somewhat bound by the conventions, perhaps, but free enough to shed them at his convenience. His manager provided him with a fair company, and dressed the plays with good costumes and fine scenery; not too fine, however, as is the usual blunder of generous managers; and the plays presented had that appearance of usage which goes so well with their own antiquity. The test of Mantell's ability was made in *Hamlet;* the quality of his acting was illustrated in *Richelieu.* In the latter character he gave the impression of having surpassed all predecessors except Booth. The character of the French Cardinal is some-

what exaggerated and stagey in Bulwer-Lytton's famous play, but the picture of the old statesman in his last years is of undoubted power. Most actors roar it to the rapt audience, revel in its gorgeous climaxes, and make the most of its brilliant costumes. Mantell, simply played an old man, worn with disease and care, harassed by the thought of judgment, and softened by tender thought. He wore a black soutane most of the time, and in his court robes seemed willing to sacrifice their glory to the carelessness and indifference of a sick old churchman who is nearly done with life. It was a most finished and touching portrait, relieved of all the grossness so often worked in by noisy actors.

The distance from Richelieu to Hamlet, in spite of a certain similarity in their mentality, proved to be very great for Mr. Mantell. He made the singular blunder of expressing the fear, horror, and grief of the first acts in falsetto, so that his magnificent voice gave no emphasis to the sad scenes with the Ghost. He had probably never seen Forbes Robertson's *Hamlet*, undoubtedly the best interpretation of the character that has ever been given. He missed many new points in the rendering of difficult passages, and endeavored to make up the omission by larger emotion; but as emotion does not conceal the lack of logic, but rather emphasizes it, he was weak in places. On the whole he presented a noble, intellectual, feeling portrait of the Dane, which is bound to improve with time. Hamlet is the severest test to which an actor can be subjected. Mantell came out of it splendidly. From his success in this character one may imagine how generously he scored in *Othello* and *Macbeth*. The ensemble of the plays was simply admirable, so that the leading actor did not stand out from his surroundings like Solomon before the Queen of Sheba. The stage did not languish for his steady presence. The minor actors were of ability sufficient to keep up the interest, and the details of scenery, costume, action and management helped to the same end.

Charles Frohman has never done the stage better service than in forming a Shakspearean company with Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern at its head. The Napoleon of managers, as his critics spitefully call him, has one finely developed quality, that of doing his work in the best possible fashion. He must have the best that money can buy and intelligence produce. While he has sometimes blundered, through the strenuous exercise of this quality on occasions, the general result of his labors has been excellent. And now that he has sent forth Marlowe and Sothern to interpret the great poet for at least a season, and clothed them with artistic splendor for their work, he deserves the thanks of the community. There is little or no profit in the Shakspearean drama directly, but a great deal in the training which it gives to actors, and the standard which it provides for managers. This drama should be the training-school of the true actor. Here's a suggestion for shrewd and capable Charles Frohman, which he should be able to translate into action. Let him establish Ben Greet at the head of such a training-school, and send out companies in the simple Greet fashion, wherein young actors may serve a decent apprenticeship at their art. The name of Frohman would live forever in the annals of the stage if connected with such an institution.

The Frohman company gave the public a course in Shakspearean comedy and closed with the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. There were many departures from tradition in the acting of the dramas, but always in the right direction. Augustine Daly founded one tradition, in fact the only tradition, in this country. He staged the plays only too splendidly, and between scenery, cos-

tume, lights and music, introduced his audiences to fairy-land. For example, in *The Taming of the Shrew* modern discreetness took the place of the ancient rudeness; Petruchio was a gentleman and Katharine a genteel though bad-tempered hoyden; the world around them was quite modern. In some things it had to be. The present company gave the play as a screaming farce, merry as larks, coarse as shepherds; Julia Marlowe bit and scratched and kicked, Petruchio roared and cursed and smashed things, and the company followed suit according to their parts. It was the merriest and noisiest farce that was ever seen in such connection. Although a little confusing at times, through peculiar omissions of the text, it was effective and pleased the audiences greatly. The leading actors surpassed themselves. This remark sounds customary, but it expresses the fact. The ability of Sothern has been proved season after season, the fine talent of Julia Marlowe admits of no dispute; but beyond all their past reputation the present achievement seemed to go, chiefly in the fine spirit which permeated their acting. For a wonder, in the fitting out of the plays, Mr. Frohman stopped short of glitter. The furnishings of the stage were good, rich in color, substantial, but had not the appearance of having been just made. For this we must all be thankful, even if this good taste diminishes profits.

Mr. Brady and Mr. Frohman having done their share for the Bard of Avon, by staging him in the richest modern fashion, it remained for Mr. Ben Greet to render him another service by presenting the plays in the very fashion which Shakspeare used at the Globe Theatre in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and which he had in his mind when he wrote his wonderful dramas. This actor-manager is an Englishman, the same who delighted us all and improved not a few morals by staging a few years back the morality play, *Everyman*. His new venture is as curious and interesting as anything on the stage to-day, and should prove most instructive. In an ordinary hall last month he gave the chief tragedies and comedies without any scenery, curtain, lights, modern music, mobs, aggregations of all these things, in the bare furnishings of Shakspeare's time. Here is precisely what happened in order. Across the stage ran a wooden partition about seven feet high, with doors at each end for exits. Midway in this partition stood a small proscenium arch hung with curtains, so that it looked like the portico to a house. The curtains pulled back revealed a broad space, with two doors in the partition at the back. A few chairs and tables were scattered about the stage. When the play began, two beefeaters, or soldiers of the guard, took their places, lances or halberds at rest, before the audience, at the ends of the stage and off it. A herald announced with a trumpet the beginning of the performance, and immediately three musicians appeared from the side-door, a fiddler, a spinet-player, and a cellist. They were in costume, and played sweetly some ancient airs, while the audience was seating itself.

Without any flare of music the play began with the appearance of two actors from behind the proscenium arch. It was *The Merchant of Venice* with Ben Greet as Shylock. Certainly it provoked the keenest curiosity to see how actors could make an impression with so little furniture, light and music. The costumes were good, but the lack of proper lighting left the faces of the players somewhat in shadow. One understood at the close of the first act two things: why the poet never bothered himself as to unities of time and place, and why modern stage-managers have such a time of it arranging Shakspeare to suit the modern stage. In the present instance the actors brought time and place with

THE BEN GREET PLAYERS IN HENRY V.
This picture was taken in Alexander Hall, Princeton University.

ROBERT MANTELL IN RICHELIEU.

them. In the first two acts there are twelve different scenes, divided between public streets and the Ghetto in Venice and the home of Portia at Belmont. When Antonio came on it was a public place, when Jessica appeared the stage became the house of Shylock, and when Portia sat in her chair of state before the little curtains one saw Belmont. The remarks of the actors revealed their place, their names and their business as well as a program or a stage scene would have done. Between the acts the three musicians gave out the old-fashioned music for a very few minutes. When chairs and tables were needed two boys in livery quietly made the required changes. In setting the stage for the trial scene the court servitors in black placed a few old tables under the proscenium, whose curtains were rolled back to give a view of the Doge and the court. The appellants, defendants, and visitors stood, while the court and the lawyers sat at the tables. The moon-lit garden of Portia was represented by four lanterns on the stage and three trimmed cypress trees, and the audience chuckled, not at the spareness of the garden scene, but at the completeness of the suggestion. Played in its entirety the comedy took two hours and a half. There were no waits. A book would be needed to describe all the things that were done and the things that were omitted in the single item of the stage management.

The effect upon the audience was undoubted. They sat like children listening to a tale, charmed, even fascinated. The imagination was busy. The effect on the actors was immeasurable. Every man and woman had to stand or fall on his own merits. There were no lights to illumine or conceal, no music to beguile the auditor's attention, no scenery to catch the wandering eye and thereby distract the mind. As a matter of fact no individual actor was ever watched as the audience watched the members of Ben Greet's company. They are as shapely and graceful a group of actors as ever trod the stage, with good voices, fine gestures, poses, movements. One said to his neighbor, if they look and act so well in this deficient light what would they not seem in Frohman's company? Ben Greet as Shylock will illustrate for the reader what each actor had to do, what he had to overcome, under such bare circumstances. If one can recall the

entrance and the appearance of Richard Mansfield in the character of Shylock, it will help to an understanding of Ben Greet's achievement. Music sounded and in the gorgeous light of a Venetian street, Mansfield entered, nobly dressed, with the haughty manners of a frenzied financier. All through the play he was obsequiously attended by lights and music, pomp and ceremony. The illusion of the modern stage never seems incredible until contrasted with a Ben Greet performance. This Shylock was plainly dressed in black suit, with gaberdine of magenta, thick reddish hair, and chin whisker. He looked and spoke somewhat like a bluff Western farmer of our

ROBERT MANTELL AS HAMLET.

ROBERT MANTELL IN MACBETH

own time. There was no strutting, no posing, no lofty utterance, but the baldest realism in speech, tone, gesture and movement. The vital thing for the audience was the bargain over the three thousand ducats, made salty by the conditional pound of flesh. The story suddenly became the main factor of interest, the audience suddenly began to fear for noble-hearted Antonio and to hate Shylock. The stage forthwith lighted up brilliantly, not with the chemicals of modern art, but with the flashing of the human

ROBERT MANTELL AS KING LEAR.

imagination. From the consummation of the bargain, Shylock had the consuming attention of his audience.

Undoubtedly, Ben Greet gives the most realistic and most powerful Shylock that the present stage has so far seen. Beside him Irving and Mansfield are little more than painted figures. This may sound harsh and extravagant. Go then and see for yourself, and admit that you never saw Shylock before, the real Shylock, in the broad daylight, bargaining in hatred for Christian flesh, weeping bitterly over the loss of his daughter and his ducats, without a single illusion of the stage to help your imagination or conceal his deficiencies. To me it was a most astounding performance. His company supported him nobly. After the play was over I remembered how little of a novelty this strange performance was to collegians. In this manner we played Shakspeare long ago, with only a stage and costumes, without lights, music, or scenery, and alas! without the Ben Greet intelligence. But what pleasure it gave us, much more than even the Frohman productions to-day. Congratulations to Ben Greet on his work and its present success. He will show the educators how to teach and to play Shakspeare in earnest. To Charles Frohman and

Fay Davis. Robert Loraine.

ACT I. "MAN AND SUPERMAN." THE APPEAL.

William Brady the thanks of the nation are due for their revival of the peerless dramas.

What then about George Bernard Shaw? All that this pleasant farceur demands is the last word and cheerfully shall he have it. The season began with Shaw in three theatres and threatening others, with Shakspeare on the road, with Arnold Daly carrying the Shaw colors to the winning-post; the season continues with Shakspeare in three theatres, Shaw in one, Ada Rehan abandoning a Shaw play, and Arnold Daly on the road after an almost fatal smash-up with a Shaw play. This is merely a surface story. What may be behind it with a clever rogue like Daly doing the advertising, who can say? He made the American vogue of Shaw, and thought the public

E. H. SOTHERN.

was so really in love with the favorite that they would stand anything. He gave them a satire, *John Bull and His Other Island,* but it fatigued them. He got ready a blunt indecency called *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* but the police extinguished it amid sensational publicity, and Arnold went on the road with more

JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET.

free advertising than usually falls to the share of a young actor. So Shaw is temporarily extinguished, except in the case of *Man and Superman,* successfully and ably played by Robert Loraine and Fay Davis to increasing audiences. Both are capable players, who would make anything reasonable a success, and Shaw has provided them with a curious and interesting drama. And who is Shaw? What is he? Perhaps the answers to these questions might be deferred for a year, after which period no one will ever think of asking them. Shaw is making some money by writing plays. He is reported to be a philosopher, but investigation of his works reveals no philosophy. He is thought to be an honest man, and there is no evidence to the contrary. He is talkative, but soon his money will talk for him much better than himself. It is a great satisfaction that in New York Shakspeare swatted him good and hard, and perhaps forever.

ST. STEPHEN.

GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

VII.

ST. STEPHEN.

"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

St. Stephen.

"The edification and manifold advantages which the Church received from the martyrdom of this great and holy man compensated the loss which it sustained in him."

Rev. Alban Butler.

"High procession! great confession!
Hear the loud triumphal tones!
Martyrs bleeding — Stephen leading
With his crown of glorious stones."

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

SOME PEN PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN PRELATES.*

The Cardinal.

At four o'clock we started for a drive. Usually the Cardinal walks, but to-day he takes a carriage, in order that I may see more of the city. Almost everybody salutes him. One day, in company with an English visitor, he passed close to a church just as service was over. His companion, noticing the general salutation, could not help saying, "How much attached your flock is to you!" "These are Protestants," replied the Cardinal.

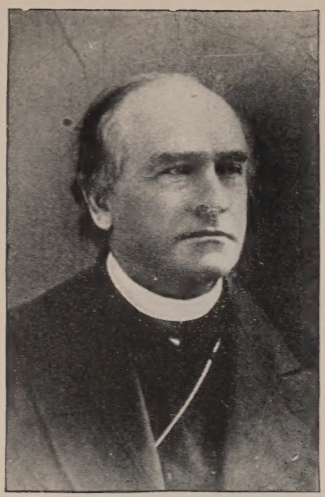
During our return trip we had time to talk of many persons and many things. A part of our conversation may perhaps be repeated without indiscretion. The Cardinal praised highly the piety of Father Hecker, and the devoted wisdom of Father Magnien, the former Superior of Baltimore Seminary, who was foremost in his confidence and friendship. He inquired about the Montalembert family, who have had some relations with him, and who bear a name that he esteems among the most honorable in the world. He asked news of Paul Bourget also, whose visit, some years ago, deeply interested him; he was astonished at the accuracy with which the author of

*These "Pen Portraits" are taken from In the Land of the Strenuous Life, by Abbé Klein. A. C. McClurg & Company, Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

"Outre-Mer" was able, without having taken notes, to reproduce their conversation. I turned the conversation on the Cardinal's celebrated work, "The Faith of Our Fathers," and learned, without suppressing some respectful blame, that the author never received a cent from the three or four hundred thousand copies of the American editions sold. He readily conceded that instead of leaving all the profit to the publishers, he would have done better to secure some of it for the diocesan charities. During the nineteenth century there was probably no popular work published that succeeded better or did more good than this one. I have in hand a copy printed in 1883,—that is seven years after the first edition; it is already in its hundred and fiftieth thousand.

Our conversation drifted to some more general questions. When the Cardinal speaks of America, his words breathe the warmest admiration for her institutions; comparison of them with those of other countries is not able to chill his sentiments. He rejoices in the splendid possibilities which the common freedom opens to the Church and to all well-meaning persons. He is pleased to see Catholics play the part of good citizens in the affairs of the country; he himself

MOST REV. P. J. RYAN, D.D.



RT. REV. BERNARD J. MCQUAID, D.D.

sets the example whenever occasion arises.

"The excellent relations existing between the Church and the State," he said to me, "as well as the interior tranquillity of the Church herself, are helped by the absence of religious daily newspapers. We have a weekly press which does good service, and that suffices. Besides, it is better that we remain on good terms with newspapers of every shade. I should be surprised, for instance, if you were not to find to-morrow the celebration of this morning reported sympathetically and at length. Is that not better than to be extravagantly praised by one side, and extravagantly blamed, if not ignored, by the other?"

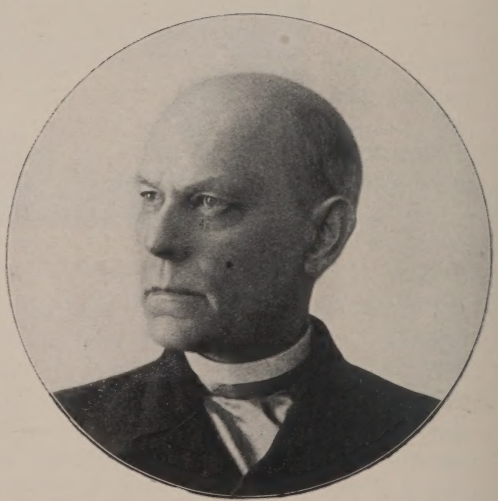
The Cardinal confided to me, the same day, some further details regarding the Conclave, which at first I did not intend to introduce in these pages. But recent revelations having declared this event unexpectedly soon to history, there can be no imprudence in relating the little that I have received from the lips of one of the electors. Beside, he has told the same things to others, and did not impose secrecy on me.

Though he took no hand in any intrigue or proceeding that would have been unworthy of his character and that of the Conclave, the American Cardinal exercised a considerable influence in the election of Pius X. The profound joy which he expressed over the choice of a man who had discharged so well the functions of the sacerdotal office is enough in itself to indicate how he voted; but a certain incident shows in addition, that he may have had more than his official share in determining the final result.

Our readers will recall the details revealed by "a witness" in touch with the facts, in his brochure *"Les derniers jours de Leon XIII et le conclave."** On Sunday morning, August 2, after the third scrutiny, which registered twenty-nine votes for Cardinal Rampolla, twenty-one for Cardinal Sarto, and nine for Cardinal Gotti, the Archbishop of Cracovia communicated the veto of Austria. The admirable declaration of the former Secretary of State gained for him, on Sunday evening, one vote more; he obtained thirty, while Gotti fell to three, and Sarto rose to twenty-four.

The latter had, however, at the opening of the session, in tones of unfeigned

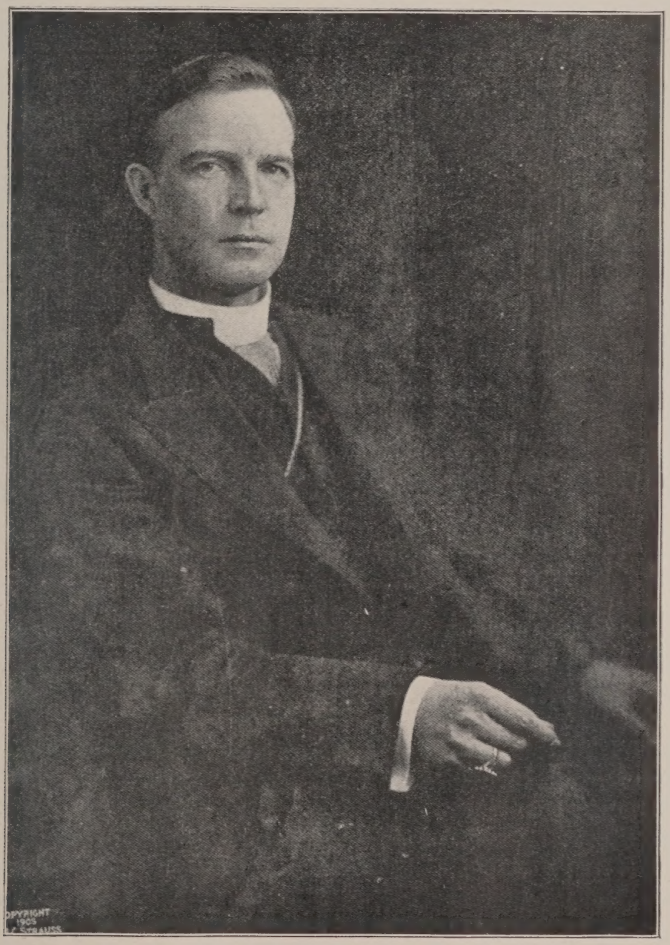
*Lecoffre, Paris. The author is Cardinal Mathieu.



RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.

sincerity, implored the Conclave not to think of him: "*Sono indegno! Sono incapace! Dimenticatemi!* (I am unworthy! I am unfit! Do not think of me.") Humility like this could not fail to increase the confidence of the Sacred College. So on Monday morning he received twenty-seven votes, while Rampolla had only twenty-four. "But," writes the author of the brochure, "there was still the opposition of Cardinal Sarto himself to overcome, who renewed his plaintive supplication."

"He renewed it so earnestly," (here we quote our own witness, Cardinal Gibbons), "that the assembly was convinced there was nothing to be done but to seek another candidate. We were much embarrassed," continued the Cardinal, "for the other prominent candidates having been set aside, it seemed as if we had to begin over again, and under less favorable conditions." He expressed this view very energetically to Cardinal X, who, after the sitting, had come to him, to consult upon another choice. He persuaded this individual, who exercised great influence in the Conclave, to approach the Patriarch of Venice, and appeal to his conscience by pointing out to him, with the utmost insistence, that to persist in his refusal was to run the risk



MOST REV. JOHN J. GLENNON, D. D.

(Continued on page 618.)

RT. REV. MATTHEW HARKINS, D.D.

BISHOP HARKINS' WELCOME HOME.

The reception given to the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D.D., Bishop of Providence, on his return from Rome, was a demonstration of the love and respect of all classes. The large assembly at the Trocadero, the reception at the Catholic Woman's Club, and the tribute paid by the children, were features of a celebration that will long be remembered.

The Governor of the State, the Episcopal Bishop of Providence, representatives of national and civic offices, citizens from professional and business ranks were among the four hundred guests who met at the Trocadero to welcome back the beloved prelate.

Governor Utter, introduced by Dr. O'Keefe, made a felicitous speech, saying among other things:

"How happy it is that you people have come together here to-night to express your regard for the head of your family, and have invited some of your neighbors to participate with you in the joy of his return. I am one of these neighbors. and I represent a large number of neighbors who are interested deeply in welcoming your Bishop. As one of them it gives me great pleasure to welcome the head of your family back from across the water. He means much to us, and although he is interested in his family,

he is also interested in the rest of us, in every true American cause. It is also a pleasure for me as a neighbor to add cordial welcome to that which comes from the heart of every one of his own people.

"May he come back enriched, not only in physical strength, but in spiritual strength as well, for after all is said and done, at the bottom the hope of every home, of every nation, is in the spiritual side. Without it home and nation must come to naught. It is righteousness that exalteth the home, righteousness that exalteth the nation."

After the dinner, Mr. John W. Hogan introduced the Hon. James H. Higgins, Mayor of Pawtucket.

Mayor Higgins, in expressing his regard for Bishop Harkins, referred to the numerous good works that tell of devoted service to the Church:

"We are not here to indulge in adulation or vain flattery of our Bishop. We come as representatives of his great flock to manifest our appreciation of his character and work. All of us here and thousands more have been the beneficiaries of his unselfish labors in the diocese. Eighteen years ago, in April, 1887, he came to us a stranger. His work here speaks for itself. If you would see his monuments, look around. The finishing, the beautifying and the completion of the Cathedral was his first task. How well he did it it is not necessary to relate. The crowning work of his career, however, was to follow, the establishment of St. Joseph's Hospital on a broad and solid basis; that splendid institution where human suffering is skillfully alleviated has done as much as any institution in Rhode Island for the benefit and uplifting of our people. To this work the Bishop devoted himself with untiring zeal and his efforts have received the unstinted approbation of all citizens.

"The founding of the St. Vincent de Paul Infant Asylum, where children under six years of age are cared for, regardless of race, religion or color; the establishment of the St. Maria Working Girls' Home, with its new branch in the Cathedral parish; the Working Boys' Home on Park Street, where boys under sixteen are taught the trades, given a Christian education and the inestimable advantages of early discipline; the new Home of the Good Shepherd on Eaton Street, where fallen women find a haven and a road to reform; the home of the White Sisters, recently established in Pawtucket for the purpose of nursing the poor sick in their own homes free of charge; the building of the French Orphan Asylum in Woonsocket; the construction of the Broad Street Convent School in this city; the development and institution of numberless St. Vincent de Paul Societies in every part of the diocese, for the assistance of the poor; his abiding interest in the various nationalities of his people, as shown by his founding of independent parishes for Poles, Portuguese, Italians, Irish, French, Germans, Syrians and other nationalities; his faith in the universal genius of his Church as displayed by his promotion of the work of the Catholic Missionary Union; the unprecedented growth of the diocese under his administration, a diocese which, including the territory over which he had jurisdiction at the time of his appointment, now includes two hundred and seventy priests and about half the population of Rhode Island and southeastern Massachusetts; the upbuilding of a fine Catholic spirit in every section where his authority has reached — these, all these, bear undying testimony to his remarkable activity, his sympathy for the poor and afflicted, his unfailing devotion to the cause of God and the elevation of mankind.

"But our Bishop's work in this community has not been confined to one field. As a true and loyal American citizen (witness the character of this assemblage), he has gained the esteem and good-will of people of every class. To the members of the Catholic Church here to-night it is a source of gratification that representative men of all creeds have so gladly and enthusiastically joined with us in this welcome. We are particularly gratified at the pleasing spectacle of the official head of the Episcopal Church in Rhode Island greeting with so true a hospitality the return of Bishop Harkins.

. . . . . .

"Bishop Harkins, your people greet you with a salutation that is whole-hearted and sincere. They bid you welcome, a hundred times welcome home. They ask God's blessing on your work, His divine protection of your health and well-being. They pray that His holy benediction may pursue you and bring you joy, prosperity and salvation to your loyal flock in the diocese of Providence. They believe your future is fraught with hope for the State and progress for the Church, and that your episcopate means better men, better women, better citizenship for the commonwealth of Rhode Island."

When the Bishop rose to reply the company stood up and greeted him with cheers.

"A whole summer," Bishop Harkins said, "spent in foreign lands and in the midst of foreign tongues, in hotels where naturally every man was a stranger to his neighbor and usually to the country in which he found himself, makes this large gathering of friends and neighbors all the more welcome to me. I see before me and around me the representatives of all classes of society, of all departments of our civic life.

Here are the clergy who so loyally support me in my work. Here are the laity, young and old, from near and far, in whom any Bishop might feel pride; and here are our friends and neighbors, the administrators of our government, the exponents of our laws.

"In such good company and in the presence of those who represent such varied interests in our community, I feel deeply the honor of being welcomed home. For home to me means more than the four walls within which I usually reside. It is more than the little circle with whom I habitually live. My home is where my heart finds lodgment, where my interests and my work are. This good old town of ours, this most distinguished state of ours, and this, our incomparable nation, and, above all, the people with whom and for whom I work, yes, you, who stand for both city, state and nation, and for our venerable mother, the Church, you are my home — the home whose hearty welcome makes this a rare experience in my life.

"But the very warmth of your welcome, while it gives evidence of the mutual love and respect engendered by an intercourse of over eighteen years, betokens also the responsibilities which he must assume whose home is in the hearts and lives of his people. If so many take an interest in my homecoming, if the men who hold the reins of government and guide the administration of justice, if men of all classes find pleasure in bidding me welcome home, it is because men of all classes, as I read it, feel that a Bishop's life and activity must have the most far-reaching consequences in a community. And in so considering the matter they do but interpret the mind and the history of the Church.

"For the Church enters most deeply into the lives of her children, establishing her dominion in the consciences of her subjects and working for the upbuilding of the home. Against all the forces conspiring to undermine the home she exerts her entire strength. She is the buttress of the home, she is its wall of defence, and a Bishop, in so far as he is a captain in her ranks, concerns himself most deeply in the welfare of the home by exposing and expounding the secure principles on which the home is founded.

"Moreover, the Church, which is built upon divine authority, is the friend and upholder of the authority on which our state is grounded. Progress depends on order, and order is the child of law. The Church raises her voice against the lawless, and condemns even the impatience of those reformers who, bent on bettering the world, turn all their efforts toward the destruction of those institutions from which all the progress we know has been derived. And so silently and imperceptibly, perhaps far removed from the welter of political strife and struggle, a Catholic Bishop works in the community in the cause of good government by inculcating the respect of authority, the submission to law, on which all government must depend.

"And the Church which stood sponsor to all modern nations concerns herself with the growth and formation of our own beloved nation. That growth is an unparalleled phenomenon in history. Immigration such as the world has never seen swells the ranks of our population and darkens with gloomy forebodings the brows of our prophets and seers. But here again the Church, the witness of the past, finds for herself a work most difficult and yet most necessary. To what a countless multitude of foreigners has she been the one familiar thing on landing in this strange country! To how many has she not been the door of entrance to our free institutions. And a Bishop, by virtue of his office, finds himself perhaps in closer touch with more immigrants than any other man in the community. And so perforce, and yet by choice, he finds his home in all those interests which you represent, in city, state and nation, proud of his nation for the part which its Supreme Executive, that many-sided man, President Roosevelt, has taken in the furthering and the accomplishment of international peace, has also, as a messenger of the Prince of Peace and a dependent of the Holy See, which has labored so strenuously in many centuries, his influence on the side of all that is sane and orderly — proud, also, of his state for its energy and its rich resources; proud of his city for its beauty and its promise, and proud of the Church which has given him that concern for others that makes him feel at home to-night in this gathering of men which is the pride of the Church."

In presenting Bishop McVickar of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Hogan said:

"As a further testimony of the regard in which our Bishop is held, we have with us to-night that most liberal, broad-minded, highly-respected citizen of Rhode Island, Right Rev. William McVickar, whom I now have the honor to present to you."

Bishop McVicar was warmly received, and with much feeling recalled his first meeting with Bishop Harkins, thanked him for what he had done for the people of Providence, and dwelt upon the need of religion in business life.

"When I first came to Providence one of the first men whom I met was the right reverend brother on my left. I remember how I went to him, at first with a little awe, a little trepidation, at approaching the great prelate of a great Church, but when I heard his voice and looked into his eyes, then I

was sure that here was a heart and a head that could be trusted. And I can say that while we may not have prayed together, yet the prayers of both have included each other, and what has come from such prayer has been the kind co-operation to which I can testify.

"For the past few years I have been President of the Providence District Nursing Association and since my connection with that organization we have been benefited by being allowed to call upon your honored guest for his time, his advice and his means. It gives me great pleasure to-night to say these things, to convey not only my congratulations but also the congratulations of the many good men and women who have benefited by his benevolence and charity. It is upon these lines and under these circumstances that I have been brought into relation with your Bishop, and I may say each time has my respect for him as a kind, well-poised, Christian gentleman, a lover of his kind and of humanity been continually increased."

Congressman Daniel L. D. Granger, the last speaker of the evening, spoke of the Bishop as a friend and wise counsellor, and concluded with the words:

"Bishop Harkins, I wish you many years of life among us, and I know that Providence will be, as it is, a better city for your having lived here."

The committee in charge of the reception, and to whom is due much of the credit for the great success which attended it, was made up as follows: Dr. John W. Keefe, chairman; Matthew S. Dwyer, secretary; Matthew J. Cummings, Dr. P. F. Heffern, Dennis F. McCarthy, James H. Hurley, Henry Caprone, Thomas F. Cooney and William J. Feeley.

Brilliant as was this reception, an event that must have given even greater pleasure to the kindly prelate was the greeting of the little children, who welcomed him with loving words, and songs, telling of their joy at his return. The ringing young voices sang a chorus composed for the occasion, and ending in the words:

"Thinking of thee night and day,
Across the briny sea,
Thy children knew, though far away,
Thy flock was dear to thee.
And as we give thee greeting now,
We ask thy blessing true,
To rest upon each youthful brow
And give us graces new."

ASPIRATION.

BY MARY A. DUFFY.

Oh, she was always longing for the word that was with-held,
And in her loving bosom her ambitions oft she quelled;
But those cravings of her nature, at times, would burst their bar,
And flash from out their prison-place, to grasp at things afar.

Encouragement was lacking and she felt she lacked the skill,
As she did her humble duties at other people's will;
And no one seemed to notice, or perhaps they did not care,
While all their wants were tended well, and everything went fair.

But, some day, we'll know the reason for the things we have to bear,
When we reach our Heavenly Father in His home beyond compare;
And what seems now so hard and strange on this world's troubled crest,
Will be like a drop of water on the ocean's boundless breast.

SOME PEN PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN PRELATES.

(Continued from page 613.)

of going contrary to the indications of Providence, the wish of the Church, and his own manifest duty.* Remonstrance and appeal to the highest motives at last carried the day; and Cardinal X returned to announce the good news to the Archbishop of Baltimore. "God be praised!" cried the latter; "but this consent must be made known to all, for many remain under the impression created by the former refusal. Say a word to the Conclave at the opening of the next sitting." This was done, and at the proper moment—we return to the text of the brochure, whose author inserts a proper name where Cardinal Gibbons had employed an X— "Cardinal Satolli declared that Cardinal Sarto, yielding to the pressure of his colleagues, had resigned himself to the disposition of Providence. He received thirty-five votes, seven less than the necessary majority. The election was assured."

His Eminence honored me with several interviews, and we were together for a long ride through the beautiful country that surrounds his episcopal city. From this intercourse with him I carried away a deep impression of the wisdom, prudence, and tact with which this true shepherd of souls has led his people into the ways of fidelity to Catholic teaching, respect for the convictions of others, loyalty to country, and generous sympathy for the noble aspirations of our age. At the beginning of my sojourn in America, I should doubtless have less readily appreciated the mental qualities of the Cardinal, which are solid and just rather than conspicuous and daring; or his achievements, which are substantial rather than ostentatious; or, again, his eloquence, which he prefers should be of practical use rather than for literary display; or finally, that combination of traits of character which makes a true and genuine man rather than the mere appearance of one. I say, I should not have been prepared at first properly to estimate all this; but as I became more familiar with American conditions, and more permeated with the American spirit,—a spirit which is simple, practical, frank, optimistic, and tolerant,—I understood how greatly favored the Church has been in having for leaders men like Cardinal Gibbons; men who know and love their country, and in their own character exhibit in a high degree the qualities most dear to Americans.

*The brochure of "Un Temoin" states that this appeal to Cardinal Sarto was made "by his personal friends." The Cardinal referred to by Mgr. Gibbons may have gone in the company of others.

Most Rev. John J. Glennon, D.D.

I had not the honor of knowing Archbishop Glennon, but with the card of introduction, which Father Zahm had given me to him, I counted on a friendly welcome of fifteen or twenty minutes. I was, however, not permitted to leave him until the end of my stay in the city. To this I objected strongly, being more desirous of avoiding indiscretion and of seeing a little of the city than of remaining in such interesting company. But with exquisite tact, the Archbishop gave me to understand that the indiscretion would be in refusing; and he added that all I wished to see would be shown me as well by himself as by another guide. No one gave me a better idea of American hospitality than he. Elsewhere I was undoubtedly as well received, but it was in the homes of old friends, or by friends of friends, and after an invitation; here I appear suddenly in the house of a person whom I

do not know, who is very much occupied and preoccupied, and after a few moments he insists on keeping me with him, and gives up to me almost all his time for two whole days.

If it gives me pleasure to see how an American archbishop treats a foreign priest, it affords me still greater interest to observe a type of prelate that I had never met on my side of the water. The bluff good nature of the Bishop of Rochester, the charming cleverness of Archbishop Ireland, the shining candor of Archbishop Kain, are not the predominating qualities of Archbishop Glennon. He is very simple, but distinction is his dominant trait. Very young, very tall, very handsome, very eloquent, he begins by so astonishing you, evidently without any intention on his own part, with his external gifts, that you are inclined to regard these as excessively developed. Gradually, however, his qualities of mind and heart make themselves appreciated, and you yield to their charm. During my stay I perceived that he produces the same effect on everybody; and in what I learned of him later I became convinced that the Church in America considers him one of its future glories. I ought to have known this beforehand, from the way in which Father Zahm and Bishop Spalding spoke of him. Let the reader be less inattentive, and remember well the name of John J. Glennon, now Archbishop of St. Louis.

Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D.

I was dining with Archbishop Ireland at the hotel where the Army of the Potomac was to hold a reception. "Come," said the Archbishop, "you shall put me *au courant* with this movement; and I will introduce you to our veterans." The movement referred to was the present condition of intellectual life and of Christian apologetics in Europe. I had no notes to consult before talking on this subject with His Grace; but I primed myself as best I could, and naively hoped that I might contribute something to the information of a prelate who had just come from a six months' episcopal journey in Minnesota. But I found that he had read everything that I had read, and had followed certain controversies more keenly than I. This gave me a glimpse of the Archbishop of St. Paul and one, if anything, more to be admired than even the man of public action. I did not attempt to conceal my surprise. "In aspiration," he said, "I am a scholar. My dream is to study; but I have no time." Then he spoke to me of his seminary, of books, of courses of study, of professors, with a knowledge and critical appreciation which reminded me of his old friend the Bishop of Rochester. In philosophy, in biblical science, and in theology, Archbishop Ireland is at once a man of deep faith and of sharp discernment. He combines the mind of a student with the talent for practical affairs.

Our discussion almost made us forget our engagement. We were forced to leave these serene regions of thought,—serene, indeed, no longer,—and be off to the reception. Once there, the Archbishop became again the old chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers. Former companions in arms thronged around him, and they dwelt on reminiscences of which I knew nothing. What I do know is that never in my life had I met so many generals and colonels,—for there were some who were modest enough to remain colonels.

The Army of the Potomac, whose reception we were attending, resolved for this night to form a junction with the Army of the Tennessee, which was bivouacked at another hotel. So, about half-past nine, to the strains of martial music, off we set, marching two by two, as solemnly as you please. Archbishop Ireland and an old officer headed the line, setting the step for us and looking posi-

tively war-like. The other veterans followed, many accompanied by their wives and daughters, and others carrying, instead of arms, prosaic umbrellas. Dr. Stafford, who had joined us as we left the hotel, carried a cane, and made so fine a figure that I was proud to march beside him. He and I were the youngest of the army, both of us having been born when the valiant men around us were in the midst of their campaigns. On we went, and not even torn-up streets could halt us, for we had only to take to the sidewalks. And what simpler tactics are possible for passing through barricaded streets? So, in a word, having managed our night march in admirable order, we joined the Army of the Tennessee at ten o'clock without the loss of a man—or woman.

The Archbishop, in fine spirits and full of vivacity, proudly wore his military medal.

Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, D.D.

It was not until the last day of my stay that I was able to go to see Mgr. Ryan, the Archbishop of Philadelphia. Mgr. Ryan enjoys a great reputation as an orator, and he is known for the broadness of his views. In summing up the speech made by him at the centenary of the foundation of the Catholic hierarchy, in 1889, M. de Meaux shows that the Archbishop attributes the progress of the Church in America, "to God first, next to His ministers, then to the free institutions of the United States." According to the Archbishop of Philadelphia, it is the Catholics who have profited most by religious liberty; he claims for them the honor of having inaugurated it in Maryland, and he thanks the Quakers for having established it in Pennsylvania. Without denying that at other times and in other countries the union of the Church and State was salutary as well as legitimate, he thinks that in the American Constitution there is no arrangement more beneficial than the one which separates them. "Under this form of government," to quote him exactly, "the Church has called forth all the virtues and all the natural faculties of man to the defense of supernatural truths; and if at times, in the struggle between conflicting beliefs, it happens that faithful Christians venture beyond due bounds, better, after all, liberty with mistakes than servitude with abasement."

Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D.D.

A priest boards the car; I put the question to him; he answers in the affirmative. In turn, he asks me whence I come; and as the clergy of Paris are not in the habit of spending their vacations on the borders of Lake Ontario, my answer interests him. "You must come and see the Seminary." "But I am going to Buffalo." "You can go later." "My time is very limited." "Nevertheless, you are not going to pass through Rochester without calling on our Bishop?" Now we are in for it. I offer various objections, which are instantly disposed of. "Anyhow," I say, "I have no introduction." "Never mind that; I am the Superior of the Seminary, and I will present you. You have never heard of Bishop McQuaid?" "Oh, yes, indeed; and that is just the trouble. I appreciate him highly, but I fear—he does not reciprocate. Let us be frank; here is my card." The effect was not what I expected. "Oh, then, Bishop McQuaid will be delighted to see you. I will answer for him. Here we are! Let me take your baggage!" No sooner said than done; and when the car stops, my valises are put off, so I must follow them. The episcopal residence is close by. The Superior goes to inform the Bishop, and leaves me alone in the parlor where I am more than surprised to find myself.

Almost immediately the Bishop appears, and offers me his hand in the whole-souled fashion which I admire so much in Bishop Spalding. Nothing that I have yet seen is so thoroughly Ameri-

can as this old man of eighty years, straight, thick-set, vigorous, with a frank and resolute bearing. Far from allowing me a word of excuse, he declares in a tone that admits of no denial that he is pleased to see me, and is at my disposal. "You come to look for ideas, of course, and for information?" "Just so, Monseigneur; the encouraging example of what is taking place in the United States. . . . " "Your countrymen, indeed, might profit much by what is good here, instead of . . . They do not see things in the right light, your countrymen. How much time can you spare me?" "I meant to take the ten o'clock train for Buffalo. Is there one at noon?" The only answer is a frown. "Is there one at two o'clock?" "In that time we could do nothing at all; how many days can you stay?" "Well, then, frankly, I will stop till to-morrow morning. " "I am sorry that the stay is so short. Well, then, there is no time to lose. Here is your room; make yourself at home. I will order the carriage."

Ten minutes afterwards I was rolling along in an open landau with the man who is regarded in Europe as the most conservative prelate in the United States. The conversation, which the Bishop maintained in French, was soon on a footing of confidence, and did not lag for an instant the entire day.

"I am going to show you first my Normal School for sisters. . . . We visit the laboratories, the library, the study halls, where, High Mass being over, several young sisters are reading or writing. . . . " "Now you are going to see my Seminary." And one can guess from the tone of this simple phrase how much the good old Bishop's idea of his seminary represents of work accomplished, of hopes still growing, and of conscience satisfied.

During dinner, which, fortunately, was plain and expeditious, I was questioned concerning the religious and political situation in France, which everybody considered incomprehensible.

After dinner it is I who assume the offensive, and as soon as I find myself alone with my venerable host, of whom I have no longer the slightest fear, I ask him, without any beating about the bush, as to the facts concerning his disagreement with Archbishop Ireland, which has been talked of even in Europe. The adversaries of the Archbishop of St. Paul have indeed made much of the solemn protest addressed to him by Bishop McQuaid, after the Archbishop's attack upon Tammany in the New York elections. According to the only report within our reach, the old Bishop, from his pulpit, went so far as to use the following words, which are not the strongest of the discourse:

> I maintain that in thus coming to New York to take part in a political struggle, the Archbishop of St. Paul has acted in a manner unbecoming his episcopal character, and has thereby given scandal to all right-minded Catholics on both sides. It was, beside, a piece of unwarrantable interference on his part to leave his own State and come here to destroy all discipline among the priests, and give our opponents an opportunity to say that priests are partisans, and use their influence for party ends . . . . . It is no excuse to say that the Archbishop is working in the interests of reform. Every other cleric aspiring to political honors would say the same. Beside, the city of New York is quite able to manage its own affairs without any help from outside, as the last election has just proved. And if we may believe the newspapers, the legislature of Minnesota stands greatly in need of purification, and His Grace would find there an ample outlet for his political zeal.

Bishop McQuaid would not be the American,—the energetic, straightforward man that pre-eminently he is,—if he felt any embarrassment in explaining his position with regard to a personal matter. "You must not take me for an enemy of Archbishop Ireland," he said. "I have always admired his zeal; and at present we are on the best of terms. But at the time you speak of he meddled a deal too much in things that did not concern him. His interference in the

New York elections raised trouble among the Catholics. It was intolerable, especially for me, who have always looked upon poor Archbishop Corrigan as my spiritual son. A protest was needed, and I undertook the burden of it. It did not please them in Rome. Cardinal Rampolla reprimanded me, saying that only the Holy See had the right to blame bishops. But all the same, Ireland gave up meddling in New York affairs, and left Corrigan at peace." The recollection of the whole episode did not seem to be disagreeable to the Bishop; so I thought I might press a little further and ask him what he had done with regard to the proceeding of the Holy See. "I replied," said he, "that I regretted having displeased the Holy Father, but that I was sending an explanation to the Propaganda and they would see that if I was to blame I was not the only one." After a moment's pause, he added: "Of course, you understand, I had to plead guilty."

Early next morning, my host came to bid me farewell. "God bless you, God bless you," he said, almost with emotion; while I felt it very strongly. Then he went away. Providence had made me acquainted, involuntarily on my part, with one of the most illustrious pioneers of Catholicism in the United States.

Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D.

We cross the Illinois River and enter Peoria. The thought that I am about to see once more, to live with him awhile in the intimacy of his own home, one of those rare men in whose presence it is a happiness to feel insignificant, awakens in me a wealth of emotion.

Not that Bishop Spalding tries to impress one by any sort of outward show. American bishops are noted for their simplicity; and he is the simplest of them all. Like all truly superior minds, he respects in each the natural dignity of man, and treats everyone as his equal. I do not think he speaks in any other way to his friend, President Roosevelt, than he would to the youngest curate in his cathedral. It matters not where or before whom he may be, he is always simply himself, without any precaution or reserve. If one inspires confidence in him, he says so, and thereafter it may be relied upon. In the contrary case, his manner is equally candid. I do not know,—or, rather I do know, but do not care to say,—who it was that one day asked his co-operation in a certain enterprise, and upon being refused point blank, demanded an explanation. "Because I have no confidence in you," answered Bishop Spalding, with the most natural tone in the world.

Bishop, orator, author, simple citizen, he goes about his work without ever caring for appearances; and thinks of what he ought to do, not what people may say of him. There is no more affectation in his mode of living than about his person. His dwelling, his speech, and his manner are those of an honest man, neither luxurious nor austere. It seems as if he considered external details not worth either magnifying nor belittling. For him, the picture, not the frame, is of importance. During our week of intimacy I did not remark a single striking feature in connection with this great bishop. We lived in the little rectory, with his family of three priests belonging to the cathedral. We took long drives in a buggy, and when we stopped to visit churches or convents, the prelate, more expert in the matter than I, tied our horse to the hitching-post himself; we enjoyed long chats after meals,—and that was all. All? Yes, truly; but I sought no more; for those few days have left in my memory much light and peace.

. . . . . .

I have met more competent specialists on many topics. But I doubt if there actually exists in the world another man with a better understanding of religious, social, and philosophic problems; and I do not know if there lives anywhere a more Christian thinker or a Christian who thinks more profoundly.

VIEW OF BELLEEK.

FAIR BELLEEK.

BY MYLES J. MURPHY.

It was Bank Holiday, and as I joined the throng in the railway station in Londonderry, it seemed to me that I was the only person in the great merry, laughing crowd who was not bent on a day's pleasure at that delightful seaside resort, Bundoran. The guard's bugle rang out, and then with a whistle, that sounded like a squeal to American trained ears, the little engine glided out into the open country, past farms not much larger than a Yankee vegetable garden, but on which whole families, and large-sized Irish ones at that, endeavored to gain a livelihood.

Strabane, the birthplace of John Dunlap, who printed the Declaration of Independence and published the first daily newspaper in America, was our first important stop. Here we took on fresh excursionists, and a neater, better behaved lot I never had the pleasure of seeing. At Bundoran Junction, we met the train from Enniskillen. The latter place must have been almost depopulated, judging from the mass of people who poured out of the carriages and filled those of our train.

On we sped along the picturesque shores of Lough Erne, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands, one for every day of the year. There is a legend current along its shores that an ancient pagan, one of the Ossian type, in answer to a Christian missionary who was having a strenuous time in trying to convert him, stated that his idea of Heaven was to be allowed to dwell one day every year on each of the islands. It is not related what he desired to do

on leap years. I confess to having shared a good deal in the enthusiastic admiration of the old pagan for Lough Erne. It was a scene of rare beauty in the early summer morning light. There is no atmosphere on earth like that of Ireland for enhancing the beauty of a landscape. The clouds of opalescent mist that float, soft as the grey of a dove's wing, around the angles of the mountain peaks, take away all the wild hardness of the rocks, blend with the wonderful green of the hills and the sheen of the waters, and lend to the picture a hazy, far-off loveliness that seems more the creation of a dream than reality.

BRIDGE AND POTTERY, BELLEEK.

At Pettico quite a number of pilgrims bound for the hallowed shrines of Lough Dearg, left the train, dispelling my illusion that everyone was bent on pleasure.

The next station was Belleek, my Mecca, and here I alighted. A stalwart young man at once stepped up and touched his hat. "Hotel, sir?" he enquired.

A glance around had shown me that the famous pottery town was contained in one street, and the idea of a hotel in a place of that size rather amused me, so I asked: "What is the name of your hotel?"

"Cleary's, sir, the best in town!"

"Is it near the pottery?"

"Och, sure, it's only a few steps; and Misther Cleary's brother, sir, is the manager of the pottery."

This was sufficient inducement for me to surrender my suit case to the representative of Cleary's, and we started. A railway guard held me up at the gate of the station for my ticket. He scowled when he saw my Bundoran excursion ticket, a bit of pasteboard twice the size of a postage stamp, which permitted me to make the round trip between Derry and Belleek at less than half the cost of a single one-way trip.

"I don't know about these excursion tickets stopping off here!" he growled. As the train was far out of sight by this time, I asked what he was going to do about it. He stared at me for a moment,

then scratched his head and laughed at the situation. I escaped.

Cleary's Hotel is a two-story structure, situated at the end of the single street of little thatched houses which constitutes the village of Belleek. Its walls, of stone, were thick enough to resist an attack of Oyama's army, but everything about the place was scrupulously neat and clean. On my arrival I was surprised to find the place crowded with English tourists, who had come to this place on a week-end holiday to enjoy the splendid fishing which the Erne affords. Not a room was vacant, but one of the family offered to give up his room to me, an offer which I thankfully declined, as I felt able to get through my business and leave town on the evening train.

THE MODEL CREAMERY.

MR CLEARY, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE POTTERY, MR CLARK, SECRETARY OF THE COMPANY, AND MR BURNS OF BELFAST.

A walk of perhaps two hundred feet brought me to the door of the pottery, a large stone building, constructed, like everything else in the country, on the last-forever plan. Before entering however, I paus-

ed to look at the beautiful scenery that lay around in all directions. In front of the door coursed that lovely stream, the Erne, splashing over miniature cascades and rapids, and revealing in its liquid depths myriads of brilliant-hued stones and pebbles, glittering like gems in a crystal casket. A fine old stone bridge, with massive piers and abutments, spanned the river here. On a lofty hill opposite, rising in picturesque majesty against the sky, was the ruin of an old fort, whose frowning walls now served the neighboring farmers as an enclosure for their cattle. To the left of the hill stands a model creamery, on the road to which was a procession of donkey carts, bringing the milk from the farms and waiting to take home the allowance of skimmed milk which the creamery allows them for the feeding of the calves.

A little farther down the stream is the fish hatchery, where salmon and trout are raised in countless numbers to stock the Irish rivers. It was a spot of rare beauty, and as I rambled along by the banks, there crept into my mind the verses of William Allingham on the town of Ballyshannon, where he was born, verses which came from the heart of the poet:

"Farewell to every white cascade from Harbor to Belleek,

THE CLIFF.

And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy shaded creek;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,
The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below.
The Lough that winds through islands under Turaw mountain green,
And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays betweeen;
And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne."

I suddenly remembered that I had business with the pottery, not with the charming Erne, so with a sigh of resignation I turned away and entered the fortress-like gate of the old establishment. The reception with which I met was truly Irish in its warmth and cordiality. Mr. Clark, the secretary of the company, is one of those happy beings who can make an utter stranger feel like a life-long friend in about three minutes. On learning that I was from America and wanted to know all about Belleek pottery ware, he hastened to introduce me to Mr. Cleary, the general superintendent.

THE BRIDGE.

The first place visited was the stock room, presided over by Mrs. Montgomery, a rosy-cheeked, bright-faced young lady, who has spent most of her life in the stock rooms of this pottery and knows every piece that has been turned out by the establishment for years. Here was an array of Belleek ware that was dazzling. There was very little for sale however, all had been purchased or made to order. A breakfast set for an Italian cardinal, and bearing his coat of arms, lay beside a delicate tea set, thin as an egg shell, made for the royal family. The latter was so fragile that I almost gasped when I saw Mr. Cleary take it up in his powerful hand, with apparent carelessness. It was not as delicate as it looked, he assured me, but I did not risk too close an examination. Vases, decorated with the dainty flowers and leaves, as varied in their shapes as in their decorations, tea sets, centre pieces, fruit baskets, and hundreds of other bits of the precious ware, were ranged along the shelves of the place and on the tables. Everything had the wonderful lustre for which Belleek is noted, and

FLOOD GATES, BELLEEK.

the place seemed inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

There are many grades of pottery ware made in Belleek. The commonest household utensils and the artistic porcelain share the same kilns. It is the latter grade, however, with which we are most familiar, and a brief description of its mode of manufacture may be of interest. The process in the main does not differ much from the methods used in the manufacture of porcelain in other countries. Several kinds of fine china clay are mixed with pulverized calcined feldspar. A soluble gum is mixed with the material intended for the making of the

THE RIVER ERNE.

thinner and highly-decorated pieces, to toughen them and allow them to be handled more freely. For the formation of many articles the potter's lathe is used, the lump of clay revolving on a small table where it is moulded into shape by the workman's hands or tools.

The delicate cups, vases, and similar pieces are made by pouring clay in a liquid state into plaster-of-paris moulds. The plaster absorbs the water from the clay next to it and when the surplus liquid is poured off, there remains a deposit of thick material around the sides of the mould. The longer the liquid is allowed to remain in the plaster the thicker will be the deposit, so that a few seconds almost suffice for the making of one of the famous egg-shell china cups. A short time is allowed for the absorption of the excess of water from the piece by the plaster and it is then taken from the mould and passed on to the potter, who adds the handle or the ornamentation of roses, shamrocks, and other flowers. When sufficiently dry, it is taken to the kiln, where it is carefully packed with kindred pieces in coarse earthenware vessels, called seggers, which are piled one on top of the other to a height of fully twenty feet. Each pile of seggers is called a bung, and there are forty or fifty bungs to the charge of a kiln, the bungs being arranged so there will be spaces between them to allow the heat to circulate freely around the seggers. The baking or firing requires great attention. It usually lasts from forty to forty-two hours. The fire is then allowed to go out and the kiln to cool very gradually. The latter is then opened and the seggers removed.

BELLEEK'S ONLY STREET.

Glazing is the next step. The biscuit ware, as the porcelain is called at this stage, is dipped by workmen into tubs containing a thick white fluid and then placed on a rack to dry. This dipping is also a work which requires much care. Uniformity in coating is required and large drops or accumulations on one part more than another must be prevented. The porous biscuit more rapidly absorbs the moisture and the thin film of glaze on the articles dries up. They are again placed in seggers and carried to the kilns, where they undergo another firing, which melts the glaze and converts it into a species of glass all over the surface. It is the glaze of the Belleek which has been its chief characteristic and which many potteries have vainly endeavored to imitate. Some of our American potteries attempted to duplicate the Belleek ware. They were successful in the designs, but the glaze baffles them. The spurious articles were readily detected by the public and the attempt failed. Little or no American Belleek is made at present.

Next in order comes the tinting and

decorating in colors. At Belleek this work is in the hands of about twenty young men and women, who sit at long tables in a large, well-lighted room, deftly applying the colors with their brushes. As we entered, the lassies took a shy glance at us, and I could not help thinking that some of them would have made excellent subjects for the decoration of their own ware. Prettier girls I did not see during my stay in Ireland. While we were in the art room, the bell on the village church pealed out the Angelus, and every man and girl in the place dropped the brush to make the sign of the cross and say a prayer. Having just come from Presbyterian Londonderry, the sight startled me. Mr. Cleary instantly said: "We are all Catholics here. In fact, every man and woman in the pottery, about one hundred and fifty in all, is a Catholic. All of our Board of Directors, with two exceptions, are Catholics. These two are splendid men, broad-minded, liberal Protestants, thoroughly unprejudiced on the religious question. Cardinal Logue is one of our stockholders, as are a number of the Irish bishops and priests. Another fact may interest you. With two exceptions all of our workers were born in Belleek or the immediate neighborhood. The two of whom I speak came here when quite young and belong as much to us as the others do." Mr. Cleary is not of Belleek, himself. He is considerable of a cosmopolitan, having traveled for a number of years, three of which he spent in the United States, and he is quite familiar with most of our large cities. He is

IRISH TURF CART.

quite in love with Belleek, however, and prefers his quiet home on the banks of the silvery Erne to a roost in one of the barrack-like flats above the sun-scorched pavements of New York.

The decorated porcelain is again baked in the kiln to fix the colors and the process is completed. It then goes to the stockroom for the inspection of buyers from mercantile houses all over the world. It must be added that the stock on hand is never very large, as the output of the pottery is hardly equal to the demand. Orders must be placed months ahead to secure any large quantity of porcelain.

The question often arises, what makes Belleek ware so costly? The plainer pieces, that is, those not ornamented with flowers or figures, are not dearer than any other good porcelain. All the wonderful flowers and tints on this Irish ware are done by hand. I watched a workman build up a rose on the side of a vase. Every petal was made from a separate lump of clay, with a steel tool, and then fastened in its place with liquid clay. Leaves and other ornaments were fashioned in the same tedious way, a workman sometimes taking days, and even weeks, to complete an elaborate piece. This is one reason that ornamented Belleek ware is dear. Then the breakage is considerable, and, naturally, must be paid for by the consumer. A fine piece cracked beyond repair in the firing is a serious loss, and there are many such accidents. Much is broken in the handling. When the American importer pays the consul fees, freight, customs duties, and brokerage, in addition to counting his loss by breakage in transit, he finds the cost of each piece is about double that which he paid for it at the pottery, where he has already paid his percentage on their accidents. These are the reasons why a consumer must pay a good price for Belleek ware, if he wants a very ornate piece.

As I wended my way to the depot in the afternoon, I felt that my visit to Belleek was worth the journey from America, and so I expressed myself to the "boy" who carried my baggage from Cleary's hotel to the train.

"It's a pity, sir, that you're not staying longer. We could give ye a nice mess of throut for supper."

"Do you ever get salmon here?" I asked.

The boy shook his head. "It's against the law to catch salmon, sir," was his reply.

"But, suppose," I persisted, "that you caught a nice young salmon on your hook, would you throw it into the water again?"

The boy gave me an arch look and naively answered: "Och, sure, some people don't know the difference between throut and salmon when they see them."

PEACEFUL WÜRTTEMBERG.

BY CORNELIA CRESS.

The Germany of which I write is old-fashioned South Germany, is quiet, world-forgotten Württemberg, where the servant question and most other questions are unknown, and where golf is still rather too new to be considered quite proper.

It is a land of gentle beauty, a land of low hills (rising to greater heights in the South) dotted with villages and fruit

trees, and covered with the vineyards that produce the sour wine of Württemberg; an agricultural land, divided into small holdings, unmarked by fence, wall, or hedge, so that nothing separates the purple cabbages of one man, from the waving hops of his neighbor, and seen at a distance the whole country is a patchwork of different colored little strips.

It is a land of quiet pleasures, most of them out of door pleasures, as the Württembergers, like all Germans, are a nature-loving people. Each season brings its own festival; in early spring there are excursions to the cherry-growing districts to see the masses of white fruit blossoms surrounding the steep-roofed villages, or to the Castle of Lichtenstein in the Swabian Alps, where on Whit-Monday an illumination takes place of the Nebelhöhle (cave of the mist), the grotto in which Hauff, in his historical novel of Lichtenstein, makes his hero lie hidden from his pursuing foes. It is a stately castle, and to the Württemberger, to whom Georg von Sturmfeder, the chief character of the book, and the loving, gentle, peasant girl, his companion, are life-long friends, familiar from pictures, embroidery, and fancy dress balls, this excursion is a sort of national pilgrimage.

In summer the world goes farther a-field, walking tours are general, and along the Rhine, or by the brown, dancing streams of the Black Forest, one sees men and their wives taking their annual tramp, each with a knapsack, containing the necessities (strictly the necessities) of dress, slung over their shoulders; and though the dust-covered boots, and dust-colored garments, do not make an attractive costume, the wearers certainly seem to enjoy their holiday, and to love their country more for knowing it better. Or sometimes it is a gang of schoolboys one meets, the children in grey linen suits (that always seem to be outgrown by the wearers) marching more or less in military order, and from time to time singing patriotic songs or national ballads. A teacher goes with them pointing out the objects of interest on the road, and in this way they often take a ten days' tramp. As far as possible they choose as the object of their walk some spot celebrated for its beauty, or its historical association,— the lovely lakes of South Bavaria, the great statue of Germania on the Rhine, put up to commemorate the war of '70, or the silent, fragrant, pine-clad slopes of the Black Forest where the wind overhead in the tree tops murmurs tales of gnomes and elves, and lonely charcoal burners.

For Württembergers a favorite pilgrimage in the Black Forest is to Wildbad, where a tablet on the wall of the bath-house describes the discovery of the mineral spring some four hundred years ago, by a Count of Württemberg, who, following, while out hunting, the track of a wounded deer, saw it make its way to this spring, and lie down in the clear brown water that has since brought healing to many wounds; to so many in fact, that the fame of the bath induced the German government, after the Franco-Prussian war, to set aside quite a large sum of money with which to send injured soldiers to try its curative power.

Württemberg has a free asylum there for rheumatic and scrofulous children, and every day an omnibus under the charge of a pleasant-faced matron may be seen taking a load of little cripples to the bath.

Autumn brings the "Volksfest" (people's fête), which the Württembergers, settled in America, have copied over here. It is held on the outskirts of Cannstatt, a small town about three miles from Stuttgart, and lasts several days, a country fair with international "fat ladies," "strong men," and "living skeletons," a cattle show, and, on the afternoon of the second day, races that are

attended by the royal family, and all the Court. At the entrance to the race course is a triumphal arch made of evergreens and ears of corn, and decorated with gourds, apples, and ropes of onions, a most artistic and carefully made arch. It is the farmers' holiday and formerly, when the peasants still wore their pretty costume, the long white linen coats, the buckskin breeches, the high boots, and the red waistcoats, added very much to the picturesqueness of the scene. Costumes, however, have entirely disappeared in Württemberg, and it is most rare to see the one just described, or even the simpler one of a long black coat with silver buttons, and the women have nothing whatever picturesque left in their dress. As one sees them dragging little handcarts through the street, filled with cans of milk they have brought from their own tiny farm, or carrying on their heads great baskets of fruit and vegetables, one wonders what advantage the shapeless, colorless skirt and short jacket have over the former pretty costume. The Württembergers are an ugly race, the peasants, as a rule, being short and thick-set, with blunt features.

The peasants in general are not poor; in that respect too it is a peaceful little land with no extremes, no great wealth, no great poverty, each family having a larger, or smaller, strip of land on which to raise vegetables for the market or home use. Both the man and the woman work in the field, with perhaps the help of a patient cow, and three times a week the women carry in a basket, balanced on the head, the produce of their garden or orchard, to the open-air market in Stuttgart. This market is picturesque as in most German cities; the hall holds about one-third only of the sellers, the others stand outside under big umbrellas, and on their tables are piled baskets of delicious fruit (the autumn raspberries of Württemberg are renowned), bowls of wild flowers, thick solid little wreaths of forget-me-nots, beautiful roses, a wilderness of lilies of the valley, and, in the early spring, the tiny white-flowered herb, "Waldmeister," which gives the aromatic taste to the extremely popular punch called "Maitrank" (Maydrink).

Christmas is one of the prettiest, and, of course, one of the most familiar of German festivals. As every one knows the making of cake is the pressing business of the holiday. Good housekeepers pride themselves on the number and variety of their cakes. Just before Christmas the streets are filled with bareheaded maids (a servant never wears a hat when she is on duty, perhaps because all heavy burdens are carried on the head), taking tins of different kinds of dough to the baker as for some reason the average German range does not do well for cakes, and they have to be entrusted to the baker, or confectioner. Anisbrödchen (anis-seed cake), Lebkuchen (glazed ginger bread), Zimmtsternchen (cinnamon stars), Springerli, and many others are made by the hundreds, and a plateful of different varieties given to every one who is in the habit of going to the house,— to the teachers, to the postman, to the woman who brings milk and vegetables, to the child who delivers the newspapers, and all others. In a big family the celebration often lasts a week, as one night a tree is dressed in the grandmother's house, then in an uncle's, and so on. Every year the children get certain elaborate toys, with which they are only allowed to play during the holidays; after that the railway train, kitchen range, or riding school, is put up till next Christmas, and then added to the other presents on their table.

Every one is remembered at Christmas, every one, living or dead; many a little tree that night burns out its candles in a cemetery, and here and there a

mother may be found putting toys as well as holly on the grave of her child.

Even in hotels the day is marked. In the chief hotel of the capital, guests and employeés are invited to a big, handsomely decorated tree, glittering with electric lights. Each servant receives money and a plate of cakes. Champagne is given to them, and the hotel-keeper himself goes about drinking, and touching glasses with the chief of each department,— the headwaiter, the first cook, etc. Of course there are songs,— there is music at every German festival,— and all join in singing, "Oh, silent night! Oh sacred night!" the Christmas hymn. By New Year all the trees and Christmas greens must be taken away. It is bad luck to keep them longer.

The lower classes also have their yearly pleasures. All those living in towns belong to some social club, which, according to its funds, gives one or more entertainments in the course of the twelve months,—a dance in the winter, or an excursion in the summer, whence the members return tired in the late twilight, with wreaths of green leaves round their shoulders or hats, an indispensable sign of outdoor enjoyment to a German of the lower classes, who can make himself ridiculous with more gravity than can a man of any other nation.

In Württemberg the masses amuse themselves; no lectures or social evenings are planned for them; they get up their own clubs and enjoy to the utmost the winter entertainment held perhaps in the holidays, when Fräulein Mina, the butcher's daughter, distributes the gifts on the Christmas tree, and reads the verses written for the occasion by the poet of the society; or the long summer day they pass walking out to some point of interest near their town. The newspapers always give notice of these excursions. "On Wednesday, the 10th of August, the Carpenter's Club will walk out to Waiblingen (the little town that long years ago gave its name to the fierce battle cry of "Ghibelline," used to designate the Emperor's followers, in distinction to the Guelphs, who were on the Pope's side). Members must join the procession at the Town Hall. Those who wish to do so may go by the train leaving at half-past nine. Dinner at twelve in the Inn 'Zur Traube' (of the grapes) Waiblingen."

These societies are perhaps a survival of the old guilds, or they might be called trade unions for the purpose of peace, not of warfare.

The newspapers, besides these notices, have a good deal that is odd to us — the announcement of engagements for instance, thus: "Johann Schmidt, cab-driver, and Louisa Müller, cook, present their compliments as engaged;" or the death column, "On Sunday last fell asleep our beloved husband, father, father-in-law, grandfather, and brother, Friedrich Mühlbronner. Sympathy is asked for the sorrowing widow; Johanna Benz, born Mühlbronner, as daughter, Albert Benz, as son-in-law, Otto and Ludwig Benz as grandchildren, Mina Mühlbronner as sister:" and after the funeral, "We wish to express our thanks for the beautiful gift of flowers, for the comforting words of the clergyman at the grave, and for the hymns sung by the members of the singing society," signed, "The sorrowing survivors."

The newspapers always devote some space to an account of the actions of the King and Queen,— the schools she visits, the ministers with whom he discusses state affairs, the hour he drives out, etc., etc. The newspapers are small sheets, and the leisurely manner in which they are carried to the different subscribers, by a little child, after school hours, shows an un-American willingness to wait for the news of the world. "Marie-

chen" comes back from school, gets her dinner, and then begins her round with the daily papers. She gets five cents a month from each subscriber, for carrying the paper to him. No newspapers are sold in the streets.

A custom, touching in its kindly good feeling, is that of putting a wreath of flowers over the hall door, to celebrate the return, after a journey, of any member of the family. Usually the word "Welcome" is printed on a big card and encircled by the wreath; but sometimes the entire door is framed in green, and a bunch of flowers at the top gives brightness to the whole. A bride who did not have her new home decorated for her entry would feel she had indeed been badly treated. If there is no one else to put up the wreath, no friends or family, if the bride is beginning life in a strange city, then the servants give the decorations themselves, and it is they who provide a floral welcome for the family when it returns from its summer trip.

Württembergers, like other continental peoples, live in apartments, one reason perhaps why the children are less boisterous than with us, as the fear of the lower floor's anger is always present, to the mother's mind at least, and the boys are obliged to put on felt slippers when they begin to play. Each family in succession cleans the general staircase for a week, and in modest households a gaily colored card representing a policeman talking to a maid is the sign that it is "Kehrwoche" (sweeping week) and is hung near the entrance door of those whose turn it is to labor for the general good.

Only the newer houses in Württemberg have water; for the others the supply has to be brought in copper buckets that the kitchenmaid carries on her head to the apartment, no matter up how many flights of stairs it may be. Pumps, or running fountains provide the water, and often there is also a low basin which forms a drinking place for the dogs of the neighborhood.

Time, however, is bringing many changes in the custom of the little land. The open-air Christmas fair for instance, held in the chief streets of the capital a week before the festival, has already lost most of its attraction. Booths with Bohemian lace, gingerbread, kitchen utensils and wooden toys, still line the street for a week before the holiday; but last year, for the first time, Christmas trees were no longer allowed to be sold there — the snow-sprinkled Christmas trees that carried one's thoughts back to their old home, the silent, fragrant, moss-carpeted woods of the Black Forest, and which in the Stuttgart street, made a foreground of color for the tower of the chief church, looming grey out of a grey sky. This old church has seen the growth of the city and from its spire shows a musical sympathy with many of its moods. From a platform high up on its tower musicians play a solemn hymn to announce the approach of a funeral to the church. Christmas is heralded at midnight by an old German choral that rings far out over the hushed city, and the clock striking twelve on New Year's Eve is the signal for an outburst of "Prosit Neujahr" from the people waiting below in the street, each one eager to be the first to shout out the good wishes of the season.

Many of the Counts of Württemberg lie buried in this church, among others Eberhard im Barte, who discovered the mineral springs of Wildbad. It is of him that the pretty story is told that on one occasion, being driven out of his country by his enemies, he had to take refuge in the Black Forest, and when at last he was found by his followers, lay fast

asleep with his head on the knee of a shepherd boy, sure of his subject's love, though his neighbors had turned against him.

In another way also, the church forms a link with the past. Every night at nine o'clock the ringing of a little silver bell recalls to the Stuttgarters the memory of their good Countess, who, long years ago, being lost when she was out late one night found her way back to the then small town by the sound of a bell, and, therefore, in her will, left this silver bell (which has been used ever since) to the citizens, and a sum of money to pay for having it rung every night as a guide to all future wanderers.

A favorite amusement is the theatre. It is a very comfortable one, no trouble, no fuss. At a little before seven the maid, or the man servant, takes the girls to the performance; they mount the dusty stairs, leave their wraps in the "garde robes," and go to their box, where they pass the whole evening unchaperoned. At first, this seems rather a strange exception to the usual custom; the explanation is, however, that there is no visiting in the entráctes, and as German girls of good family only sit in boxes for which they have subscribed they know quite well who is on each side of them, and very probably are surrounded by acquaintances. The two first rows of orchestra chairs are reserved for officers.

A kindly feeling reigns between the audience and the actors; many of the latter are engaged for life, and though there are no stars the average is decidedly higher than with us, and, therefore, according to European ideas, the whole is smoother, and more artistic than under the opposite rule.

At half-past ten even the longest play or opera is over. The officers wait on the pavement to see the audience come out; the girls slip by, a little embarrassed by the glances of the "Herr Lieutenant," and get into their carriage; the stout shopkeeper turns up his coat collar and goes to his customary inn, where at his usual table he discusses the play, and drinks his last glass of beer; and in a quarter of an hour the street is silent again. Early hours are so much the rule that if a performance requires more than three and a half hours, it begins at six or half-past.

The theatre I refer to is the Court theatre, subsidized by the Government and under the management of a Court official. Three times a week operas are given, on the other nights plays, tragedies, or comedies. Tickets are not expensive. On ordinary nights the dearest seats in the house cost four marks (96 cts.) and less by subscription, so that it is an inexpensive amusement, and a very popular one among all classes. The morning after the performance of a play of Schiller's, for instance, the smiling mistress of the Court glove shop, discusses, as she wraps up a parcel, the good and weak points in the acting of "unsere Walhmann" (our Walhmann, the tragedian) and she, and her equals, have an intelligent appreciation of good dramas unknown to her class over here.

The festival of all festivals, however, the crown of German merrymaking, is a wedding, which always includes the "Polter Abend," a dinner, and a dance, and sometimes in the country, or in old-fashioned circles, means an entertainment lasting several days, and embracing drives and excursions. The Polter Abend, an evening entertainment, is the German version of our dinner to the bridesmaids and ushers, and is given the night before the wedding. It is usually restricted to the wedding party, the family on both sides, the more intimate friends, and is very informal in character. Congratulatory verses are read,

verses composed for the occasion, in which the names of the bride and groom (in Germany the engaged girl is called "braut," a bride, until she marries, then she is spoken of as "the young wife") are introduced, a young sister personifying joy, or youth, or some other agreeable quality, wishes them all happiness, there is a little play perhaps, turning on some event appropriate to the occasion, every one's health is drunk, and the braut is kissed enthusiastically by all her girl friends.

Even an engagement, however, has unusual features. In the first place, the announcement is not made haphazard on any day that may seem good to the chief actors, but the news is kept till Christmas, Easter, a birthday, or some other festival, and then broken to an expectant world. It is quite usual to hear girls say apropos of some friend, "We shall soon hear a bit of news, hers will surely be a Whit-Monday engagement." Everything appertaining to this stage is regulated by custom, even the suitor's dress. A girl would feel the man was indeed wanting in respect towards her if he went in anything less than full dress to ask for her father's consent. For that interview he must be in "frack and cylinder" (evening coat and high hat) no matter if it is at eight o'clock in the morning.

Between the announcement of the engagement and the wedding, usually a period of a few months only, the bride and her mother lead a busy life. The latter's duties as chaperon are wearing, as she accompanies the "braut, and bräutigam" everywhere, never letting them be seen in public without her, except when they go on their round of visits; while the girl not only has to call on all her acquaintances and the family, to the most distant branch, but she must learn to cook, before she undertakes the care of her own house. In Württemberg, girls of the highest rank take cooking lessons before they marry; they go daily for six weeks, or two months to the kitchen of some good hotel, or some princely family, and complete the education begun in earlier years at home.

The girl, however, is spared an occupation, which over here takes up much of a fiancée's time. She has nothing whatever to do with the bridesmaids' dresses; they choose them themselves, and often do not even consult her.

The duty of calling on all the members of the family is a grave one. The mother does not accompany the braut and bräutigam on that round; they drive in solemn state, or else walk arm in arm, (an infallible sign of an engagement), to introduce the man to every member of the family. Then, often for the first time in her life, the young girl is pressed to take the seat of honor, and is lead by the lady of the house to the sofa, which until then has been forbidden ground to her. For the sofa still keeps its former dignity. It is the seat reserved for the honored guest, and no young German girl would dream of taking it unasked; in fact, there are few of any age who may sit there as a matter of course; the hostess must always urge, and the guest demur. If a visitor is sitting on the sofa when a married lady, or one of higher rank, enters the room, the place must at once be offered to the new-comer, and there is always some little ceremony, many "bitte, bitte," "ach Sie sind zu gütig" before the matter is settled. To a young girl, however, even the fact that she has reached that pinnacle of social glory, the sofa, cannot rob this round of visits of its terrors, and to the bräutigam, to whom even that consolation is lacking, it is indeed an ordeal.

All of the preparations, however, end with the Polter Abend. By that time the

cooking lessons are over, the visits have been paid, the presents received, and everyone is looking forward to the next day, the busy wedding day. It is the custom for the bride's family to send for and take all of the guests to the church. In small towns, therefore, where the livery stables are not big, one carriage has to make many trips to and fro, and less important friends are called for a couple of hours sometimes before the ceremony. They wait in the vestry for the others. Not so the bridesmaids; they are subjected to no such indignity; the usual rules of chaperonage are released for that occasion. and each one passes the whole day with her especial groomsman. In the morning he drives to her house armed with the bouquet he has brought for her; they go to the church together, afterwards to the hall, or home of the bride's parents, where the dinner is given, sit by each other at table, and have the first dance together.

Sometimes all of the guests wait in the vestry; when it is a big wedding, the bridesmaids and ushers wait in one room, the other guests in a second. While the people are arriving, the gentlemen make a point of having themselves introduced to all the strangers; a Württemberger who did not do so would be considered extremely rude. The young girls, too, must ask to be presented to all the older ladies whom they do not know.

When all have assembled the two families and the guests go to their seats in the church, while the bridesmaids and groomsmen take their position in the aisle near the chief door, and await the arrival of the bride and groom. These walk up the aisle together (no one gives the bride away), the other couples behind them, and all take places in front of the chancel. The ceremony is short, but afterwards the clergyman makes a long discourse, bringing in every affecting circumstance he can think of relating to the occasion, so that many are in tears before the affair is over. The wedding procession leaves the church in the order in which it entered, each couple as it passes putting money for the poor in a contribution-plate placed on a table in the aisle.

The dinner is usually held in a hall, for in Württemberg no one is invited to the church simply; an invitation means an invitation to everything; therefore, it is sometimes a numerous company that sits down to the one o'clock meal. The dinner is a long affair; telegrams of congratulation from distant friends are read aloud; the health of the bride and groom, of the bridesmaids, and of the respective families is drunk, and at each toast all the guests rise, go to those to whom they drink, and clink glasses with them. It is a constant procession passing round the table, at one time the bridesmaids going to the bridal couple to touch glasses with them, at another the groom, and the bride in her long veil, going to do honor to the bridesmaids. At each place is a book of songs composed for the occasion by a friend of the family, and set to well-known airs. Photographs of the bride and groom ornament these little books, or the coat-of-arms of the two families, and all the poems turn on some event or sentiment suitable to the occasion. At intervals a signal is given, and the guests join in singing them, praising the charms of the bride to the air, perhaps, of the national hymn.

With the sweet course comes what, to us, is the unusual feature of a Württemberg wedding. Big clothes baskets filled with parcels are brought into the room, and the packages distributed among the guests, according to the name on the wrappings. Everyone gets something, for not only does each bridesmaid and groomsman make his or her

partner, a present, not only does the bride's family put in a package for many of the guests, but people who are not at the wedding, people who perhaps do not know the bride, send souvenirs to those of their friends who are among the invited. Presents of all kinds! I have seen books, and spoons of Russian enamel, given, and have heard of one woman receiving her winter india-rubbers, while a friend at a country wedding had

A HOLIDAY PARTY.

a box of June bugs sent to her by a young brother. All of the presents are anonymous.

After the dinner, which, with all these interruptions lasts several hours, comes a dance. In the country, as I said before, or in old-fashioned circles, the festivities continue for several days after the wedding, but usually this dance is the last gaiety.

Apropos of weddings—one I saw in Butzbach, a little town of Hesse, dwells in my memory as being among the quaintest sights of my stay in Germany. The whole day was out of the common, including as it did a visit to the provincial exhibition in Butzbach, near Nanheim, the celebrated bath. It was a small exhibition held in a house built for the purpose, the model of a peasant house of the last century, that contained life-sized figures in the costume of that time, old pottery, peasant embroidery, ornamental ironwork, and other interesting exhibits.

Afterwards, to fill up time before the train left, I wandered about the sleepy, grey, little town, and soon came to the market place, an open square with a fountain where Gretchen might have filled her jug, and where now as in the Middle Ages servants draw the water for their domestic wants. Steep-roofed

houses with windows of small panes surrounded three sides of the square, while diagonally opposite the street stood a church, whence as I looked issued a wedding procession, children throwing flowers, and behind them, walking two and two, the bridesmaids and groomsmen, the families, and the guests. Two or three women, evidently sisters of the bride or groom, wore their wedding dresses of a couple of years before, while the men with them had old-fashioned high hats, the hat that a German of the lower middle classes buys when he is young, and wears all the rest of his life for ceremonial purposes. It was a procession of decided colors, bright pinks, clear blues, vivid greens, but the quaint grey setting, the eighteenth century houses, the running fountain, even the rough irregular stones that paved the market place, softened what might otherwise have been glaring, and made an extremely pretty scene.

The procession walked slowly down the long empty streets (the windows of all the houses filled with spectators) to the inn where the dinner was to be served, while the bride and groom drove in front in the one carriage of the occasion,—a large, voluminous bride, whose billows of white surged up around the groom and left only his head and shoulders visible. The sexton of the church where the ceremony had taken place explained that it was a brilliant alliance, the groom being owner of the chief inn of the town.

WINTER IN WURTTEMBERG.

Later, I stopped in the garden of the hotel to get a cup of coffee before the train left. Servants were hurrying in and out of the house with trays of dishes and plates, while from the dining room came shouts of laughter and cries of "Hoch! Hoch!" (hurrah), that showed the feast had already reached the stage of toasts, and that the bride was receiving the good wishes of all her friends.

NORSE LULLABY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night,
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the songs I sing the best—
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep,
Weary thou art, anext my heart
Sleep, little one, sleep."

QUAINT CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN ITALY.

BY CLARE SOREL STRONG.

There are those who maintain that the coast line from Salerno to Amalfi is the most lovely in Europe, finer than that from Naples to Sorrento; grander than the Cornice from Nice to Mentone. At any rate the edge of the Gulf of Salerno is beautiful mainly with a beauty of Nature. Storied cities there are to be sure. Greek Poestani is visible on the promontory to the east. Salerno itself is an ancient and noteworthy cathedral town. Amalfi—whose palaces are, many of them, now deep under the blue sea—was a power in the maritime world when Genoa was a tiny port, or merely a fishing village.

But there are vast stretches of this coast which hardly show the touch of human hand. The glorious cliffs and mountains are much as Dame Nature made them; and, crowning blessing of all—there is no vulgar "villadom," no stuccoed "desirable residence."

A HUMBLE ORCHESTRA

Driving along the coast road towards Amalfi, some twelve years ago, I met a huge flock of goats, led by a shepherd who was playing on his pipes. The goats stepped demurely after him, giving no trouble to the ragged shepherd boy and the dog, who formed the rear guard. We were mounting a slight incline. Piper and flock and attendants rose suddenly above us where the road rounded a great rock, and were outlined against the sky. They made a beautiful silhouette. The music of the pipes was shrill and very strange. There was something oddly delightful in the apparition and I cried out to my driver for an explanation.

"Don't you know we are near Christmas?" returned Niccolo, with displeasure.

"Oh, yes, there are still just ten days," I assented.

"Well," he said, no whit appeased, "he's piping to his flock."

"But why?"

"Because it's near Christmas, as you said," replied Niccolo, rather gruffly.

"Will they pipe till after the feast?" I asked.

"To be sure!" said the now angry driver.

"Do the goats like it?"

"Can't you see for yourself that they do?"

In truth they stepped along in a way to remind me of "a musical ride."

"Then if they like it so much why don't the shepherds play before their flocks the whole year round?" I asked, for my curiosity was keen.

At that Niccolo's patience was fairly exhausted. He turned upon me exclaiming: "Only to think of it! You who are grown-up never to have heard that the shepherds were the first to adore at the Crib at Bethlehem!" And I was so astonished by this outburst on the part of a usually mild-mannered and affable little man that I had not presence of mind to say that all Christendom knew the story of the midnight shepherds, but not more than a little corner of the world probably had kept up the picturesque piping custom.

In Naples, shepherds pipe before the street shrines. Pious persons hail the shepherd with his pipes to make him play before the altar bracket in their dwellings, and even before the poor colored print pinned to the wall of their one room. He goes to the tenants of the ground floor, and he mounts seven stories, playing everywhere, and receiving a cent or so for each visit. The piper himself is a fine-looking fellow in a quaint costume that suits him, and his "drone and squeal music" plays upon the very heart-strings of those who have come to love it through touching associations.

That "taste differs" is a proverb, but surely in nothing does taste differ so much as in music. We have all read Edmond About's book, "Le Fellah," in which there is a pithy scene illustrative of this point. The Egyptian peasant, who is the chief character of the book, is sent to complete his education in Paris. The Khedivial Government, which sends him, through its power in high places obtains

Photograph by Basetti.

SOUTH ITALIAN PIPERS WHO PIPE BEFORE SHRINES AT CHRISTMAS.

for its *fellah* the *entre* of the most distinguished society. He is in a great house. Operatic stars are singing there, though it is quite a private reunion. A lady asks the Egyptian if he did not think a song that they have just heard "divine." Being an Oriental he is polite. The *fellah* stimulates enthusiasm. But his interlocutor declares that there is something wanting in his praise—"perhaps he has no love for music?" The *fellah* eagerly denies the charge. He declares, too, that there is the most lovely music in his own country. Several people ask him if he cannot give them a specimen of Egyptian song. He refuses gently at first. Then other operatic artists perform. The listeners are moved, some of them moved even to tears. The *fellah* remains cold, although he applauds for politeness' sake. Finally he allows himself to be persuaded to sing; and he gives his audience a national romance with which he has enraptured his listeners in the land of the Nile. It again is of the drone-and-whine order of music. But it affects the singer precisely in the manner that the western music has affected the Paris audience. His eyes glow now, and they fill with tears,—those splendid dark orbs.

Tears, too, there are among his hearers, but they are tears of laughter. The *élite* of Paris have not been able to conceal their mirth as he "quavers" and "shakes" nasally through his song. This display of bad manners contrasts unpleasantly with the eastern peasant's courteous self-restraint.

But what a potent thing is old Locke's "principle of association." I have known one or two people who declared bagpipe music "no better than the noise of squealing pigs," on ordinary occasions, yet who would shed hot tears when the *Adeste Fideles* was interrupted by imitation bagpipes played on the organ during the Christmastide, as is done almost universally in Italy, if not at the singing of the *Adeste* then at the *Offertory* when that hymn is usually played. The pipes are, needless to say, introduced to symbolize the humble shepherds of the first Christmas, and the thought of them is sweeter and more tender than the thought even of the three Kings.

Photograph by Noack.

ITALIAN SHEPHERDS.

Midnight Mass is almost universal in Italy. It is a beautiful thing to see the devout congregations—the women veiled in fine white linen—who have come through the snow to hear the solemn High Mass in some of the Alpine valleys. It is alas!

SICILIANS GOING TO MASS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

the reverse of edifying to be present at midnight Mass in some of the sea-board towns. The lights, the crowds, the unusual hour, combine to make the late Christmas Eve an occasion for noise and frolic for the little boys. Stray revellers, more or less tipsy, drift into the church, and frequently create a disturbance. In a friary-church on the Riviera two Christmases ago there was an in-rush of roysterers who went near the Crib, bleated, brayed and lowed at sight of the stable with its ass and ox and the flocks of the midnight shepherds. This conduct was of course very disturbing and painful to the worshippers. Some cried out for silence. Others tried to shoulder the disturbers away from the Crib. The music was drowned in the noise. Two policemen were in the church, but apparently thought it better not to interfere. A friar, smiling and gentle, walked down to the knot of rough intruders. He did not even remonstrate. His presence was enough. Like snow before the sun the noisy faction melted away, and the congregation again said their prayers in peace and quiet.

Not only in Italy, but all over Southern Europe midnight Mass used to be said in all the chief churches and in many chapels, until recent years. At Nice, now, the cathedral is dark and lonely at midnight on Christmas night. Mass is said at that time in convents, and the many pious strangers and pious Nicois are admitted by ticket if they apply in time. The illustration of the cart carrying Sicilians to Mass on Christmas Day shows a most remarkable vehicle. Its wheels and shafts are painted in the brightest colors, and its panels represent in vivid tints the history of some martyr, or the life of one of the saints specially venerated in the island, or some fight between village and village, or the siege of Troy, or other classic Greek tale. But the most popular paintings for carts are the stories of the martyrs. Neapolitans and Sicilians drive their horses without a bit in the mouth. They use a nose-band instead. The under surface of this nose-band is studded with points, which are

sometimes long and sharp and make the band a thing of torture. It is curious that the absence of the bit improves the facial expression of these southern horses to such a degree that the sorriest jade looks less miserable than much less broken-down horses whose mouths have been dragged out of shape by the bit. Sicilian holiday harness is also ornate, and a couple of gay plumes with some

A CHRISTMAS STALL.

mane ribbons go to complete a horse's trappings for a journey to church on a festival. The pictured fighting men in this case date from the Napoleonic wars.

In Rome, until lately, great numbers of pipers made the rounds of the city, beginning on the last day of November, to play the Novena of *L'Immacolata*. They "folded" their flocks, handed them over to junior members of their families, and came into town. The *Zampognari* are hailed with delight by all the children who cry out in great glee: "Here comes Christmas with the pipers!" The pipers, one and all, used to wear steeple-crowned hats; bags and hanging clouts of black cloth, or dark green corduroys ornamented with metal buttons, leather-strapped sandals with woolen wraps, instead of stockings, and two or three capes over their shoulders. These pipers were highly characteristic figures, the delight of many artists' eyes. But now a genuine, correctly-clad *Zampognaro* is rather rare. The pipers have taken to dressing more or less like other peasants of the *campagna romana*, and have thereby become much less picturesque. Doubtless what is called "progress" will in time make pipers and peasants, one and all, buy their raiment at the ready-made clothiers. That is what the men in the

Alps, and the Greek male agricultural population, have been doing for some time. The cheap clothier is so very cheap. And then, say an *Eskimo* might think the peasant, in what is technically termed a "reach-me-down," was habited exactly in the same way as the President of the United States. One more versed in fashions would not, however, make the *Eskimo's* mistake. If only the costume-clad peasant had enough vanity (or enough taste) to see that he must not make a guy of himself, the world would be a far more beautiful dwelling place than it is. The feminine part of the rural populations is fortunately more conservative. Pasquale de Luca wrote of the pipers and their music in a Christmas number of the weekly *Corriere* some years ago. He described their performance as "a sobbing and groaning with the imitation of the cries of wild animals thrown in, and the whistling of our autumn winds through the bare branches of a forest." Such as it is the music of the pipes was not disdained by Beethoven. He introduces it in its pristine originality in his enchanting Pastoral Symphony.

De Luca followed his *Zampognari* to their haunts in the wretched lodging-houses of Rome, where their fellow guests were often of "the flying squadron," followed that is and kept "flying" by the ever threatening "arm of the law." What a contrast between their days devoted to the playing of "Novenas"— first that of the *Immacolata;* and afterwards that of Christmas — and their nights in thieves' dens! between their wholesome country life, too, under wide skies, following their sheep and their goats, and their sojourn in the lowest quarters of Rome, or Naples! How glad they must be when at last they can tie up their copper earnings in some recess of their strange habiliments, shoulder their provision sack, pack away their pipes in the bag that they travel in, shake the dust of the city from their rag-wrapped feet, and trudge away to the hut that they call home.

Now-a-days the piper will tell a sympathetic stranger "trade is bad." There was a time when pious people hardly thought that they had duly kept their Christmas unless they had set aside a really helpful gift for the shepherds whose families out in the wilds somewhere depended upon them. The piper uses his "dead season" to fill a little purse for wife, children, and old folk away in that poverty-stricken cabin, but "now" he laments "the poor have grown too poor' to help him much, and he draws a moving picture between past years, and the present. Moreover, he complains bitterly of "trade-spoilers"— wandering musicians ("and companies of them") who sing hymns to the *Bambino* by day, and play before the shrines just as if they were real *pfifferari* and then in the evenings these *guastamestieri* sing the least edifying of songs in the eating houses. The piper calls it "profanation."

The district of the *Sette Commune* in North Italy is a famous plain among the foot-hills of the Alps. The pious traditions and the legends of the people appeal to folk-lorists as essentially Celtic. Ethnologists and etymologists find their paradise in the region, but the special interest of the Communes in respect to their Christmas customs centres in a hymn sung here on Christmas Eve. It is certainly four hundred years old, according to Pietro Sambugaro, and the music that carries the words is pathetic and finely harmonized. The hymn (music and words) has been handed down from parent to child through at least seventeen generations, to honor the coming of Him "Who was born of the Virgin Mary."

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Sweet Infant-Prince, Who, by Thy Birth,
  Shed light and joy divine,
Come now, in might, unto the earth,
  And calm this life of mine!
Bid carking fears and doubts depart;
  Bid gloom and sadness cease;
Come, gentle Babe, and fill my heart,
  Sweet Jesus, give me peace!

The hopes that burned within my breast
  Have lost their olden fire,
And, in their stead, a fierce unrest
  Doth 'gainst my soul conspire!
Lord, from my cheerless lot I crave
  The favor of release;
From tyrant-rule my spirit save,—
  Sweet Jesus, give me peace!

"THE FIRST CHRISTMAS."

BY E. M. LYNCH.

Mr. Whall, whose "First Christmas" is reproduced on page 557, is a painter of distinction. His canvasses are few, because he gives most of his labor to designing for stained windows. The lower part of this picture shows the stable at Bethlehem. Instead of the customary angels at the foot of the Crib, there are four of the children of the poor. They are uncomely, with one exception; and their clothing is coarse and ragged. Their faces are the faces of those to whom life is hard; and Want familiar. Two of the children look with tender surprise at the Holy Child; and the other two, at the grave and beautiful Mother. St. Joseph's head is a fine study of calm reverence tinged with awe. The gentle eyes of the cattle gaze upon the Child-Christ, in soft wonder. The painter must have woven histories around his little, kneeling street-Arabs, whom the Babe is in the act of blessing. There is much character in their heads; —and various! Above the Crib, the poor stable has a roof of snow and icicles.

The upper canvas shows a strong contrast within itself. On one side, there is "a Belgravian mansion,"—so the painter described it. From every window, pour streams of golden light, and, opposite, there stands a great Gothic church, all in deep shadow, and deserted. "The which is an allegory," the old writers would say! It is also a forcible sermon. Christian Democrats, might well wish to reproduce Mr. Whall's picture on one of their banners. The color-scheme of the work is very harmonious; but this quality black-and-white is powerless to render.

The original picture is in a country-house in Ireland.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Valerian Persecution. By the Rev. Patrick J. Healey, D.D. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

It is seldom that we meet with a work which shows the investigation, the critical acumen and the broad scholarship displayed in the "Valerian Persecution." The learned author has studied with unusual care the relations between the Christian Church and the Roman State during the first three centuries of our era. He has devoted, however, special attention to the persecution under Valerian, and the results of his historical researches are embodied in the volume under review. It will be remembered that the Emperor Valerian began his reign by a display of unwonted toleration for the Christians, some of whom were permitted to reside in the royal palace. Unfortunately the kindly disposed emperor fell under the influence of the Egyptian magician, Macrianus, and at his suggestion the eighth general persecution opened in the year 257 A. D. Two edicts were proclaimed against the inoffensive Christian members of the Roman Empire, the first of which ordered the banishment of the clergy and forbade the faithful to meet in the Catacombs, while the second, published in 258, called for the immediate death of the bishops and priests, the degradation of Christian senators and knights, and for the banishment of Christian ladies of rank. Similar punishments were meted out to those in the humbler walks of life. It was during this persecution that Pope St. Stephen I and the famous St. Cyprian met their death; during this time, too, suffered the noble-hearted and faithful St. Lawrence and the zealous Pope Xystus. Father Healey's discussion of this stormy period is of so thorough a nature that his pages will be read with profit not only by students but also by experts in the line of historical researches.

Infallibility. By the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. With introduction by the Rev. Spencer Jones, M.A. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

This clear statement of the generally misunderstood doctrine of Infallibility is edited by an Anglican minister, the Rev Spencer Jones, who contributes an introduction which is remarkable for its fearless statements of facts not usually admitted — "The fact is, and men are coming to realize it, that the entire process of the Reformation in this country (England) was controlled by force and absolutely steeped in fraud; and, while in the past it has been the fashion to describe it as a settlement, a closer inspection compels us to acknowledge and to deplore the deposit of disorganization which this wild and lawless movement too evidently left behind it." While Mr. Spencer Jones does not feel sure of the position of Catholics, still he thinks that it will be of benefit to the cause of religion in general if the doctrines of the Church are better known. To help in dissipating some of the errors regarding Catholic faith he has edited this scholarly paper of Father Vincent McNabb.

We heartily endorse any movement which will help to place Catholic faith and practice in the true light before the world, and hence we hope that this timely pamphlet will be given a wide circulation, especially among High Church Episcopalians.

The Mystic Treasures of the Holy Mass. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. St. Louis. Herder. 1905.

Learned, yet not too deep; suggestive, yet not too specific; attractive in style yet not over-wrought, this booklet from the pen of the well-known Father Coppens will greatly conduce to a true valuation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As busy gleaners carefully garner the smallest grains of wheat, so loyal Catholics should reap all the treasures possible in the spiritual harvest of the Mass.

Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord. With a Manual of the Black Scapular of the Passion and Daily Prayers. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1905.

Since the Passion of Christ is the great source from which all grace must flow, the usefulness of this manual is obvious. How much good has been wrought by a close devotion to Christ's Passion is abundantly evident from the records of the heroic Passionist Fathers.

The Immortality of the Soul. By the Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. St. Louis. Herder. 1905.

Lovers of sound philosophy will spread Fr. Aveling's lucid demonstration of the soul's immortality among University students, school teachers, and the learned of both sexes. It is a truth which needs to be driven home to all, but especially to those above mentioned in this materialistic age.

The Brothers of Holy Cross. By the Rev. James J. Trahey, C.S.C., Ph.D. University Press. Notre Dame. Indiana. 1905.

There are few institutions in the country to which Catholics can point with greater

pride than the splendidly-equipped University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Here the zealous clergy of the Congregation of the Holy Cross have built an institution of higher learning which can be favorably compared with the richly-endowed Protestant universities. In their work the priests of the Congregation have been effectively aided by the Brothers of Holy Cross, men who have constantly and unselfishly toiled in hidden ways, unobserved by the world, to lift the order to its present pinnacle of greatness. All honor to these "hidden servants" of a glorious band — and may the perusal of this touching record inspire many an earnest soul to join the ranks of this devoted brotherhood.

Credo — or Stories Illustrative of the Apostles' Creed. By Mary Lape Fogg. Boston. Angel Guardian Press. 1905.

The child learns more easily from example than from precept, and hence from the earliest days of Christianity, its teachers have drawn upon the lives of the Saints for examples of Christian virtue and for the teaching of religious truth. Care, however, must be taken that the example be neither unreal nor over-drawn, for little people have a wisdom of their own and they readily distinguish between the fanciful and the actual. The examples in the book under review are well-chosen, beautifully told, and they are always within the domain of sober reality. Many of them, indeed, could be related to the older members of our congregations with decided profit. We congratulate the Angel Guardian Press upon the book-work. It is very well done.

Life, Virtues and Miracles of St. Gerard Majella, Redemptorist Lay-Brother. By Very Rev. J. Magnier, C.SS.R. St. Louis. Herder. 1905.

All who know the marvellous work accomplished in our large cities by the noble-hearted Redemptorist Fathers will rejoice to see this sketch of a saintly member of this illustrious order produced in such a form that the busiest can read it with comfort and the poorest can purchase it with ease. It is, indeed, a story of heroic endeavor in a lowly position, and it teaches that highest of truths that lofty sanctity is within the reach of all, if God's grace only receive the fullest co-operation. Acquaintance with the lives of God's eminent servants, such as St. Gerard Majella was, will spur many a laggard in the paths of virtue to struggle after heroic virtue.

The Roses of St. Elizabeth. By Jane Scott Woodruff. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1905.

What a charming theme for a story — the roses of the dear St. Elizabeth and yet how sadly the author has lost her opportunity. Instead of dwelling upon the noble life and the heroic virtue of the Queen of Hungary, she turns aside to drag in erroneous assertions and long-exploded fallacies. Only ignorance or malice or both combined could have penned the following statement (on page 116): "It was in the year 1517 that Luther cut his way through the darkness of superstition and let in a light which has illumined the world. For by showing how false were the teachings that forgiveness of sin could be bought with a bit of money, instead of through repentance and reform, he set, not only a responsibility, but a noble value upon each individual life."

The Catholic Church has never taught that "forgiveness of sin could be bought with a bit of money;" and to make such a statement or to insinuate that such has at any time been her teaching is to be guilty of downright calumny against the noblest organization in the world.

Before Jane Scott Woodruff attempts to write another book, she ought to look into the simple Cathechism of the Church's doctrines, and into the details of Luther's life. We also recommend to her to read the chapter on *Prejudice* in Newman's lectures upon "The Present Position of Catholics in England."

The Mystic Rose or Pilate's Daughter. By Rev. F. L. Kenzel, C.SS.R. Boston: 1545 Tremont Street. 1905.

At last we have a play which can be unreservedly recommended to all parish societies and to all academies in the country. The plot is deep and thrilling, the incidents are varied and of absorbing interest, the characters are finely drawn, the language is exceptionally well-chosen, and the setting is admirably fitted for producing vivid impressions. There is a wide field in this matter for Fr. Kenzel's inventive genius, and for his splendidly trained mind. May we not hope to see many other dramas writ by his deft pen?

Glenanaar. A Story of Irish Life. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

If the reader has a literary friend who possesses a keen appreciation of the true and the beautiful, who rejoices in a skillfully constructed plot, in artistic delineation of character, in dramatic incidents, in vivid descriptions, in glowing enthusiasm, in fine, literary painting, and in choice language, — present him with a copy of Glenanaar. For this volume possesses all the qualities above enumerated and many more which might be added. The book also gives us an insight into Canon Sheehan's versatile genius, since although many scenes and settings are typically Celtic, similar to those found in his other works, yet the plot, the incidents, the

complicated narrative, and the *motif* in Glenanaar are all new and strikingly original. For a manifestation of dramatic power, read the vivid description of the Doneraile conspiracy; for animated description, read the account of Willie Burke's ride from Cork to Cahirciveen; for fine character-delineation contemplate the striking figures of Edmond Connors and of Nodlag; and for deep pathos consider the heart-stirring appeal made to the thousands of Erin's children beyond the seas to return to the land of the shamrock. Glenanaar is a work which should be found in every home where there beats an Irish heart, and in every library the owner of which delights in innocent wit, high thoughts, and in noble aspirations.

The Resurrection of Christ — Is it a Fact? By Gideon W. B. Marsh, B.A. St. Louis. Herder. 1905.

Since the Resurrection of Christ is the foundation of our faith, it is necessary that the proofs for that fact should be kept constantly in mind. The author in this pamphlet deals briefly but thoughtfully, with the constructive proofs of the Resurrection, as also with the destructive criticism of the later and present centuries. His clear-cut, succinct demonstration will be of no small service, in the controversy now raging around the great proof of the divine origin of Christianity.

The Grapple. By Grace MacGowan Cooke. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1905.

In view of the general interest manifested all over the country in matters economic, it is well that our writers of fiction should turn to the social problems of the hour for inspiration and illustration. Now of all problems, what more pressing than the question of labor vs. capital? And in this burning agitation, what more stirring than the strike. The strike is war — industrial war — commercial war — and as in all species of physical warfare the non-combatants are frequently the greatest sufferers, so in this moral warfare the keenest sufferers are usually the non-combatants, the wives and children of the men who are out on strike. Pathetic beyond words is the condition of these helpless ones, whenever the chief breadwinner of the family goes out on strike. In choosing for her theme the story of a strike in the coal mines of Illinois, the author had the opportunity to present both the Union and the non-Union side of the question. The pictures are vividly drawn and the plot moves onward with ever-increasing interest. For the benefit of those who look to a novel for something romantic there is an absorbing love-story closely interwoven with the main thread so that more than one class of readers will find this work pleasant and instructive reading.

The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine. By Francis Miltoun. With Illustrations by Blanche McManus. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

What a splendid line of spiritual fortresses are the stately churches of the Rhine land! The traveller has only to think of Cologne, Basel, Freiburg, Strasburg, Metz, Speyer, Coblenz and of numberless other places when instantly there spring up before him visions of majestic temples and of artistic shrines. The author writes with ease, vividness and sympathy, and it is most pleasant to follow him on his journeys to these beautiful homes of devotion, these noble shrines of a people's intense faith.

The following statement, on page 211, made in reference to the Holy Coat at Treves needs revision: "The accomplishment of their pilgrimages entitles them, *by payment of a small offering, to certain absolutions and indulgences. The pure-minded peasant girl seeks remission of sins, the foodless peasant a liberty to eat what the expenses of this pilgrimage will perhaps deprive him of the means of obtaining.*" It is greatly to be regretted that statements such as these should mar a work stamped by so many excellent qualities.

A Grammar of Plainsong. By the Benedictines of Stanbrook. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1905.

An excellent hand-book on this now timely matter. Choir-masters and organists would find it a valuable auxiliary, and the chapter on the "Pronunciation of Latin" should be carefully studied. What strange sounds are sometimes given to the Latin vowels! While we are reforming our Church music would it not be possible to adopt a uniform system of pronunciation?

Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse. By Eliza L. M. Mulcahy. Baltimore. John Murphy & Co. 1905.

This is a poetic treatment of a highly dramatic theme, with other productions in verse. The thoughts are generally clear, the expressions vigorous, and the metre correct. Some of the rhymes are a trifle far-fetched, and a friendly "Aristarchus" would have suggested a number of changes in this regard.

Father De Smet. The Truth Society. Chicago. 1905.

The impressive figure of the heroic Father De Smet bearing the blessings of Christian civilization to the Indians of the West is truly an inspiration. We welcome, consequently, this sketch of the apostolic missionary and we hope that the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago will give us sketches of the lives of all the Catholic pioneers of the Western States.

In Quest of Truth. By Robert Muenchgesang. Herder. St. Louis. 1905.

A touching story in a setting of dramatic scenes during the reign of the Emperor Domitian. The wondrous work of grace wrought in the days of degenerate Rome is told with skill and with pathos.

The First Days of Jesus. Illustrated. R. & T. Washbourne, London. Benziger Bros. New York. 1905. 15 and 30 cents; postage 5 cents.

In this book for very little children the beautiful story of Christmas is told in the handsomely-colored pictures as well as in the large, clear type. There are two editions, one on varnished paper and the other on linen, both published at so low a price that there should be a great demand for copies. Another new book, "The Boyhood and Manhood of Jesus" will be issued by Benziger Brothers for the Christmas trade. The colored pictures, of which there are five, are most artistically produced. In addition to these there are five pictures in black and white. The letter press of the work is from the pen of the Very Rev. Prior O'Gorman, O.S.A., and touches upon the early life of Our Lord, His being lost in Jerusalem, His hidden life with Mary and Joseph at Nazareth. The Preaching of John the Baptist is also described, and the calling of the first Apostles of Christ at the beginning of His public Ministry.

The Red Book of Romance. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Henry Ford. New York. Longmans, Green & Company. 1905. $1.60.

Andrew Lang deserves his title "The Kind Magician." He has a wonderful art of gathering the children about him, and leading them into a land of enchantment. He has given them fairy books in every color of the rainbow, and has now added to the collection "The Red Book of Romance." We wish we were young enough to join the circle around Mr. Lang, and ply him with questions that only a magician can answer. For instance we should like to know the name of the awful thing on the front cover. A search for him between the covers was fruitless, but of course he may have taken on some other form. The volume abounds in serpents, stray princesses, dragons, talking trees, snow-white unicorns, many fighting beasts and giants, and quite at the end there is "The Knight of the Sun" who did not fear any one. It is a marvelous company into which Mr. Lang ushers his readers, and there is little possibility of getting tired of them. With his customary kindness he advises his youthful admirers to read what they like best of these romances of days when there were castles, and knights, and tournaments, and the chief business of gentlemen was to ride about in armor, fighting, while ladies sat at home doing embroidery work, or going to see the men tilt at tournaments.

The splendor of the setting to which these favored mortals were accustomed is suggested by the gorgeous coloring, gilt edges, and superbly tinted plates that adorn the volume. "The Red Book of Romance" is a delight to the eye, an unfailing source of pleasure, and thanks are due to the author

"— who scientific lore forsook
To make another fairy book."

The Golliwogg's Fox-Hunt. Verses by Bertha Upton; pictures by Florence K. Upton. New York. Longmans, Green & Company. 1905.

The Golliwogg again appears on the Christmas book table, and a brave figure he makes as a hunter, with a noble steed, a pack of hounds, and Peg, and Midget, and Meg. In the run across country the Golliwogg performs wonderful feats, has numerous hairbreadth escapes, and finally secures the brush. The story ends happily for all — even for the fox. Color is used lavishly on every page, and juveniles will delight in turning over the thick, wide leaves on which the thrilling scenes are depicted.

The Spalding Year Book. Selections made by Minnie Cowan. Chicago. McClurg & Company. 1905. 75 cents.

The "Helpful Thoughts Series" gains largely by the addition of this carefully compiled collection of thoughts from Bishop Spalding's books. That Miss Cowan has done her work well, selecting with taste and judgment, is evident throughout the volume which abounds in practical admonitions, encouraging reflections, and wise interpretations of perplexing questions.

The helpful character of the "Thoughts" quoted is indicated by the following, from the first page:

"All existence is what it has become. Become, if thou wouldst be; cease not to grow, if thou wouldst not fall into decay.

Glimpses of Truth."

"The more life we have, the more we feel that to be alive is a good and happy thing. Pessimism is born of waning vitality, of lack of faith, hope, and love.

Things of the Mind."

"Education would be a divine thing, if it did nothing more than help us to think and love great thoughts instead of little thoughts.—*Aphorisms and Reflections.*"

The volume is a veritable treasury of golden thoughts, one of those books that the reader may not open without learning from its contents, and becoming happier through the knowledge so acquired.

The Watsons of the Country. By Maurice Francis Egan. Philadelphia. H. L. Kilner & Company. 1905. $1.00.

St. Martin's Summer. By Maurice Francis Egan. Philadelphia. H. L. Kilner & Company. 1905. $1.00.

Two more "Belinda" books that will be warmly welcomed. The Watsons of Rosebrier, Richard, Bernard, and Rose, are very desirable young people to meet, though rather selfish and inclined to resent any interruption of the peaceful routine of their lives. Their Uncle William said that they needed "some interest outside of themselves" and this need is abundantly supplied by their cousin, Alice Watson, an orphan. From the moment she announces her arrival by shrieking out "Don't smash my trunk" until she goes to New York, somewhat improved by her stay at Rosebrier, Miss Alice takes an active and exciting part in the family life. Her experiences are not always agreeable, — thanks to her own folly, — but they are decidedly original and often so amusing that her readers will gladly follow her through "St. Martin's Summer" and the adventures that came of Uncle Will's invitation to spend the autumn with him in Dublin.

The One Hoss Shay. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated in colors by Howard Pyle. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1905. $1.50.

The new Christmas edition of this popular poem is handsomely brought out, together with its companion poems "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," and "The Broomstick Train." The illustrations and decorations in color are by Howard Pyle, who has been remarkably successful in giving to the marginal pictures the appearance of hand-painting. There is an attractive title page, and the binding is of dark cloth lettered in gold, with a design of shays stamped on the background.

The Christian Maiden. Translated from the German of Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O.M. Cap., by members of the Young Ladies' Sodality, Holy Trinity Church, Boston. Angel Guardian Press. Boston. 1905.

It was a wise thought to bring out this manual in English for the instruction of Catholic young women. It has gone through several German editions. In commending it Bishop Stang says: "It has done a vast amount of good among young women, and we may safely predict its usefulness and popularity in its neat and simple English dress.

"Without religious culture the young woman of to-day will not be able to withstand the allurements of the world and the seductions and fascinations of an outwardly refined but inwardly corrupted society. Unless she walks the narrow and thorny path of religious principle and duty her life will be unhappy and wasted. *The Christian Maiden* offers our dear Catholic young ladies sound instruction for walking safely, and loving what is true and beautiful. May the little book find many docile readers, willing to listen and to do."

QUESTION BOX.

What do Catholic Historians teach concerning the Council of Constance? Who was Pope from 1415 to 1417? Father Bruno says that John XXIII ceased to be Pope in 1415, and he gives the date of the next Pope, Martin V as 1417 — who was the Pontiff between these two dates?

These questions refer to a complicated and disturbed portion of Church History, and although we cannot hope in the narrow limits of the Question-Box to give an exhaustive reply, still we trust that the following explanation will satisfy more than one inquirer.

The year 1400 opened with Boniface IX (a pious, amiable, and somewhat vacillating character), in the chair of St. Peter, who had to face the opposition of the anti-pope Benedict XIII. Boniface IX died on October 1, 1404. He was succeeded by the exemplary Innocent VII whose heart was virtually broken by the fickleness of the Roman populace and by the depressing condition of ecclesiastical matters. He filled the august position of ruler of the Church but two years, for he died on November 5, A. D. 1406. The choice of the cardinals fell on Cardinal Angelo Corrario, who took the name of Gregory XII. The anti-pope Benedict XIII was still disturbing the unity of Christendom, and it had been agreed, before the election of Gregory, that if his resignation with the abdication of his rival would bring peace to the Church, he would willingly do so. But it soon became clear that the hope of arranging matters in this apparently simple manner would have to be abandoned, for Gregory showed no inclination to resign. The cardinals thereupon proceeded to summon a council to meet at Pisa, under Guido de Malesec, the senior cardinal, in 1409. To the dismay of Chris-

tendom the council resulted in the election of a third claimant who took the name of Alexander V. After a pontificate of only ten months, Alexander was succeeded by Cardinal Cossa, who assumed the title of John XXIII, a man more remarkable for his military than for his religious qualifications. The confusion that resulted from the claims of these three candidates may well be imagined. This Council of Pisa, while accepted by a few theologians, is generally rejected as schismatical. The evils of the existing disunion soon made themselves felt in every quarter of the Christian world, and there was a universal cry for a general Council. This was called by John XXIII, in concert with the Emperor Sigismund, to meet at Constance in November, 1414, with the triple object of healing the schism and of uniting the faithful under one head; of reforming the Church; and of rooting out heresy. The Council was attended by John XXIII, by three patriarchs, twenty-nine cardinals, one hundred and eighty bishops, more than three hundred abbots, and by about eighteen thousand ecclesiastics. To bring about the desired peace, it was proposed that the three claimants to the Pontifical throne should simultaneously abdicate. Although John XXIII promised in the second session to resign provided Gregory XII and the anti-pope Benedict XIII would do the same, nevertheless he ran away from Constance and declared that he would break up the Council. The members, in spite of these threats, continued their meetings and from the third to the fifth sessions they passed decrees of a strikingly independent nature. Meanwhile Gregory XII, the rightful pope, who had agreed to resign his dignity on condition that the other contestants did the same, sent word that he would fulfil his promise, provided the Council acknowledged his authority, provided he were permitted to convoke the same in a perfectly legal manner, and provided, too, that no one of the other "*obediences*" were allowed to preside in the session in which he made his renunciation. The assembled ecclesiastics willingly accepted these terms, for they paved the way, not only to the legality of the Council, but also to the election of a successor. Gregory XII, accordingly, on July 14, 1415, published a papal document convoking the Council from that date. In the fourteenth session he resigned without attaching thereto any conditions. The anti-pope, Benedict XIII, still refused to withdraw his claims, but as all his supporters, except the town of Peniscola, deserted him, he ceased to be a disturbing element. After the abdication of Gregory XII, it took some time to arrange matters with the different nations, and two years of a vacancy in the Holy See elapsed before the election of Cardinal Otto Colonna, on November 11, 1417, who decided that he would be known as Martin V. Pope Martin was not only a man of lofty ideals, but also an able administrator, and he pushed the Council to a successful end in April, 1418. It is worthy of note that he issued a special bull defining that "it was unlawful for any one, either to appeal from the judgments of the Apostolic See, or to reject its decisions in matters of faith."

With the accession of Martin V the great schism of the West came to a close and the world rejoiced under a united Christendom. With these points in mind the answer to the above-mentioned questions is clear.

(1) The greater number of Catholic Historians and of Catholic Theologians do not regard the Council of Pisa as legitimate. It was, according to these authorities, merely a schismatical assembly. "Neither ecclesiastical authority," says Hefele, "nor the most trustworthy theologians have ever numbered it among the Ecumenical Councils."

(2) With regard to the Council of Constance, the learned Hefele declares that all those decrees which were passed according to the laws laid down for Ecumenical Councils and which contain nothing detrimental to the rights, dignity, and supremacy of the Apostolic See are undoubtedly to be accepted as authentic and universal, but those to which this test cannot be applied are to be rejected. Since the lawful pope presided over the session from the forty-second to the forty-fifth, it is manifest that during that period it was a general synod conducted according to the laws of the Church and that consequently, this portion must be styled the Sixteenth Ecumenical Council.

(3) The lawful Pope from 1406 to 1415 was Gregory XII. From 1415 to 1417 there was a vacancy in the Holy See. The rightful succession was taken up again by Martin V in 1517. This is the opinion of Battandier, Birkhaeuser, Brueck, Hefele, Hergenroether, and of many other eminent historians.

(4) The list published by Father Bruno in "*Catholic Belief*" is not, as will be seen from the above, the one that we adopt. Father Bruno evidently accepts the results of the Synod of Pisa and the consequent election of Alexander V and of John XXIII. But even under this supposition the years 1415 to 1417 must be regarded as years of vacancy, for John XXIII whom the defenders of the Pisan assembly regarded as Pope was deposed *with his own consent* on May 29, 1415, during the twelfth session of the council. The assertion that Gregory XII resigned in 1409 cannot be supported by historical proof. This pope, being the lawful successor of Innocent VII retained the supreme dignity until his voluntary resignation on July 4, 1415. The formal deposition of the anti-pope, Benedict XIII, by the Council took place on the 26th of July, 1417. Thus was closed one of the saddest incidents in the range of Church History.

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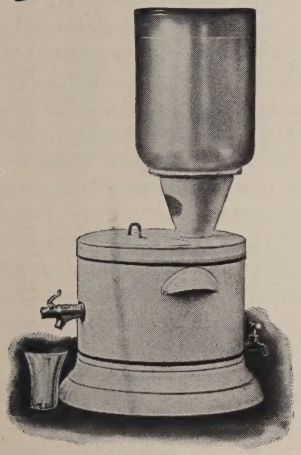

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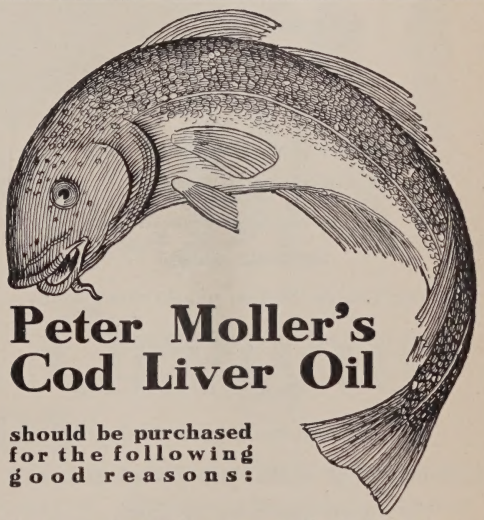

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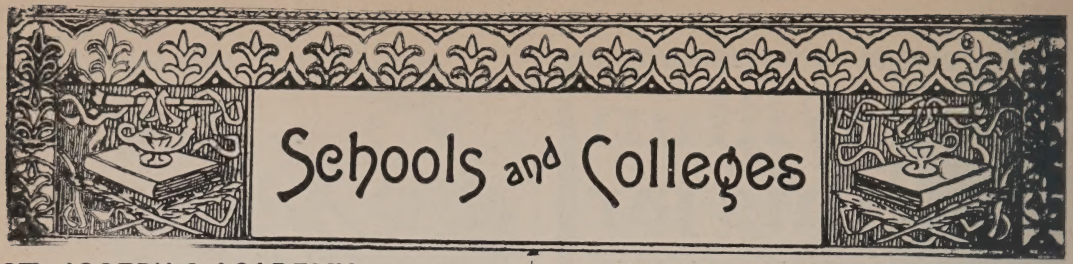

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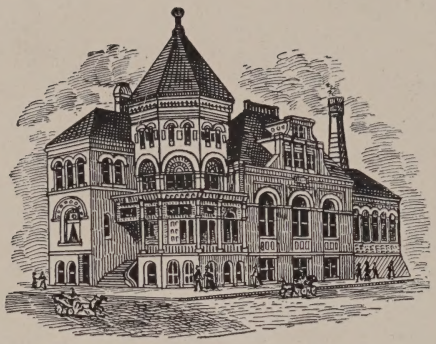

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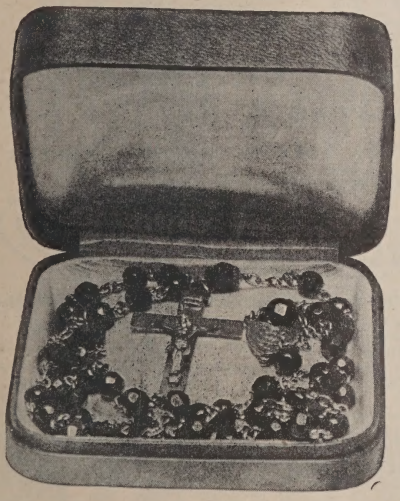

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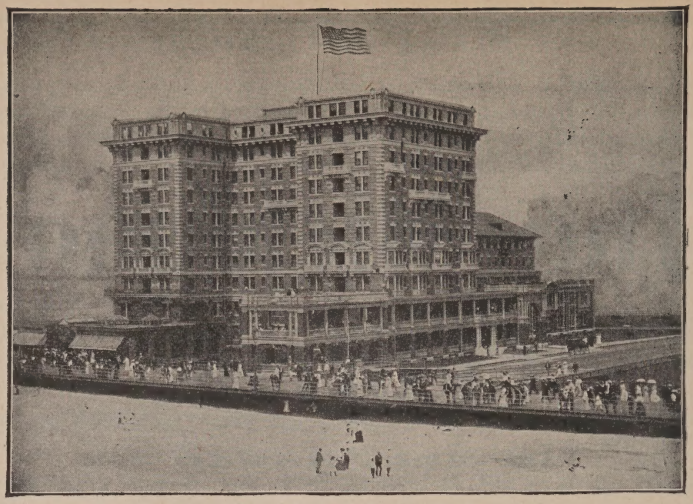

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